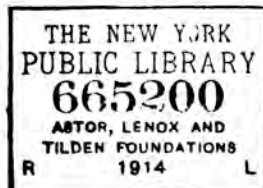


CHRISTIAN SCIENCE



JOURNAL



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are its subjective states; also, that pure Mind is the Truth of Being, that subjugates and destroys any suppositional or elementary opposite to Him who is All.

Truth is supreme and omnipotent. Then, whatever else seemeth to be intelligence or power is false, deluding reason and denying revelation, and seeking to dethrone Deity. The truth of Mind-healing uplifts mankind, by acknowledging pure Mind as absolute and entire, and that evil is naught, although it seems to be.

Perverting either the Truth, or the method of Mind-healing, is as fatal to practitioner as to patient. The silent, mental practice, that masks its designs and forwards its purposes through the subtle influence of mesmerism, is the reverse of Truth, and the age has yet to learn that this error is more destructive to health and morals than are the most deadly drugs and the more open enticements to sin.

Pure Mind gives out an atmosphere that heals and saves. Words are not always the auxiliaries of Truth. The Spirit, and not the letter, performs the vital functions of Truth and Love. Mind, imbued with this Science of Healing, is a law unto itself, needing neither licence nor prohibition; but lawless mind, with unseen activities and silent mental methods, whereby it may injure the race, is the highest attenuation of evil.

Again: evil, as *mind*, is doomed to everlasting hell, for suffering is commensurate with evil, and lasts as long as the evil. As *mind*, evil finds no escape from itself, and the sin and suffering it occasions.

According to divine law, sin and suffering are not cancelled by repentance or pardon. Christian Science not only elucidates, but demonstrates this verity of being; namely, that mortals suffer from the wrong they commit, whether intentionally or ignorantly; that every effect and amplification of wrong will revert to the wrong-doer, until he pays his full debt to divine law, and the measure he has meted is measured to him again, full, pressed down, and running over. Surely, "the wages of sin is death."

In this law of justice, the atonement of Christ loses no efficacy. Justice is the handmaid of Mercy, and showeth mercy by punishing sin. Jesus said, "I came not to destroy the law,"—the divine requirements typified in the law of Moses,— "but to fulfill it" in righteousness, by Truth destroying error. No greater type of Divine Love can be presented than laying down one's life for so glorious a purpose. This spirit of sacrifice has always saved, and still saves, mankind; but by mankind I mean mortals, or a kind of man after man's own making. Man, as God's idea, is already saved with an everlasting salvation. It is impossible to be a Christian Scientist without apprehending the moral law so clearly that, for conscience's sake, one will either abandon his claim to even a knowledge of this Science, or else make the claim valid.

The so-called Mental Practitioners of this period show a marked tendency to plant Mind-healing on an evil basis, and assume that mental practice, although it be malpractice, is Mind-healing. Consequently they must keep from the community all knowledge of mental malpractice, and call it Christian Science. All Science is Divine. Then, to be Science, it must produce physical and moral harmony.

Dear Readers, our JOURNAL is designed to bring health and happiness to all households; where it is permitted to enter, and confer increased power to be good and do good. If you wish to brighten so pure a purpose, you will aid our prospect of fulfilling it, by your kind patronage of THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE JOURNAL, now entering upon its fifth volume, clad in Truth-healing's new and costly Spring dress.

"Alas, life's music takes a minor key!
It hears the wind's deep-rolling melody,
And murmurs too;
Dear heart, 't was never thus, as long as you
Were here with me.

For then, together, I could always bring
From Winter's desolation gladsome Spring.
Your sunny face
Was like a garden, in which happy place
A bird must sing."

OUR INHERITANCE.

E. A. B.

IF we are awake to the dangers surrounding us, we may guard against them; but if we are deceived, we are indeed lost. The present age is one in which so much of what purports to be wisdom is forced upon the people, that they are given scarcely time to consider its utility. Nor does this seem to be the result of a demand; but, instead, shows a systematic attempt to limit public opinion to the ideas and interests of a certain few, who hold the same relation to society and morality as the political despot holds to his subjects.

It is argued, that the more we trust our most vital interests to those who claim to devote their exclusive attention to them, the better off we are, for time and eternity. This theory would not serve as a basis for political economy, nor would it insure the business-man's success. It is patent to every candid thinker that our interests in Truth are identical; then, while attending to our own *real* interests, we are doing the best we can for the interest of others, and *vice versa*. The action of all who have imbibed the spirit of liberty from oppression, has been aroused by an understanding of this principle of identical interests which must forever be perpetuated. The interest of each in Truth, to make no more of any idea or doctrine than its demonstration upholds, prevents the chance for personal conflict, which always exists under other conditions.

The early Puritans, voyaging from a land of oppression, showed a disposition to flee before tyranny; but our forefathers, in founding an independent republic, did it with the spirit of liberty, yet the disposition for oppression is still rife, and exercises its tyranny. From political servitude, man is plunged into a still deeper gulf of social and moral servitude. But political servitude is as nothing, compared

to the servitude to the belief in material law, which is acknowledged in the pulpit, (where the sanctity of Truth should dwell), incorporated into public opinion in our schools, seminaries, and colleges, practised by graduates of these institutions, and its sentences executed by blind adherents.

It is through this belief in material law, that the grossest deception the world ever knew is practised upon the people. It is used to paralyze the spirit of the people, while the deceiver plunders them of their birthright,—the knowledge of their true nature in Spirit,—that he may substitute himself as monarch and his laws as immutable.

Despotic government, in all political forms, is fast giving way to the advanced ideas and correct conclusions of the people; yet, while freeing themselves from open bondage, they are being ensnared by those whose cry of liberty is but a mask to hide the most malignant designs. While watching their temporal well-being, they are lost to their eternal. They are made to obey natural laws, which never existed but in the mind of the discoverer, and spiritual law is made secondary to, and dependent upon, materiality. People are sent on a life-chase after intrinsic worth, which only exists in the mind of the sender. They are kept busy computing values which only the deceiver gave, so that opposition to their nefarious designs will not be aroused.

The instruments of deceit are indeed carnal. The effort is to substitute *vox hominis* for *vox Dei*, and keep the deceived so occupied that they will not suspect the deception. The days of open tyranny are numbered, and, as this secret tyranny is apprehended, its days are numbered also. In effect, it is far more baneful than open coercion, as practised in savage life.

For centuries, the voice of the nations of the earth pronounced the theory of government by the people impracticable. The experiment has proven successful politically; but this government has not been extended to society and morality; nor can it be, while fictitious laws and values are used to keep the people in subjection.

The cry of those interested in keeping up this farce of materiality is heard, to the effect that a spiritual government is absurd. No wonder they cry aloud against it. They believe it to be their means of support. They think their happiness depends upon the intrinsic worth of possessions which have no more value than a vacuum. How are we to establish spiritual government? By each one establishing that government over himself; by incorporating into public opinion a detestation of tyranny, in its secret as well as in its open forms. Extend civilization beyond its present limits. Let man know he has a birthright, which he can keep. Awaken the world to an understanding of this fact, and the deceiver will become unpopular, and his claims to virtue, above his fellow-man, receive the contempt they deserve.

The cry will be raised, that it will take too much time and effort out of our short lives, to bring about this change. Ah! but effort made in the cause of Truth and Humanity is a never-failing effort to prolong this belief of existence. It is a self-evident fact, that whoever advances Truth, advances his own best interests. Then take heed, ye who anticipate the close of life. Cease to be a barren figtree. Begin to serve your own and the world's best interests, by undeceiving yourselves as regards material law. Lay aside the weapons of selfish greed. Know there is no material worth! Proclaim it boldly; and although the enemy may struggle and foam, at the discovery of his teaching, yet "he that endureth to the end shall be saved." Freedom is our inheritance. How foolish to sell it for a mess of pottage. How cowardly to relinquish it without a struggle. How lazy to sit idly by, and see it buried in the slums of error.

It is of no use to expect freedom under material law. Such freedom would mean Free Love, in all its hideous proportions, and anarchy and confusion would reign. But upon the broad basis of Truth, a freedom of spiritual love is established, which is our glorious inheritance.

COMPROMISES.

O Timothy, keep] that which is committed to thy trust, avoiding profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science, falsely so-called, which some professing, have erred concerning the faith.

We find the above text in 1 Tim. vi. 20, 21. An old author has shrewdly observed, that, could some power offer anyone the knowledge of the secrets of the Universe, on condition of his abandoning forever the company and associations of his fellows, he would decline the opportunity of satisfying every curiosity, rather than have none to whom he might impart each new discovery. The passion to relate something, to become an object of admiration by reason of bearing some unexpected news, is recognized as a general characteristic of human nature. Not unnaturally, it is accompanied by a corresponding purpose, equally strong and determined, namely, to convince the hearer. To excite astonishment, to triumph over incredulity, to be acknowledged as the originator of an acceptable proposition, possesses such a fascination for mortals, that, knowing this, we are instinctively on guard whenever any one professes to have any remarkable or unusually welcome information.

Like all other traits of character, this manifestation of pride is discovered in Christian Science. Some one proposes to win over his pastor, or to explain his new hope to his friends and acquaintances. Of course he must answer many questions, refute most plausible and specious objections, and repudiate beliefs which, however ill-founded, or worthless, are fortified by all the notions and prejudices of a lifetime. Naturally, he falls into temptation. Perhaps, believing that he himself has never thought differently from what he does now, he endeavors to prove that the truths of Christian Science are, in reality, not so strange or contrary to the hearer's convictions. This kind of a proposition readily takes. Others are very willing to admit a new idea; if

it will harmonize with their previous sentiments; but the teacher has violated the first and great commandment, by claiming for Truth an *equal* reception with error, instead of maintaining that whatsoever is of God must be *supreme* among our experiences.

At the close of his brief, earnest letter, the Apostle sub-joins the encouraging words of our text: "Keep that which is committed to thy trust." They are the words of one who, having found the Pearl of Great Price, bids his younger brother watch the treasure, the exhortation of an old soldier, strengthening his less-experienced comrade, to constantly and unyieldingly guard his post. To us, on whom the light of Christian Science hath shone with such heavenly splendor, this trust becomes doubly sacred; "for unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required." If we desire to be the vessels of a holier faith, then, even as the Ark of old was covered with pitch within and without, so we must guard with double precautions all the approaches to our convictions.

First, let us never compromise with ourselves. Certain philosophers were accustomed to recognize two sets of obligations, one for those who wished to be in harmony with the truths of nature, the other for those who preferred present utility to present speculation. But we must never admit that any truce can exist between matter and Spirit, or between the things of the flesh and the things of Soul; "For the flesh warreth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh. There can be no real harmony between the image of God and the offspring of Satan, error. Of course, we must be cautious,—wise as serpents," is the Master's injunction. Yet as, day by day, varied forms and manifestations of evil oppose the harmony of our being, and we are forced to admit in part that the Prince of this World is still too much for us, let us remember that we are a law unto ourselves, and—that at least in our acknowledgments—our dominion ought to be unlimited. We seem subject to this or that ailment; but the sway of mortal mind may be shaken at any time. Per-

haps some of us are not certain that they will not be called on to bear, as did Paul, a thorn in the flesh. Yet, should even that come to pass, we would, like the apostle, regard it not as the old hymn, which says

Send grief and pain ;
Sweet are thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain ;

but openly declare it to be "the messenger of Satan" (error). Few, however, will receive grief and pain, lest they be "exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations." When our eyes open on the hidden mysteries of God, we shall behold the chariots and horses that the prophet's servant saw ; and let us all be persuaded that unflinching, unyielding faithfulness to Christian Science,—a mind unwilling to admit the power of the strongest and most tenacious error, that will protest against even those bonds which mortal mind declares most necessary,—these traits of character may, at any moment, receive marvellous rewards.

Again, our conduct and conversation before others should agree with the strictest fidelity to the Science. We should at least be willing to acknowledge it. It will be criticised and condemned. As its teachings are strange and paradoxical, so will they be misunderstood, misconstrued and belied. They may become the sport of the wise and ignorant, the fool and the sophist. If we do not declare our side, we are arrayed against it. We are believed to have lost our enthusiasm, to have discovered the absurdity of its Utopian claims, and our influence is counted on the other side. But if we confess it, we may be tested. The Master predicted persecution. "Behold, the time cometh when whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service." That time is *now*, no less than when Herod and Nero laid waste the early church,—yes, even more ; for they slew from no intention of pleasing Jehovah ; but our opponents will resist us as a token of their fidelity to Christ. The pulpits are dedicated to God's service, and their occupants

are they who will try to suppress our tenets, in their contention for the "faith once delivered to the saints."

But we shall possibly convert some of them. Here will be our difficulty. We may be required to explain the indescribable. Let us then be careful, as many as are moved to speak of these things, lest in our anxiety to clear ourselves, or even to make a convert, we do not hold out false hopes, or humor anyone with the idea that his conceptions of Being are not entirely wrong. They are *all* wrong. There is no matter; all phenomena are mental, and all causation is Mind. How the error crept in, explain, at the peril of your cause. No Orthodox faith can tell why sin arose, or how rebellion against God was first manifested; no Scientist can explain the relations of mind and matter. Then let them not force us into unlawful compromises.

We are all preaching, heralding the Gospel. Let our motto be the watchword that Paul gave Timothy: "Keep that which is committed to thy trust." The words deserve to be inscribed on enduring tablets, and set up before every place of instruction, as a memorial of one who could give golden words of encouragement and advice from the immortal records of his own achievements. But this is by no means the design of the apostle's exhortation. The letter is private, intended perhaps only for the young preacher; but, like so many confidential letters, it found its way at last into print. There is here no purpose of display or thought of rhetorical effect. It is simply the heartfelt longing of the aged warrior, who, having fought the good fight, writes a few lines of encouragement to a young man about to enter the same unyielding, uncompromising conflict. He bids him guard his trust. There is in his words the lurking idea that, after all, the time will not be so very long. Paul always wrote as if he expected something better every day. But the next word implies constant, repeated refutation of manifold error, "avoiding profane and vain babblings and oppositions of falsely called Science." He does not object to understanding; but the opposition given by impiety, claiming

for itself the understanding of the real, Timothy is bidden to shun (literally, to turn himself from, to detest through and through).

“Which some professing have erred concerning the faith.” Indeed, our hope is more faith than sight. We have felt, again and again, as if we were losing everything, to take up Christian Science. Indeed it requires everything. In return, we receive the hope which maketh not ashamed. Yet materiality retains such an exceedingly strong hold upon us, that the mind of the flesh governs even our conceptions of spiritual things. We can judge from this, that no demonstration is more acceptable to us than one which we can *see*; while of Spirit we have no idea, and dare not form any.

But faith is the evidence of the unseen. We can enjoy the consciousness of communion with God; and, the flickering sense of error having lost its appearance of reality, we shall walk by sight, amid the glorious revelations of a perfect and harmonious existence.

RESURRECTION.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

[In *Gladness of Easter*, published by Lee & Shepard.]

I TROD the path where once we walked together;
Old leaves and withered fir-cones strewed the way,
And cowslips nodded in the breezy weather,
This Easter Day.

Across the windy slopes sweet bells were ringing,
A skylark's song came downward, clear and gay;
And my full heart broke forth in joyous singing,
This Easter Day.

My risen Lord, I felt thy strong protection,
I saw Thee stand among the graves today;
“I am the Way, the Life, the Resurrection,”
I heard Thee say.

And all the burdens I had carried sadly,
Grew light as blossoms on an April spray;
My cross became a staff, I journeyed gladly,
This Easter Day.

CONVICTED BY TRUTH.

T. H. DONEHUE.

PAUL was a philosopher of his time, and a man much noted for his learning; but when called by the voice of the lowly Jesus, whose doctrines and followers he had, up to this time, treated with ridicule and cruelty, he did not stop to bring his knowledge of science and philosophy to bear upon the simple words of Truth, when presented to him, before accepting them. Turning to the voice, he replied: "Lord, I am ready! What wouldst thou have me do?"

What a lesson might be drawn, by the learned but misguided philosophers of the present day, from this wonderful demonstration of Truth, in the case of Paul.

The shallowness of all human knowledge, its decided hindrance to spiritual insight—were facts which struck Paul with a force as terrible as it was sudden and convincing. The words, "Thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes," were emblazoned in letters of heavenly light within his heart. Stepping at once from the darkness of his high material pedestal, of worldly honors and worldly knowledge, to the illuminated plane of the humble and innocent child, with a faith sublime and simple, he says: "I determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ, and him crucified."

The difficulty of arriving at Truth and understanding, through the agency of material sense, the incapacity of the human intellect to grasp the true sense of Soul, was fully realized by Paul. He spoke to them "after the manner of men," using material illustrations, that they might be enabled to catch a glimpse of the spiritual thought he desired to convey to them. So we, in our teachings of Christian Science, must use material illustrations, and "speak after the manner of men," in order to convey our thoughts and be understood.

The qualifications necessary to develop a Christian Scientist are similar in their nature to those which we find possessed by the true soldier. Inspired by patriotism, he willingly sacrifices the happiness of home, family, and friends, to the principle of right and justice, as he sees it; and, dedicating himself to his country, he undergoes hardships and privations without a murmur, obeying and carrying out to the best of his ability—and with an earnestness of purpose due to the cause in which he is engaged—the commands of his general or leader.

The brightest eulogium passed upon the character of our recently departed soldier and statesman, General Logan, was that “he was ever ready and willing to obey orders;” and his last words spoken upon earth were corroborative of this grand trait in his character, when he said: “Well, if this be the end, I am ready.”

To reach an understanding, or full conception, of the merit or demerit of anything, we must be willing and ready to practically test it. A simple knowledge of the theory of Christian Science can no more make a Scientist, than the mastering of the theory of army tactics can give to a country a Grant, a Lee, or a Logan. The theory of the science of war was of service only when, backed with love and loyalty, it was put into practical operation by those leaders who were able to demonstrate its fitness and utility.

The great mass of the armies—the men who, as well as the leaders, were impelled by the spirit of loyalty and patriotism, and who marched and fought, gaining battle after battle, until the final victory—knew very little about the scientific theory of war or of army tactics. Their skill was developed through a willingness to test the efficacy of the principle by a readiness to obey orders, and the result was the theory speaking out to them in victory.

So with Christian Science: we cannot depend upon our knowledge of theory alone for success in this war for spiritual freedom from material enslavement. A willingness, on the part of all its believers, to practically obey the dictates

of the Science, will alone gain for our Cause either advance or victory.

The enemy to be overcome is subtle as the serpent of old. He has his forces organized and kept well in hand. He is in possession of the field, well armed and strongly fortified, and with supplies sufficient to last him many days. He produces nothing, however, but on the contrary is a consumer only,—and an extravagant one, withal. To destroy his power, therefore, and force him to capitulate, it is only necessary to shut off his supplies. We, ourselves, are his only source of supply. Continually drawing upon us for his existence, he, in the evil of his nature, molds the very gifts we have supplied him with into vengeful missiles of war, and hurls them back at us, as the torturing and consuming instruments of sickness, sin, and death.

We cannot fight him with his own weapons, nor can we withdraw from him the supplies already furnished. “Return good for evil,” is the command of our Leader. Send out thoughts of Truth and Love, drawing them from the Father without stint or cost,—for they are our birthright,—that we may neutralize the poison, and so destroy its effect, through purification.

Does it require the possession of any vast amount of learning or knowledge of theory to enable us to understand its spiritual signification? No! it does not. Then—as we have acquired some skill in the manual of arms, through understanding Principle—let us accept, with a willingness to obey, this as our first command, as true and loyal soldiers of the Cause to which we have pledged ourselves; and, following to the best of our ability the dictates of our Heavenly Leader, bring ourselves more clearly within His notice, thus becoming more worthy of the marks of honor and distinction, in the form of a growing spiritual insight, which He will from time to time bestow upon us.

As we have freely received, therefore, freely let us give; watching our thoughts to know that they are good and loving, before sending them from us.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

THE arguments for and against woman suffrage have all been discussed so often that it will hardly be possible to offer anything which will be new to the readers of the *CHRISTIAN SCIENCE JOURNAL*. But until the truth militant becomes the truth triumphant, it has to be restated again and again, however weary both friends and foes may grow of the repetition. Perhaps the friends are the wearier of the two. It has been well said, "To hammer away at the same old sins with the same old truths, and yet to strike fire,—that is work." At all events, if the opponents of the reform are weary of hearing about it, no one need pity them. They are simply in the position of the Unjust Judge in the parable.

The general argument for woman suffrage was stated when God said, "It is not good for man to be alone." The whole history of the race shows this. Every department of human affairs from which women have been excluded, has been left more or less barbarous, and the history of civilization is the history of their admission to one department after another, carrying with them always a softening and humanizing influence. Rev. Samuel J. May said: "The true family is the type of the State. It is the absence of the feminine from the conduct of the governments of the earth that makes them more or less savage. The State is now in a condition of half orphanage. There are Fathers of the State, but no Mothers." The good results we hope for, from the co-operation of men and women in government, are the same good results that have been already realized from their co-operation everywhere else. Twenty-seven years ago, Henry Ward Beecher said: "Since the world began, to refine society has been woman's function. You may be sure that she who has carried refinement to the household, to the church, to

social life, to literature, to art, to every interest except government, will also carry it to legislation, and the whole of civil and public procedure, if it is to be carried there at all."

To say this is not to claim that women are superior to men. Personally, I believe that if women alone had been entrusted with the government, they would have erred as widely as men have done, though in an opposite direction. Each sex is superior to the other in some points, and inferior in others. The two are complementary. The ideal government is not one of men alone, nor of women alone, but of the two together. As it takes two eyes for correct vision, so it requires the union of the masculine and feminine points of view to get a true perspective, in looking at all social and public questions.

The objections that have been made are too many to enumerate, and many of them are too frivolous to be worth discussing before an intelligent audience. There is one, however, that underlies most of the others. "The really formidable difficulty," says Senator Hoar, "is the fear that the ballot will, in some way, change for the worse the character and the employment of woman." It is hardly likely that the ballot will change, in any marked degree, the employment of most women. A lady who visited Wyoming Territory, where women have had suffrage for eighteen years, reported that the women kept on at their usual avocations three-hundred-and-sixty-four days in the year without visible change, and on the three-hundred-and-sixty-fifth they all sallied forth and voted.

As for the fear that voting would injure the character of women,—if done thoughtfully and conscientiously, in a spirit of duty,—it seems to me entirely idle. What is virtue good for, but to be used to relieve suffering, to vanquish wrong, to scatter darkness, to uphold the authority of good against evil, to fight, to shine? The world is outgrowing the old idea that womanly virtue is something which depends for its purity on being cloistered away from active life,—something wholly passive, whose mission it is to sit on a pedestal and

smile, without ever coming down to work or to help. A braver and better ideal of womanliness is slowly shaping itself in the heart and mind of the world. "The mission of woman" is now at last seen to something like what Owen Meredith has described in his most famous poem, and his noblest fictitious character :

The mission of woman : permitted to bruise
The head of the serpent, and sweetly infuse
Through the sorrow and sin of earth's registered curse,
The blessing which mitigates all ; born to nurse
And to soothe and to solace, to help and to heal
The sick world that leans on her,—this was Lucile.

It is said that politics are too corrupt for women. The same objection has been made before the closed gate of each department of human affairs in turn, that it was too rough or too bad for women to enter. But when women have at last been let in, each previous department has been refined and humanized, and women have been none the worse. To quote again from Beecher : "Should a man having an exquisite lamp, burning perfumed oil, refuse to carry it into an unlighted room, lest the darkness should contaminate the flame?"

It has been well said that women with the ballot will be just what they are now, only more powerful. Those who have a poor opinion of women, believe that most of them would use this increased power to do mischief, and hence, dread to place it in their hands. Those of us who believe that most women desire what is good, have faith that in the future, as in the past, "the eternal womanly" will lead "upward and on."

EVERY kindness done to others in our daily walk, every attempt to make others happy, every prejudice overcome, every truth more clearly perceived, every difficulty subdued, every sin left behind, every temptation trampled under foot, every step forward in the cause of good, is a step nearer to the life of Christ.

DEAN STANLEY.

THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE.

A. LANG.

THOUGHTS suggested in answer to an inquiry by one who is seeking to learn the application of Truth, whereby sickness as well as sin may be overcome.

It is a principle in Science, that to reach a correct result our premise must be correctly stated, which is as follows, viz: Man is living under a belief of sin; and, as a legitimate result of sin, he has a belief of sickness also: the remedy for both of which is Christ—Truth—understandingly received and scientifically applied.

The Master asked his disciples this question: "Whom say ye that I am?" Simon Peter answered and said, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." And Jesus answered and said unto him, "Blessed art thou Simon Barjona, for flesh and blood have not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven;" and the further reply was: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church,"—which signifies, upon this *Truth* I will build my church,—“and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.” Thus the seeming power of sin should always be overcome by the ever-present, eternal Truth. “And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven.” Thus Christ—Truth—is the key of the kingdom of heaven,—the key which opens the door to every good thought which can emanate from Immortal Mind.

Truth makes us free. It breaks the yoke of bondage to the beliefs of sickness and sin, removes the obstacles in the pathway of Christian progress and attainment, binds every evil, destroys all error, and frees the captive from every snare. The understanding of Christ—Truth—gives man power over material things, and places him in harmony with things spiritual. There are no obstacles which holy Truth cannot overcome.

The healing power of Truth will not be manifest to us while we antagonize it, and have no faith in its power to heal. "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen." Therefore, to believe and have faith are the first requisites to the key of promise. The expression and application of the healing power of Truth are taught in the Life-precepts and example of our Master, Jesus Christ; but how few there are who are ready to accept it as exemplified in the life of Jesus and his disciples, whereby they overcame the seeming power of sin, sickness, and death.

When the call for a test of our trust in the healing power of Truth is heard, the reply of most Christians of the day is : That the works which Jesus and his disciples performed were only for the age in which they lived, so far as sickness is concerned, though Christ has power to heal sin now as of old ; that the law of Love and Mercy has not been changed as regards sin, but in regard to sickness it has ; that Truth healed sickness in the days only of Jesus and the Apostles.

What an incongruous statement ! and what a travesty on God's justice, love, and mercy ! We must realize the ever-present Truth, which acts upon the hearts and consciences of men today, as it ever did and ever will. "Lo, I am with you always, till the end of the world," is a promise fulfilled hourly.

The prophet Isaiah saw through spiritual lenses concerning Truth. "Thus saith the Lord God : Behold I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation." Other foundation hath no man. We may build of "wood, hay, and stubble ; but the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding-place." Upon this rock of eternal Truth is Christian Science built and established. Jesus said, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." The Master has marked the way which leadeth unto Life. Therefore we cannot grow into an understanding of the same upon any other foundation, or from any other standpoint than that of the

Christ, Truth; nor can we approach thereunto through any avenue of materialism.

The lines of demarcation are plainly drawn, and unalterably established; and this we more fully understand, as we witness the action of spiritual law in demonstration. Only the language of Soul can hold communion with Spirit. We therefore claim that our premise is correctly taken; and we have but to diligently seek to know more of Truth, applying the same in healing both sin and sickness, as it shall unfold its glorious verities and practical operations to our understanding,—always remembering that sin was the first cause of all beliefs of sickness, and the immediate cause of many such beliefs today. Therefore, it devolves on us to be faithful in our warfare against our common enemy, using nothing else than the battle-axe of Truth and Love, which is no carnal weapon, but mighty in beating down the stronghold of Satan (evil), and opening the prison of sin, sickness, and death.

The question of sin is the only obstacle which lies in the pathway of Christian Science healing,—it being a seeming force, an emanation from both conscious and unconscious mortal mind, requiring much care and watchfulness in subjecting it to the power of Immortal Truth. Right here is the great battle-ground of Christian Science. The only weapons of defence are immortal Truth and Love, of which we have abundant proof in the example of Jesus and his disciples. These weapons are sharper than a two-edged sword, and mighty in overcoming sin and sickness. Whoever applies these weapons faithfully is sure of victory.

The question arises: How can we avoid evil influences? The Psalmist answers: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty;" which signifies, to dwell, in thought, in the realm of Spirit, God, Immortal Truth, away from mortal sense and material things, in the higher atmosphere of Soul, where the Christian Scientist must always flee, to destroy the error, whether it is sin or sickness. The fountain of eternal Love

and Truth are ever open to us ; but we are so held captive by mortal sense, and things pertaining to this phase of life, that we do not "abide under the shadow of the Almighty." Therefore we cannot say, "He is my refuge and fortress."

We hear the inquiry : How is it possible for us, while burdened with the cares and perplexities of this life, to hold ourselves in that realm of thought whereunto the Psalmist calls us? That is attainable only through spiritual growth, away from sense, into the higher altitude of Soul. We can but "see through a glass darkly" now ; but as the darksome mists of sensualism and error shall roll away, will the brighter sunlight of immortal Truth increasingly appear, till we shall have overcome the belief of the former, and bask in the glorious realities of the latter, and enter into a building, "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Such are the teachings of Truth. Just in the ratio in which we understand and apply the law of Christ—Truth—in our daily life, will the Divine promises appear in demonstration. The first requisite is the elimination from our thought of every phase of error, remembering that whatever appears real to mortal sense is unreal to Soul. Only from this basis of thought will Divine Truth, spiritual law, respond to our call. Truth never responds to error's call, nor Soul to sense, any more than harmony responds to discord, or Love to hate. They being opposites, only the still small voice of Soul will open the spiritual fountain whereof we may partake and be healed,—with the promise also, that "It will be in us a well of living water, springing up into everlasting Life."

From the standpoint of Soul there is nothing real in this phase of life ; hence, whatever seems so, is but a belief, or a dream. Soul cannot suffer, though we believe it does ; and we shall be held captive to that belief till we have outgrown mortality, and destroyed the belief of death, through our understanding of Life. We believe it quite probable that that achievement will still be in the future, when we shall have passed the experience called death, as we have no good

reason for the hope that the so-called dark passage is an educator; but, contrariwise, we may be upon the same plane of thought after death, as before. "As the tree falleth, so it lieth;" but not so it remaineth. If so, there would be no progress beyond this phase of life, which is opposed to spiritual guidance, which it is our privilege here to enjoy in a greater or less measure, as the mists of error have rolled away.

The law of Spirit changes not, being the same "yesterday, today, and forever." Therefore, we should not wait for the future, that "Life and Immortality may be brought to light." The understanding of Divine Truth is the light which is given to enlighten every man that cometh into the world, if they choose to accept it, but not otherwise. The sooner we accept the Truth, and abide therein, the sooner shall we possess the riches of Love Divine.

Silent communion with Spirit reveals to our consciousness the great verities of Immortal Truth. Thus the Christian Scientist presents his claim,—remembering, first, to eliminate all error from his thought. It is written that "We cannot gather grapes of thorns nor figs of thistles;" neither can we draw sweet water from a bitter fountain. We must touch the key which opens the portal of Truth and Love, or it will not open to us: and, even then, the conditions must all be in harmony with spiritual law, to realize its perfect work. The more we contemplate the divine law of Life, Love, and Truth, the more profound and absolute it appears. Only eternity can unfold to our understanding all things which are to be revealed to the sons and daughters of God. If we would win the goal we must run the race, and accept the Truth, through which we may overcome sin and the world.

INFINITE toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little, you may often look over it altogether. We wrestle fiercely with vicious habits, which could have no hold on us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.

HELPS.

ATONEMENT.

GRACE.

How little do we realize the grand Truth contained in this one grand word At-one-ment—at one with God,—at one with Him, the omnipotent, omniscient, all-glorious Creator.

Jesus, the Divine Master, came breaking down and casting out all error, that we might know and understand our relationship with God.

We say that God is Love, but do our lives demonstrate the blessed Truth? Why do we talk of Love and Truth and Life, and then *live* as if hate and wrong, and death were realities, holding their own against man,—aye, and even conquering him, though made in the likeness of his Creator!

God is Love! Oh, the perfect power and joy contained in the full realization of this glorious Truth,—why do we not accept of him, unhesitatingly and unconditionally?

Let us pull down the dark tapestry curtains of materialistic beliefs, that the Sun of Righteousness may shine in all its splendor on our pathway, and the Love of God the Father permeate our being. Then shall we be “filled with all the fulness of God,” and be at one with Him.

NOR can the vain toil cease,
Till, in the shadowy maze of life, we meet
One who can guide our aching, wayward feet,
To find Himself — our Way, our Life and Peace.
In Him the long unrest is soothed and stilled,
Our hearts are filled?

O power to do! O baffled will!
O prayer and action! ye are one.
Who may not strive, may yet fulfil
The harder task of standing still;
And good, but wished, with God is done.

WHITTIER.

Agates.

AND I will make thy windows of Agates.

ISAIAH.

THE English laws punish vice; the Chinese laws do more,
they reward virtue.

GOLDSMITH.

We make the light through which we see
The light, and make the dark;
To hear the lark sing, we must be
At heaven's gate with the lark.

ALICE CARY.

No one is loyal to the Truth, to himself, to his God, or is worthy of Heaven, who has not faith enough, pluck enough, patience enough, to endure, without fainting, apparent defeat and delayed rewards.

Who dogs the steps of the toiling saint, and digs the pits for
his feet?
Who sows the tares in the field of time, where ever God sows
His wheat?
The Devil is voted not to be, and of course the thing is true;
But who is doing the kind of work the Devil alone could do?

The way to escape sadness, when the light of one beautiful promise after another goes out, is to kindle in place thereof the light of one glorious reality after another. If the gathered experience we carry at evening renders worthless many things we prized in the morning, it should also give preciousness to many things unvalued then.

To take away treasures, without replacing them with better ones, is robbery. The cynical authors, who deal chiefly in ridicule and satire, or in what they call solid facts, — the alternate levity and bitterness of whose writings tend to destroy all ingenuous faith and glowing affection, all magnanimous sympathies and hopes, — seem to be engaged in as miserable a business as those African hunters, who train falcons to dart on gazelles, and pick out their beautiful eyes.

W. R. ALGER.

Questions Answered.

BY REV. MARY B. G. EDDY.

A MAN hath joy by the Answer of the mouth.

PROVERBS.

Emma Hopkins tells her students that Mrs. Eddy teaches mesmerism. Is that true?

M. E. D.

IF one half of what I hear of Mrs. Hopkins's teaching on the subject of Christian Science is correct, she is deluding the minds she claims to instruct. She took a Primary Course at my College, but was not permitted to go farther. She never entered my Normal Class, is not qualified to teach Christian Science, and is incapable of teaching it.

My students are instructed that mesmerism is *not Science*, but the *opposite* of Christian Science, and no Scientist can teach or practise it.

It is an old story, that my poorest students know more than I do about Christian Science; and those who are playing this role of mind-cure are teaching and practising Animal Magnetism.

By this you can detect the false teacher and practitioner, for falsehood precludes Christian Science.

The wrong teaching and practice is Animal Magnetism; and its teachers, in theory, deny what they practise. Instead of being mesmerism, Christian Science lays bare the falsity and demonology of mesmerism.

Is Mrs. H. P. Heathwood, at present located in Chicago, one of Mrs. Eddy's students? She claims to be, and shows a diploma, with Mrs. Eddy's name signed to it.

She was never a student of mine. She was a student of Arthur T. Buswell.

I CALL that mind free, which, through confidence in God and in the power of virtue, has cast off all fear but that of wrongdoing, which no menace or peril can enthrall, which is calm in the midst of tumults, and possesses itself, though all else be lost.

CHANNING.

Letters.

A WORD spoken in due season, how good it is !

PROVERB.

GROWLS AND GRATULATIONS.

DEAR JOURNAL: Allow me to congratulate you on the new departure which I understand you are about to make. Bigger type will be acceptable to many eyes, and large margins are always beautiful. In the play, his former business associate says of Old Brown's discounts, that "He always did like a wide margin."

Many too will be glad to see the divisions of the JOURNAL restored to their old form. Some have missed the monthly Sermonettes; while others have not been satisfied with the omission of the Editorial Outlook.

I may confess, as one of your readers, that I have grumbled a little at finding business notices scattered among the General Articles, instead of being placed, as they used to be, in their proper places, at the end of each number, among the official statements and Economic Hints.

Other paragraphs, too, have recalled what a quack materialist doctor once said to a patient who consulted him: "Your spleen, Madam, is out of its socket."

Correspondence which clearly belonged to the department of Letters; and items, which as certainly belonged among the Editorial collection, were found scattered hither and thither, like so many horses which could not find their stalls. "Order is Heaven's first law," and it should be Earth's first law as well. Nothing so enhances the value of a periodical, — even if it be a daily paper, — as systematic arrangement, and in a spiritually scientific JOURNAL, it is all the more important that all things be in order.

I shall also rejoice if more attention is paid (as your friends assure me will be the case) to grammar, and to minor matters of taste, in the wording and typography of the contents of the JOURNAL. There is a truth in the old adage, — Many a little makes mickle.

So long as we are judged by dress, let us pay some attention to it. A magazine should be as careful as a man about attire. Indeed, careless expression argues slovenly thought; and Science must not seem disorderly, even in the cuffs and cravats of its literary embodiment. In this respect our Teacher sets a good example, by the careful arrangement and appearance of her book, Science and Health.

That Animal Magnetism is to have a separate department will rejoice those who would gladly see the Red Dragon — waiting to devour the new-born man-child, Christian Science — banished into the domain of outer darkness, or nothingness, where he belongs.

It is to be hoped that you will restore to your columns intelligence about the Church and Association. As we have but one church in Boston, and but one general Association, the least you can do is to print intelligence about them, for the encouragement of those who are too far off to be in personal attendance upon the meetings at Chickering Hall, and elsewhere.

Most earnestly I hope, for the general aid they give, that Rev. Mrs. Eddy will resume her Answers to Questions, when her College and private duties will permit.

One word more and I shall be done. Are humorous Chestnuts, whether in prose or poetry, fitted for a JOURNAL of your gravity, — especially when they have no bearing upon the Cause?

Pardon this fault-finding and levity. Being once "out of its socket," you see my spleen is bound to have its fling.

Truly yours,

COMPLAINANT,

Manhattan, March 30.

"SCIENCE, FALSELY SO CALLED."

[*Extracts from the letter of a good Christian Scientist.*]

TO REV. MARY B. G. EDDY.—

MY DEAR TEACHER: I am a strong believer in the efficiency of organization, and in the efficacy of strict discipline to give to it strength and force of character; and I favor drawing the line close and tight between the inordinate desires, the wants or wishes of the individual, and the necessitous and harmonious interests and demands of the entire body.

Considerable feeling and much discord is stirred up at times through this erring desire on the part of some pupils, who usurp the right to teach. The persons instructed by them are deceived into the belief, whether intentionally or otherwise, that their tuition is in all things regular, and that they are entitled to like privileges and recognition with your students, or students' pupils, and can elect to either practise or teach, as they may desire. This error, in our very household, is productive of bad results, causing disruption and much feeling. It is, of course, strongly condemned by loyal adherents, who believe in the necessity of proper order and implicit obedience to just rules of discipline, and feelings of discord are thereby engendered between those loyalists and the erring and ambitious ones.

Deceived or misled pupils, finding themselves unrecognized, — being very properly denied admission to the class-meetings and associations of Scientists, — feel aggrieved and injured, and are angered that information has been withheld from them.

Very few, I find, who have been taught in this manner, ever try to do any work. They are not benefited themselves, nor are any others benefited through them. In the large boarding-house where I at present have rooms, is also stopping one of those theoretical practitioners, irregularly taught the Science. She is here for the purpose of trying to be healed of her belief of rheumatism, through the aid of the Pueblo-Mineral Baths. I find this woman has a large circle of acquaintances here, and all seem to know that she has studied Christian Science.

As I came here to endeavor to introduce and practise the Science, this person's presence and purpose are a severe menace to me and to the work. The mental atmosphere seems frigid in its unbelief and suspicion of the Science. I have been here now ten days, but no work has come. My notices in both papers, offering to treat freely the poor and deserving, have met with no response.

But the most serious of all evils arising from this promiscuous teaching is, that in getting thus farther and farther from the Fountain-head, the Truth in a short time becomes so attenuated that but little of the Substance remains. This attenuating doctrine and practice may be productive of good results in Homœopathy, but I question their success in Christian Science.

To preserve the purity of the teaching, it should, I hold, be

kept as close to you as possible, while yet you are with us, and it can be kept so. Nor do I speak thus because I am myself a student of yours; though with all my heart I thank God and you that I am so favored. I urged the same thing before I had the slightest hope or thought of becoming such.

I delivered a public lecture in Canon City a month ago, on Christian Science, and assisted Miss Minnie Hall in forming and teaching a small class there, in which was a Baptist minister. Miss Hall had previously taught a class at Canon, several of whom were doing good work.

A lady, now living at Buena Vista, — a pupil of one of your students, — is teaching the Science to any who will pay her anything for it. She told five of her pupils, whom she had instructed for twenty-five dollars each, that this was all her Association ever charged. What or where her Association is, is known only to herself. We found pupils of hers not capable of doing any work whatever. At the meeting of the Association in Denver, two weeks ago, I took occasion to call attention to this matter, and condemn its practice. It was rather a delicate question for me, a Normal student of yours, to touch upon; but having repeatedly seen the evil effects of wrong teaching, I felt it my duty to speak of it. I was not aware until I heard the subsequent remarks, that I was treading on so many corns.

While I may have succeeded (I believe I did succeed) in silencing all arguments favoring this growing error and assumption, I did not, I fear, succeed in crushing out the worldly ambition in the minds of its advocates. The disposition appears to be, to convey the thought abroad that this questioning of the right of anybody to teach Christian Science Mind-healing, is but an arbitrary ruling of Mrs. Eddy's students, and made for two purposes: first, that of arrogating to themselves superior powers and privileges, in assuming that, because taught of Mrs. Eddy, they, after her, possess the only title or prerogative to teach the Science; and second, their desire to display their worship for Mrs. Eddy, by compelling persons instructed by them, and who may desire to teach the Science, feeling fully capable of so doing, to go to Boston to Mrs. Eddy, and pay her a large amount, in addition to what they have already paid, — though few of these dissenters, it will be discovered, ever paid for what they have received, — for the mere privilege of writing C. S. B. after their name.

May the Lord, "beholding their threatenings, grant unto His servants the power, that with all boldness they may speak His word."

FROM CHICAGO.

DEAR JOURNAL: I desire to renew my subscription; and I also wish to send love and sympathy to dear Mrs. Eddy, who must be suffering from the wickedness of that man Gill. His malicious letter, in the Religio-Philosophical Journal, will injure himself much more than it will harm the dear lady at whom it was aimed. I can't understand how a man who claims to be a gentleman, and a minister of the Gospel, of any denomination, could be guilty of such low-minded malice as his vulgar attack on Mrs. Eddy indicates. His own words should condemn him in the estimation of all right thinkers, and will surely do so in the estimation of those who know what Christian Science, as taught by Mrs. Eddy, really is. Mr. Gill says that Mrs. Eddy wrote to him a letter containing the following: "Yours is human philosophy; mine is divine philosophy, without a human taint, that cannot be misguided."

I perfectly agree with Mrs. Eddy, in her estimate of her own work; that is just my view of her book, Science and Health. To me it is an inspired work of God, the highest and the best of all that has been written in this age. On its teachings I rely, and I bless the dear Teacher every day. I was taught the Science by Dr. Avery, more than two years ago. Since then I have read everything in that line that I could obtain, and my opinion of Mrs. Eddy's works is the result of that investigation and of much study and prayer. Tell her, I love and pray for her.

MRS. W. F. GREEN.

713 Washington Boulevard.

NOR can the eternal roll of praise regret
Those unconforming; whom one vigorous day
Drives from their cares, a voluntary prey
To poverty and grief and disrespect,
And some to want — as if by tempest wrecked
On a wild coast; how destitute! did they
Feel not that conscience never can betray,
That peace of mind is virtue's sure effect,
Their altars they forego, their homes they quit,
Fields which they love, and paths they daily trod.
And cast the future upon Providence;
As men the dictate of whose inward sense
Outweighs the world; whom self-deceiving wit
Lures not from what they deem the curse of God.

WORDSWORTH.

Church and Association.

THE Church of the Living God, the pillar and ground of Truth.

PAUL.

CHICAGO CHURCH.

AT a meeting of the official Board of the Church of Christ (Scientist), in Chicago, held March 8, 1887, it was resolved as follows :

1. That we have heard, with feelings of the deepest sorrow, of the defection of the Rev. W. I. Gill, late Associate-pastor of the Church of Christ (Scientist) at Boston. Ignorant of the causes which may have led to his separation from the Church, and disclaiming any right to sit in judgment on our brother, we cannot forbear to affirm that his subsequent action seems to us unwarrantable, disloyal, ungrateful, and unjust.

2. That in this, as in all other trials, the Church in Boston, and its beloved Pastor, retain our confidence and have our sincerest sympathy.

3. That a copy of these resolutions, signed by the Pastor and Clerk, be transmitted to the Rev. Mary B. G. Eddy.

GEORGE B. DAY,

Pastor Church of Christ, Chicago, Ill.

M. L. STONE, Clerk.

CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST ASSOCIATION.

THE meeting of March 2, at Odd Fellows Building, was well attended. Students from Lawrence, Lowell, Worcester, Fall River, Providence, and the suburban towns, as well as from Boston, came together, full of hope and religious earnestness, with a bond of unity and fellowship, to discuss the numerous questions coming before the Association.

Rev. Mrs. Eddy expounded the law of healing. Her address was full of practical points, to all wishing success. A large number joined the Association.

H. P. S.

LAW AND MEDICINE.

SAYS the Sunday Herald: It has been decided that Christian Scientists can practise in Iowa. If the right had been denied, Massachusetts would have welcomed them with open arms.

MRS. EDDY'S PREACHING.

THE great interest in Christian Science is shown on those days when Rev. Mrs. Eddy preaches to the people from her pulpit.

Sunday, March 13, Chickering Hall was completely filled with an intelligent and appreciative audience, who listened with breathless interest to her teaching. Her subject was, Resurrection from Sin, Sickness, and Death.

Below is her tribute to Beecher, copied from the Traveller:

We stand on a far-reaching battlefield, amidst fallen heroes. The brave Beecher has passed on, and the advancing ideas of the nineteenth century have lost a prop. His was a steady aim, and a broad battleaxe, raised against the worst forms of tyranny and oppression. A nation mourns him, and the proper function of society is to remember virtue and forget vice. The great cause of humanity has lost a friend in Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

IMPORTANT.

Mrs. EDDY will address the National Christian Scientist Association, which holds its Annual Meeting at the Meionaon, on Wednesday, April 13, at 4 P. M. All students who are members of the College Association — and also those who have been pupils of such students — are invited to attend. Delegates, and other members of the National Association, will convene for business at 2 P. M.

YET more and more this truth doth shine,
From failure and from loss,
The will that runs transverse to Thine
Doth thereby make its cross!
Thine upright will
Cuts straight and still,
Through pride and dream and dross.

Nothing can pick sweeter music from the chords of old hearts, than the delicate fingers of a child.

Sermonettes.

LET thy Speech be short, comprehending much.

ECCLESIASTICUS.

HUMILITY AND WORK.

I can of mine own self do nothing.—JOHN v. 30.

THIS is an expression of the beautiful humility of the greatest and best man who ever trod the earth,—greatest because, as the Son of God, he had dominion over all. All things were subject unto him. There was no limit to his power for good, for he was governed and guided wholly by the Divine Intelligence and Infinite Principle.

There was nothing too difficult for him to do, as he understood there was but one Intelligence governing all. This Intelligence being infinite, therefore, he had no Mind apart from God, to be expressed by limits or aught of imperfection. It is the supposition of minds many that leads to all error. This is the carnal mind, the material belief, which is at enmity with God; for “the flesh warreth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh; . . . and to be carnally-minded is death; but to be spiritually-minded is life and peace.”

The wisdom of this world, which is of the carnal mind, is foolishness with God. Trying to find out Truth through human reasoning—as the intellect leads one away from it—is foolishness. We become confused and darkened in searching among the rubbish of material beliefs for the great Truth of Being, which can only be seen as we grow out of self, and reach spiritual heights, where all is discerned spiritually.

There are no material truths, for God is Truth, without beginning and without end. We gain no idea of Truth by looking to the material and temporal, but to the spiritual and eternal, where God is seen to be all, and man to be nothing of himself. Hence the humility and meekness of every true

follower of Christ, who is looking to God as his only strength, an ever-present help in all times of trouble and sickness, as well as sin. Losing one's self in God is the remedy for every ill. Divine Love is ready to grant us every blessing, if we will only receive it. We have all. God withholds nothing from us. We only shut out the light through our own errors of belief. He sends us no ill. Error, as evil, is not the result of perfection, of infinite Good, but, as Jesus said, is a lie from the beginning; and evil, overcome by good, proves its own nothingness, and God — Good — to be omnipotent.

We are commanded to work out our own salvation. Then let each one seek first to know Truth, that he may work understandingly. And when understood there will be the signs following, in healing the sick and casting out devils (error). This can never be gained through a blind belief in our Master's teachings,— saying there is much we do not understand, and, because we do not, it is not for us to know; for the purpose of his teachings was to save the world from sin, sickness, and death, to teach men the way to Life eternal; and he taught nothing that was unnecessary for all to understand; else, why the teaching?

There is but one way by which a man can be saved. Let us learn this way and walk in it, and be faithful followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, that God's power may be made manifest through us, as with the disciples of old, and many be led to believe, through witnessing the demonstrations of the Spirit in healing the sick and casting out error. Jesus saith, "If ye cannot believe my words, believe me for the works' sake."

B.

For Winter's rains and ruins are over,

And all the season of snows and sins;
The days dividing lover and lover.

The light that loses, the night that wins;
And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
And in green underwood and cover

Blossom by blossom the Spring begins.

THE YOKE OF TRUTH.

C. O. M.

Take my Yoke upon you.—MATTHEW, XI. 29.

THIS is the bidding of Jesus,—often misunderstood, because men are ignorant what the Yoke is.

There are two kinds of Yokes.

First, there is the Military Yoke, the yoke made of spears (two placed upright, with one across the top), under which conquered enemies had to pass, in the old days of the Roman Empire, as a token of their complete subjugation. In fact this word *subjugation* comes from the two Latin words *sub* (under) and *jugum* (yoke).

The common view is that the Yoke of Christ, Truth, is in the nature of a military yoke, and that it is this subjection which Jesus demands of his followers.

Second, there is another yoke, that of the farm,—the yoke which binds together the patient oxen, enabling them the better to draw their load, which singly they might not be able to manage.

The Greek word *zugos* has the same meaning as the Latin *jugum*; and the primary meaning of both words is not the Military, but the Agricultural,—the Yoke which unites cattle for a common burden, not the slavish yoke of the defeated warrior.

Why not consider, then, that Jesus bids the followers of Truth takes upon themselves this yoke of peaceful and united labor, not of thralldom,—that this is *his* yoke? Indeed, this is the simple, direct, first meaning of the word used by the Master,—the yoke he would have Truth-lovers bear.

Christian Scientists can take the command to themselves. They are asked to take upon them a yoke; but it is not the yoke of servitude, but the yoke of united effort, the yoke of work; that is, they must stand shoulder to shoulder for Truth, Love, God, and together draw the car of Healing, the triumphal Ark of Life,—not as slaves, not even as *dumb-driven* cattle, but as freeborn men and women, in the Truth of Christ which makes us free.

SOCIETY is composed of two great classes: those who have more dinners than appetites, and those who have more appetites than dinners.

CHAMFORT.

Home.

WHATSOEVER things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

PAUL.

FOR HIS SAKE.

[From the Youth's Companion.]

THERE are two services in life, and unto one or the other do we all devote ourselves. Perhaps a large number of young people go on without stopping at all to think whether their governing motive is to please God or to please themselves; to do the thing that is right, because it is right, or the thing that is pleasant, because it is pleasant.

This thought was the keynote of the sermon to which Ellen Grey listened. Perhaps she was the only one in the whole congregation to whom, in all its force, the thought went home. But if, among the shining hosts of heaven, there is joy over one sinner that repenteth, surely that preacher need not feel a sermon lost, to which even one hearer listens with the heart.

"Which," the preacher said at the end, "which, then, will you do, please yourselves, or strive to please Him? Which is best worth your while? And if you would serve Him who has called you, there is no time to lose, for soon the night cometh. It must be *now* that you begin, and *not* tomorrow."

"What, oh *what*, is there for *me* to do?" thought the girl, her soul in tumult within her.

And as if the preacher had read her unspoken thought, he answered it:

"You must not wait for the great opportunities. It is not the greatness of the deed, but the singleness and devotion of the motive, that counts in the celestial reckoning. The

lowest service, rendered for His sake, is higher than the mightiest struggle for mere self-advancement."

Ellen Grey bowed her head, and, in a whisper, she breathed, "For His sake!"

"Walk home with us, Ellen," said a gay voice, when church was over, and Ellen was turning to go; and then she remembered that her father was out of town, and that her mother, cumbered with much serving, had not come to church; and, if she ran away with her friend, it would mean leaving her grandmother to walk home alone.

"For His sake," she whispered again to herself, and then called cheerfully to her friend, "Not today, thank you," and drew her grandmother's old hand through her strong young arm.

At home she found her mother overworked and tired; but when Ellen offered to help, patient Mrs. Grey answered, "No, I'll do it all; you have on your Sunday frock."

"For His sake," whispered the girl softly to herself; and in five minutes she was down-stairs again, the Sunday gown put away, — and ready to help.

Ellen Grey hardly knew, at first, what had been, in that morning hour, the silent office of Spirit in her heart; or how thoroughly the whole course and current of her life were to be changed. She only knew that of two services she would fain choose the worthiest, and that she was called on to choose then or never. From that day she lived her life "For His sake."

"My religion," she said, "is now expressed in one word, *Obedience*. It makes my life happy here; it brings to me spiritual light; and the past, present, and future are all beautiful to me."

It proved the beginning of a life whose good influence has reached many hearts.

SHAKESPEARE's father was a butcher, Milton's a scrivener, Newton's a squireen, Johnson's a bookseller, Burke's an attorney, Watts's a ship-chandler. Of the antecedents of these men, we know as little as of the foundations of Snowdon, Helvellyn, or the Surrey Hills.

DIXON.

WHY MAJOR WENT TO CHURCH.

LIZZIE HATCH, in *St. Nicholas*.

I ONCE visited a pleasant countryhouse, the owner of which had a powerful and sagacious dog, called Major. This dog was highly prized by his master and by the people of the neighborhood. He had saved many lives. Once when a swinging rope became entangled around the neck of a little girl, Major held her up until help came.

One day the butcher brought in his bill for Major's provisions. Major's master thought it altogether too large, and shaking the paper angrily at the dog, he said : —

"See here, old fellow, you never ate all that meat, did you?"

The dog looked hard at the bill, shook himself all over, regarded the butcher with contempt, and then went back to his rug, where he stretched himself out with a low growl of dissatisfaction.

The next Sunday, just as service began at the village church, into my friend's pew vaulted Major; he had never before been to church.

Our hostess started in affright. "Something must have happened to the children," she said.

"No," said her husband, "the dog would tell us if that were so."

The Major kept perfectly quiet until we all arose for prayer; then he sprang upon the front of the pew behind, and stared gravely and reproachfully into the face of the butcher, who looked very much confused, and turned first red and then pale. The whole congregation smiled and tittered. Major's master at once took the dog home; but the butcher was more considerate in his charges from that time. Evidently he felt greatly mortified and conscience-stricken.

BEECHER IN A CRISIS.

WHEN Charles Sumner was assaulted in the Senate, the businessmen of New York held an indignation meeting. Like the Lovejoy meeting in Faneuil Hall, Boston, it was in the hands of the conservative leaders. After they had spoken, there was a cry for Beecher. This disconcerted the leaders. William M. Evarts, one of the number, evidently annoyed, said he understood that

Mr. Beecher was lecturing that evening in Philadelphia. It was found, however, that he was present, and he was almost led by his friends to the platform. When the applause, for which his appearance was the signal, had subsided, Mr. Beecher commenced speaking, and for one hour he held the audience in his hands. He denounced the outrage on Sumner in glowing terms, and illustrated his points, as he always did, so vividly, that his hearers listened rapturously, and applauded to the echo. He denounced the system of slavery, which was responsible for the cruel attack. As did Wendell Phillips in Boston, so did Beecher in New York, thoroughly arouse the people to a sense of the real nature of human slavery.—*Lawrence American*.

AN APRIL JESTER.

[*Boston Traveller*.]

OUTDOORS the white rain coming down
Made rivers of the streets in town.
And where the snow in patches lay
It washed the Winter's signs away.
How fast it fell! How warm it fell!
The icicles began to melt;
A silver needle seemed each one,
Thrust in the furnace of the sun,—
The Vulcan sun, who forged them all
In raindrop-crystals, round and small.
The air was filled with tiny ropes,
On which were strung these April hopes,—
White water-beads that searched the ground,
Until the thirsty seeds were found.

Then came blue sky: the streets were clean;
And, in the garden, spots of green
Were glistening in golden light,
The grass and Spring almost in sight!
A bluebird sang its song near-by;
"Oh! happy Spring is come," thought I;
When all at once the air grew chill.
Again the snowflakes fell, until
The ground was covered, and the trees
Stood in the drifts up to their knees.

I think this bird, who dared to sing,
Was premature about the Spring;
Or else he joked in manner cool,
And caroled lightly, *April Fool*.

Healing: Communications and Cases.

AND try Me now in this, saith Jehovah of Hosts,—
Whether I will not open to you the Windows of Heaven,
And pour out upon you a blessing.

MALACHI.

A WORD FROM DETROIT.

MRS. M. B. G. EDDY, My Very Dear Teacher: It was my purpose to write to you soon after my return to Detroit; but very pressing duties have prevented my so doing. After a calm and careful review of your teaching in the Normal Class, I have to thank you greatly for the higher understanding of the Truth which I received. Allow me to say here, that I was a careful student always, and never overlooked anything taught in Science and Health; but now I see clearly the imperative necessity of many doctrines which I formerly accepted on trust.

My sister most ably held the field in my absence. On my return, she said, smilingly, that the air of Detroit seemed unfavorable to malpractitioners, as the two in the city had left in my absence. She (sister) was working almost day and night. One case I should like to mention. She was called at a late hour one night, to see a young man with belief of ulceration of bowels. He had been ill over a year, and on that evening three of the best doctors in this city had consulted together, and abandoned his case, giving him but a few hours to live. When sister went in, all the relatives were around the bed, weeping. Sister dismissed all of them, with the assurance that God, and not sickness, was all-powerful. Well, the Truth destroyed the fear, and in a few days he was sitting up, and eating all kinds of food, which he had not done for nearly a year. The doctor, calling a few days after, was surprised to find the young man living, and on being told of the means employed, said he must look into Christian Science. The minister, however, was grievously offended, and ceased his prayers for the young man's recovery. We are striving to make it a case of *healing*, not a mere change of beliefs. In the meantime, I am, with much love, in which my sister joins,

Yours in the Truth,

A. M. KNOTT, C. S. B.

115 Miami Ave., Detroit, Mich.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE IN THE GRANITE STATE

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE JOURNAL : After 10 years of invalidism, from dyspepsia, cough, and asthma, in their most severe forms, I was recently brought to death's door, by what physicians call gastric fever. I had so little power of resistance left, that there seemed no hope that I could rally, the suffering from the inflamed stomach and throat being so great that I could eat nothing, and could talk only as I continually moistened my lips. I had tried the ordinary methods of doctoring, only to feel myself gradually losing my hold of life. In this apparently hopeless condition, I sent for Mr. Vinal, a Christian Scientist, of Exeter, N. H. He made his first call on Jan. 10. A ray of hope entered my mind at the first visit, to be continually brightened by each successive treatment; for, from the first, my distress began to lessen. I had a tranquil sleep in place of feverish restlessness, and my stomach began to call for food. Being accustomed for years to stand guard over my appetite, fearing lest this or that might distress me, I had some misgivings lest Mr. Vinal's injunction, to "take no thought about what ye shall eat," might be a wrong one for me. The long-starved stomach demanded food; and, happily, the treatments had wrought the change, so that I could eat anything without fear of consequences. The fever was gone, the asthma and cough also. I could lie down to rest as I had not done for many a year, and breathe naturally without a trace of the old difficulty. To say I am thankful for the Providence that brought me under Mr. Vinal's treatment, is a meagre expression of my feelings. I will use my restored health to spread the knowledge of this wonderful treatment, wherever I may be. I have sent you this statement, hoping some sufferer may be led into the way of Truth and Life.

MRS. HENRY F. GERRISH.

Portsmouth, Feb. 23, 1887.

SPRING MONTHS.

BEING of a bilious temperament, I have for years been sick every three months. This spring, I was taken very severely with bilious fever and sore throat. Calling Mrs. Bowen, who treated me, I went to work the next day, and have not been sick a day since. She also has cured me of colds and sore throat.

E. C. CAMPBELL.

Hillsdale, Dec. 6, 1886.

DRUNKENNESS CURED.

Mrs. JONES,— Dear Madam: I am forty-two years of age, and have always been in the habit of indulging, more or less, in alcoholic stimulant, so that it became a second nature to me. I thought I could not get along without it, anyway. But, thank God, I have got all over wanting it. I believe in this great Truth, Christian Science. Since I have seen you, over five months ago, and was treated by you, I have not felt the least desire to return to the cup. I had left off months before, but never could get over that *longing desire*, but always had that hankering after something to drink. I have got all over that feeling now. I do not want it, can't see any pleasure in the use of it; also, I have left off the use of tobacco, do n't care about it at all. I have gained in flesh thirty-four pounds, since I left off the use of rum and tobacco. How I do wish that all who use such stuff would let it alone! I believe that God, through *you*, has cured me of that dreadful sin. May God bless you in all of your undertakings.

I am respectfully,

Bryant's Pond.

JAMES SHEERAN.

THE WORK IN MICHIGAN.

My DARLING TEACHER: I have only just returned to Grand Ledge, from Newark, N. Y.

My stay of three days lengthened into one of three weeks, and I was kept busy every day. Had forty-nine different patients, and found my work greatly blessed. My feet are planted so much firmer and my mind grows so clear, since your dear, patient instructions, that I can never be thankful enough that I braved all sorts of opposition in order to gain a better understanding of the power of Divine Mind to heal and cast out error.

During my stay at Newark, a case of insanity yielded beautifully in five treatments, and the young lady came out "clothed and in her right mind."

A little girl, who had an impediment in her speech, talked plainly after three treatments.

A young man who had been starving himself for months, on account of stomach-difficulty, was so relieved at the first treatment that he went home and ate a very hearty supper of meat, bread.

pickled onions, and pie, to the intense amazement of the household, who were sure he would die before morning; but he came out without a pang.

Another young man, who had lost the use of his voice and sight, regained both in eleven treatments. I could relate more; but these are enough to show you my progress in the grand work you so nobly inaugurated.

Mother joins me in sending sincere love, and adds: "May God bless dear Mrs. Eddy, for the kindness to my lone little girl."

Lovingly your student,

Grand Ledge, Michigan.

EMMA A. ESTES.

BUENA VISTA, COLORADO.

DEAR JOURNAL: One of my patients has brought me this testimonial, and desires me to send it to you for a place in our dear JOURNAL. It is one among the many, through the blessed Truth, in this labor of love.

Yours in Truth.

MRS. E. P. SWEET.

ALLOW me, through the columns of your JOURNAL, to testify what Christian Science has done for me, through the instrumentality of Mrs. Sweet, of this place.

My spine was injured in 1862, while I was in the Army, and I was discharged for total disability; and since that time I have been under the care of physicians a great deal of the time, and for the last three years I have been completely prostrated, both physically and mentally. On the fourth of this month, having heard of Mrs. Sweet, I went to see her, and told her my case, and asked her to treat me. At that time I could not lift a chair, without having to lie down, and remain prostrate, from one to three hours. After one treatment, I walked home, about four blocks away, and felt no desire to lie down. After the second treatment, I cut wood enough to last over the Sabbath; and after the third treatment, I laid aside my cane; and on Monday, after my fourth treatment, went into the woods, and cut and hauled a load of wood; and today, thanks be to God, and the understanding of Christian Science, I am as well as any man in Buena Vista. Mrs. Sweet is doing a great work now, and may the Lord bless her in it.

Respectfully yours.

J. H. WYMAN.

EPILEPTIC CONVULSIONS.

DEAR JOURNAL: I take great pleasure in adding my testimony as to what Christian Science has done for me, in hopes that all suffering ones, who may see my words, may take courage, and flee for help to this Heavenly Science.

For the past five years I have been, in belief, a great sufferer, and received no help under the physician's care. I had what physicians termed epileptic convulsions, heart, spinal, and brain troubles, and my friends had given up all hopes of my ever being any better.

Through a Christian Scientist at home, I was led to come to Mrs. Fenn. While with her I was taken with the most terrible convulsions, which lasted all night and part of the next day. It seemed to me as though all earthly help had fled, and that I must pass through the belief of death. Mrs. Fenn never left my side; and when it seemed as though I had drawn my last breath, she whispered in my ear that God was my Life.

How my heart went out to God with the feeling that it was not right for me to die. Laying hold of that beautiful promise and claiming it as mine, I began to improve. The third day I rose from my bed healed, — without ache or pain. I walked downstairs, across the yard, and took my dinner with Mrs. Fenn. I rose from death unto Life. I rose with Christ, — not only healed bodily, but spiritually.

Respectfully,

GERTIE LOTHROP.

Omaha, Nebraska, March 18, 1887.

A CARD.

I CELEBRATED my seventy-first birthday at my home, on Feb. 3, 1887. 'I am hale and hearty, thanks to Christian Science. I believe it to be the grandest Truth, the most beneficial to health and purifying to morals. Words are inadequate to express my thankfulness for it. After eight years' sickness, I have rejoiced in health and strength for the past three years, without the aid of medicine of any kind, and am doing my own housework. All I can say to suffering humanity is, Come and be healed also.

MRS. EDWIN HART.

Animal Magnetism.

THE land that thou gavest unto our fathers, to eat the fruit thereof and the good thereof, behold we are servants in it; and it yieldeth much increase unto the kings whom thou hast set over us, because of our sins. Also they have dominion over our bodies and over our cattle, at their pleasure, and we are in great distress.

NEHEMIAH.

WHEN they shall say to you :

“Inquire of their necromancers and wizards,

That peep and murmur ;”

Then say ye : “ Should not a people inquire of their God?

Should they inquire of the dead for the living ?”

ISAIAH.

RADIATION AND ABSORPTION.

A LEARNER.

GOD, the source of all being,— the atmosphere, so to speak, in which all living move and have being,— is Radiation, continual action. Man, as His idea, possessing His qualities, also radiates His thought, comprising all that is Good, harmonious, and perfect. That constant radiation of Light is the Armor of Righteousness, which always protects man from his enemy the devil (mortal mind).

All mortal mind is the counterfeit, or opposite, of this Life-principle, and is absorption, blackness, and stagnation, which strives, with apparent power, to set up its counter-current of malice, envy, and selfishness, to render its victim an absorbent of all that is evil and erroneous, causing stagnation and death.

As man cannot, at the same time, radiate and absorb, by constantly sending forth thoughts of Love, Life, and Truth, whenever a delusion of their opposites presents itself, he may have a veritable armor against fears of weakness of every description, and so keep prepared for, and guard against, attacks from all directions. This idea will bear much

contemplation, growing and amplifying with application. Thus — God, Light, Action, Life, Truth, or Love, is the invincible Power, which repels and conquers animal magnetism, blackness, stagnation, death, error, and hate. Christian Scientists will find the effect of the approach and attack of mesmerism to be a sort of paralysis, or inaction of mind, which will be revealed upon the recovery of the right condition of thought, by the vitality and Life that has conquered and destroyed the numbness and fear.

When such an attack seems to approach,—by immediately reversing the condition of mind, and mentally inquiring of self, “Am I radiating good, or am I absorbing evil?”—and putting that thought into action, by addressing the counter-acting thought of Spirit to whatever seems to be attacking you from mortal mind,—you will set yourself free from bondage, and render yourself the medium of demonstration for those blessings you so freely receive from the source of all Good.

WHAT MORTAL MIND FELT AND SAW.

As investigator's experiment he describes as follows: I began to respire twenty quarts of unmingled nitrous oxide. A thrilling, extending from the chest to the extremities, was almost immediately produced. I felt a sense of tangible extension, highly pleasurable in every limb. My visible impressions were dazzling and apparently magnified. I heard distinctly every sound in the room, and was perfectly aware of my situation. By degrees, as the pleasurable sensations increased, I lost all connection with external things: trains of vivid, visible images passed rapidly through my mind, and were connected with words in such a manner as to produce perceptions perfectly novel. I existed in a world of newly connected and newly modified ideas. I theorized: I imagined that I made discoveries. When I was awakened from this semi-delirious trance by Dr. Kinglake, who took the bag from my mouth, indignation and pride were the first feelings produced by the sight of the persons about me. My emotions were enthusiastic and sublime, and for a minute I walked around the room perfectly regardless of what was said to me. As I recovered my

former state of mind, I felt an inclination to communicate the discoveries I had made during the experiment. I endeavored to recall the ideas; they were feeble and indistinct. One collection of terms, however, presented itself, and with the most intense belief and prophetic manner. I exclaimed to Dr. Kinglake: "Nothing exists but thought. The universe is composed of impressions, ideas, pleasures, and pains." About three minutes and a half only had elapsed during this experiment, though the time, as measured by the relative vividness of the collateral ideas, appeared to me much longer.

AN UNCONSCIOUS CRIMINAL.

[From *The Boston Post.*]

DR. WILLIAM A. HAMMOND, of New York, who, it will be remembered, performed some rather remarkable experiments with cocaine not so very long ago, has found a new outlet for his indefatigable activity in investigating the interesting subject of hypnotism. Dr. Hammond tried the effects of cocaine upon himself; but to demonstrate the power of hypnotism required a coadjutor, whom he found in a young man of good health and good character. He first began his experiments in this direction, according to an interesting story in the *New York Herald*, some half-dozen years ago, before a society composed of members of the medical and legal professions. So remarkable were the results obtained, that the society refused to publish a report of the proceedings, for fear, it is stated, "of being laughed at." But now that recent experiments in hypnotism have been made in France, Dr. Hammond is so anxious that the public should know his share in the pursuit of this peculiar knowledge, that he ventures to break the long silence imposed upon him, and to describe the method by which he made this young man, of good health and good character, an unconscious criminal. This he did, not only on the memorable occasion in question, but has since often repeated the feat, "with very little effort," he says, before select audiences at his own office. He therefore speaks upon the subject with something of the authority due an original investigator of scientific truth.

The condition of hypnotism — which Dr. Hammond prefers, as he says, to call *syggignoscism*" (we venture to add that most people will prefer the usual and easier word) — is in reality, we

are told, "a condition of automatism in which acts are performed without the conscious willing of the subject." In other words, it is the old mesmerism of the travelling professor and conjurer, reduced to a basis of scientific terms. These well-known tricks were repeated with greater variety and power in Dr. Hammond's experiments. The conclusions to be deduced from them are stated by him as follows:—

All these facts go to show that there is something in an animal's organization, besides its brain, which is capable of carrying on the functions of life. In hypnotism there is an apparent cutting off of certain portions of the brain; the basal ganglia—all that mass of gray matter at the base of the brain—may be able to act, but the higher portions of the brain appear to be impaired, so as to give rise to very curious phenomena. We are all conscious of our existence. We are all conscious of our identity. In cases of hypnotism the consciousness seems to be so altered that the individual is not aware of his identity. It is a condition of double consciousness.

Into such a condition Dr. Hammond, in the experiment which is described, brought his subject,—the young man of good health and good character. He held a bit of glass before the young man's eyes, and, presto! he was hypnotized; then Dr. Hammond snapped his fingers and said "All right," and the young man was just as quickly restored to his normal condition. Dr. Hammond further made the astounding assertion that he could keep a person in a hypnotic state for two years, and that during that time the person so hypnotized would commit any crime in the calendar, if told to do so. He illustrated the assertion by putting the young man through a course of imaginary crimes, even to the extent of using an "air-drawn dagger," like Mr. Bishop's. More than this, he cauterized the unfortunate subject with red-hot iron, and stuck pins into him, without even making him wince.

These remarkable results of his influence over another, naturally suggested to Dr. Hammond the dangers to society if the practice of hypnotizing for criminal purposes were generally followed. Almost anybody, in his opinion, can exert this power. With this startling fact in mind, Dr. Hammond remarks:—

I think it is worth while to call attention to the fact that such a condition exists, and how easy it is to get such a person as this young man into the condition, and make him perpetrate crimes. It really seems a matter that requires legislative action. This would be a new crime, arisen in consequence of the advancement of science. We know that we can make people do these things. It seems to me that, if the law does not take notice of the matter, after a while, we shall find a class of sharpers who know how to use this influence, and they will employ the innocent as instruments of their unlawful schemes, while they, the real perpetrators, remain invisible to the eye of the law, and secure from detection.

Editorial Outlook.

THE eternal round of Truth.	ANONYMOUS.
THE power of an endless Life.	HEBREWS.
THE care of discipline is Love.	WISDOM.
THE Spirit is Life, because of righteousness.	ROMANS.
WITHOUT rebuke, holding forth the Word of Life.	PAUL.

APRIL comes with smiles,
 Wooing with her wiles ;
 So may mortal mind
 Banter, but to bind.
 Yet above the mist,
 By God's sunshine kissed,
 Is the Mind Eternal,
 Making all things vernal.

A GLOWING RETROSPECT.

THE year that is now closing, marked by this vernal equinox, has been one of unparalleled success in the growth of the Cause. The banner of success has folded itself about the College walls, and its students, in round numbers many, have gone forth like soldiers of old, to fight the good fight, with colors flying, and the marching song of victory.

No other magazine, but four years old, can boast of such a subscription list as ours, celebrating its fourth year with an issue of 10,000 copies ! Victory sits perched upon our walls, and we may well rejoice. We have had many upheavals ; but this must needs be, when Truth enters to dispossess mortal mind. It has been a year of success ; we say it not boastfully, but thankfully. Let no one, however, sit down and fold his hands. Such a time would never come for man, even should he attain perfection.

WELCOME !

WE welcome you to our new-spread feast. Welcome us to your hearts and hearths !

With this number, THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE JOURNAL takes another new departure. A year ago we enlarged our borders, and now we enlarge them again.

We shall charge you two dollars a year instead of one; but we shall give you sixty-four pages instead of thirty-two.

Then, too, our pages will be printed in single, broad columns, and larger type, with wide margins, suitable for binding.

In fact, we wish to put this JOURNAL, in its typographical appearance, in line with other publications of a similar character. The departments into which THE JOURNAL was formerly divided, but which have been partially discontinued the last few months, will be restored: since there is a Scriptural injunction to "remove not the ancient landmarks." These departments are: 1, General Articles; 2, Questions Answered, by Mrs Eddy; 3, Letters; 4, Church and Association; 5, Sermonettes; 6, Healing; 7, Home; 8, Editorial Outlook; 9, Economic Hints; with a page of Agates thrown in, when occasion offers. Of course, a department may be sometimes omitted,—as, for example, when Mrs. Eddy lacks time to answer the many queries put to her in regard to the teachings of Divine Science.

Besides these departments, a new one is to be added to the magazine, Animal Magnetism, in which will be considered one of the grievous errors of this age,—against which the Founder of Christian Science has always labored, and against which she will continue her warfare.

Give this JOURNAL then your hands and your dollars, and so help the cause far and wide.

A MIRACLE?

A FRIEND in Philadelphia sends to Rev. Mrs. Eddy a photograph, with this question: How account for this occurrence?

The picture represents the Crucifixion of Jesus, in wax, with several figures grouped about the central image of the Redeemer. The statuary was in the Egyptian Museum in Philadelphia, which three months ago was burned. Everything was destroyed except these wax figures, and the niche in which they stood. Mrs. Eleanor C. Donnelly wrote a poem on the event, in which are these lines:

While death and ruin, wreck and loss,
Wrought in those walls a fiery hell,
And metals melted, timbers fell,
Alone within its alcove, pure,
Christ's image stood, unmarred, secure.

Earth's joys may melt, earth's ties may sever,
But Christ our Lord stands fast forever.

For us to explain this curious event is impossible. We were not there, and are ignorant of the many circumstances which always enter into such a catastrophe.

One thing is clear. If the heat had reached the wax with sufficient intensity, the wax would have melted. The group might have been cut off from this heat by water, by a contrary wind, or a strong current of air; or some accidental screen might have fallen in front of it (the picture indicates the remains of such a barrier), though this screen might not be found when the ruins were dug away.

It is to be remembered that wax figures are not all wax, for the wax is moulded upon a wooden or metallic framework. It would be possible for the wax to become quite hot; yet, if it did not reach the melting-point, the figure would remain practically undisturbed when the wax cooled.

There are many phenomena in nature not understood. Water always sinks as it cools, and rises as it warms. Why, then, does not ice sink to the bottom of a river? If it did, the whole stream would become solid ice every winter, instead of the surface only, as at present. Yet when water reaches the freezing point, instead of growing heavier and continuing to sink, as before, it suddenly changes its method, and expands into greater lightness; so that our ice is at the top, not the bottom of the river, and the fishes are not all frozen within an icy prison.

We should not dare to say of any event that it is an absolute miracle. As Science and Health teaches, everything material is in accordance with natural law, and seeming exceptions are but exemplifications of a higher or deeper law.

In the original Greek, the word *miracle* means simply something wonderful.

W.

Nor a blade of grass but has a story to tell; not a life which does not hide a secret, which is either its thorn or its spur.

I FELT the unfathomable thought, of which the universe is the symbol, live and burn within me; I touched, tasted, embraced my nothingness and my immensity; I kissed the hem of the garments of God, and gave Him thanks for being Spirit, and for being Life. Such moments are glimpses of the Divine.

CHRIST OUR REFUGE.

REV. MARY BAKER G. EDDY.

O'er the hushed harpstrings of the mind,
 There sweeps a strain —
 Low, sad, and sweet, whose measures bind
 The power of pain ;

And wake a white-winged angel-throng
 Of thoughts, illumed
 By faith, and breathed in raptured song,
 With love perfumed.

Oh, in His unveiled presence grow
 Life's burdens light ;
 We kiss the cross, and wait to know
 A world more bright.

Not from this earthly scene afar,
 But nearer Thee,—
 Father, where Thine own children are,
 And love to be ;

Where o'er earth's troubled, angry sea,
 We see Christ walk
 And come to us, and tenderly,
 And wisely talk,—

Saying: " Step safely on the Rock
 Upon Life's shore,
 'Gainst which the winds and waves can shock.
 Oh, nevermore !

" Thy prayer, some daily good to do
 To Mine, for Me,
 An offering pure of love, whereto
 God leadeth thee."

ALL seed-sowing is a mysterious thing, whether the seed fall into the earth or into souls.

Language is a seed-sowing and a revelation.

MATERIALISM coarsens and petrifies, making every truth false.

So long as we are able to distinguish any space whatever between the Truth and us, we remain outside of it.

EASTER.

FROM Lee & Shepard we have received Gladness of Easter, No. 4 of Easter Hymns and Songs, uniform with the Message of the Bluebird, Arise, my Soul, and also, See the Land Her Easter Keeping. It is very prettily gotten up. The selections from the poets are exquisite, and the illustrations worthy of the house presenting them.

From the same house comes the little pamphlet, Abide with Me, by Henry Francis Lyte. The designs are by Miss L. B. Humphrey. It will make a very charming and appropriate Easter souvenir.

RUSSIAN POEMS.

FROM Cupples, Upham & Co. we have Poems in Prose, by Ivan Tourgueneff. The author himself says of the little book: "The reader must not skim over these poems in prose one after the other; that would probably tire him, and he would even cast the book aside. But let him read each one separately,—one today, another tomorrow, and then perhaps one or more may bear fruit." It is a translation of the best things written by Tourgueneff, and bears witness of the genius of this author. Much of it is very fine.

OLD BOSTON.

FROM the same house we have received for review, *Rambles in Old Boston, New England*, by Rev. Edward G. Porter; illustrated by George K. Tolman. The sketches are particularly fine, and, with one exception, represent only the old buildings standing today. This exception is the feather-store in Dock Square, which was drawn from a pencil sketch by Bartholomew. The illustrations commence with a Map of the North End, and are over ninety in number. The typography is excellent. There are many autographs of the great original Bostonians. This work must of necessity command great interest, and we bespeak for it a large sale. The Hub is of more or less interest to all Americans.

Economic Hints.

If anyone provideth not for his own, and especially for those of his Own House, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an unbeliever.

PAUL TO TIMOTHY.

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P. S. — The imposition on the public of unqualified teachers, has caused the adoption of this rule.

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FIRE, ELECTRICITY, AND DELAY.

WE owe our readers some explanation of our magazine's late appearance. Besides the unavoidable delay occasioned by new type and a fresh arrangement of pages, a peculiar hindrance arose. This was in the electricity developed in the paper on which this JOURNAL is printed. None of the printers connected with Mr. Kellaway's establishment had ever known a case of such strong electric attraction. It seriously retarded the work, by causing the sheets to adhere tenaciously and annoyingly to each other.

A fire in the lower part of the building on Exchange Street, where Mr. Kellaway has his main office, also threatened disaster. As it was at seven in the evening, however, the flames fortunately did not get under much headway before the engines had them under full control.

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MRS. JOHN HUNTLEY,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

I have so longed to see you, and bless you for the great good wrought in my family. An invalid husband, chronic cough and headache, had not slept well for years, entirely healed, rejoicing in health and strength, all within three weeks after I first saw your book, *Science and Health*.

MRS. M. H. PHILBRICK,
Feb. 10, 1884. *Cuba, Allegany Co., N. Y.*

Your students speak in the highest terms of endearment of their inspired teacher. We have not words to express in this brief letter our indebtedness to the author of Science and Health. The author of that work needs no other monument.

Sincerely yours,
E. W. SPAULDING,
July 26, 1886. *Chicago, Ill.*

Many thanks for the good received from your books. When I commenced reading them, I was carrying about a very sick body. Your books have healed me. I am now in perfect health. People look at me with surprise

and say they do not understand it; but when they see the sick ones made well they are not always willing to believe it.

MRS. JOSEPH TILLSON,
July 5th, 1884. *South Hanson, Mass.*

It is not quite eight weeks since my attention was first called to Science and Health and I think it the most wonderful, important and beneficial study to mankind since Christ. Born like yourself, of Orthodox and Puritan parents, I was ready to accept gratefully your instructions.

MRS. LUCY B. WRIGHT,
Sept., 1884. *Munroe, Wis.*

Only He who knows all things, can fully estimate the good you are doing humanity.

MRS. J. H. ROBB,
Feb. 26, 1885. *Jackson, Mich.*

I wish to communicate to you the case of a man who was a drunkard, profane, and a tobacco-eater, cured by reading your books. After a long spell of intoxication he seemed to hear a voice as from God,—before reading your books he disbelieved in such a Being,—that said "Choose to-day, life or death." He chose life, was sobered in a moment: all desire for tobacco or liquor left him, and has never returned. He passes the saloon with a feeling of perfect indifference, so far as his appetite is concerned. There is much more connected with this case as seemingly miraculous; and still some people will keep your books from being read, and say, you cannot heal. You have made a family every whit whole, simply by your writings. That the combined efforts of every church in town could not have accomplished.

MRS. M. N. PHILBRICK,
Feb. 1885. *Austin, Illinois.*

It is a great truth you are giving to the world, and the suffering are greatly in need of it. I have read your works with a life interest.

L. H. PHELPS,
June 20, 1884. *Onset, Mass.*

I have been most fearfully afflicted with neuralgia and nervousness. Have tried every remedy and many eminent physicians without any benefit. Could only obtain relief when under the influence of morphine. The last few months I have been treated by Mrs. Eberman of West Lake Street, Chicago. Went there for the purpose. I consider myself cured. I also think. (so do others of my family) that my cure is almost miraculous. This lady has performed other cures as remarkable, and all from READING YOUR BOOKS; and to her praise be it said, she works diligently for the cause and for the glory of God, never turning the poorest and humblest from her door, treating all alike, with or without remuneration.

With blessings on the great cause, I am, truly yours,
L. EBERMON,
March, 1885. *Leavenworth, Kansas*

I would rather be the author of Science and Health, than to wear the crown of any Potentate on earth.

H. H. BLANDING,
Jan. 1885. *San Francisco*

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For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty, through God, to the pulling down of strongholds.—PAUL.

VOL. V.

MAY, 1887.

No. 2.

VOICES OF SPRING.

REV. MARY BAKER G. EDDY.

NATURE, like a thrifty housewife, is at her Spring cleaning, setting the earth in order; but as she puts down white and green carpets alternately, the earth is by turns wet and dirty, or dry and dusty.

The voices of Spring come to us sad or joyful, even as the heart may be. They freshen unforgotten harmonies, and mute memories too tender to talk. With brush in hand, Spring passes over mountain and meadow, painting it while she weaves the wavy grass, and brightening the tiny spray. She stirs soft breezes, rippling all nature with her restless wing; but, alas! her winds moan over new-made mounds, where mortal love hath shed the unavailing tear.

Unconscious of human weal or woe, the little feet of Spring trip lightly on, turning up the daisies, paddling the cresses, waking the world of flowers to look lovingly on the laughing earth. Her dainty fingers put the fur caps on pussy willows, paint the tiny petals of the arbutus, color the blue azure with soft hues, and sweep with glad tones the lyre terrestrial.

List to the song of the turtle-dove, the music of Naiads, the brooklet's melting murmurs. Behold the timid leaves clapping their hands, the glory of the roses, and the alders bending over the streams, and shaking out their tresses in the water-mirrors. The snowbird may tarry in the storm, and pipe to the breeze; feathered tribes leave their winter homes and flock to vernal joys, and the cuckoo sounds her viewless flute; but old Robin comes soonest, to sing amid blossom or blast.

What should be the voices of Spring in the human heart? Resurrected and purified desires; praise, for man's ability to seek and find the Kingdom of Heaven here,—the reign of harmony that furnishes glimpses of the great Source whence cometh all earth's beautiful hieroglyphics of Love; joy, that human character may be stately as the cedars of Lebanon, and Truth thrive like the willows by the water-courses; humility, bowing down before His goodness, and peering through mortal mind; industry, arranging with beauty each budding thought as it puts forth new glories; higher aspirations and purer pleasures, which give spiritual energy and power to work for man and in obedience to God.

Has the Springtide brought this harvest to the human heart, putting on costly wardrobes, gained in seasons of toil, defeat, and triumph? Are Christian Scientists as faithful as the seasons, birds, and flowers? Do they challenge mankind as sweetly to flock to the Springtide of God's omnipotence,—His power to heal and save? Will they sing in the storm? If buds of hope disclose scarcely one blossom, and birds are silent, will they yet wait and work, till the latent elements of harmonious being control earth's cold and heat, sunshine and shadow, and the heart's seedling and germ spring into freedom and greatness?

The modest Violet lifts her blue eyes to heaven. The Crown Imperial rears her regal splendor to the god of day. Will mortals as wisely lift their perceptions above the clod, and look long enough away from earth, and toward heaven, to behold "how good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity?"

HABITS, AND THEIR CURE.

F. E. MASON.

IN the Gospel of Matthew, chapter xiv., will be found the cure for all forms of habit: "And in the fourth watch of the night, Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea."

Let us reason together, and see in what way this verse will dissolve the slavery and loose the chains of oppression, which, with a seeming Pharaoh-power, have held us in bondage, until we find ourselves in the midst of a sea of error, tossed by the angry waves of appetite, until we long for a Moses to emancipate us from our sinking condition, and honestly desire to separate from the *husky* vanities of this world. When we have, like the Prodigal Son, "come to ourselves," and can say, "I will arise and go to my Father," then we have come to the first step in our lesson. It is the fourth watch, the morning watch, the dawning of the Truth, the breaking-through of the Light, after the long, dark night of error.

It is here that the full meaning of the verse dawns upon us, and we see with a clearer vision the lesson our Master taught us by walking on the sea. What a lesson is here! so grand, so simple, so true, so full of hope to the wanderer, when he has seen the Star in the East, and has departed from King Herod, and will let it lead him on (as it did the Wise Men), higher, higher up in the ascending firmament of Truth, multiplying his pure thoughts, as Life and Love give birth to nobler aims, until Truth has lifted him up above, and he has forever put under foot whatever would drag him down and engulf him in its angry vortex of sin and bondage. This is the lesson our Master teaches us by walking on the sea, and how vividly he shows us that dominion is man's birthright, and not subjection.

The great secret of success, in triumphing over habits of all kinds, is to understand their nothingness; in that way

we show our superiority over them. If the temperance people of today would all work on this line, it would terminate in better results than by addressing alcohol as King Alcohol, forever telling what a power he is, and what a terrible grip he has in our land. Once come to the understanding that he has no power, and like Goliath, he is easily overthrown. St. John tells us, that "God created *all* that was made, and without Him was not *anything* made that was made." In Genesis we find that all of God's creations were pronounced *good*. Now the writer of this article fails to see the good in intoxicating liquor, and consequently feels justified in here denying that God was the author of it. The Bible tells us, "the same fountain cannot send forth both sweet and bitter water," that we cannot "gather figs from thorns." So God cannot be the author of both good and evil; for "He is the same yesterday, today, and forever." Now, how vividly comes to us the fact of sin's nothingness, and it should be treated as such. Go forth to meet it with the sling of Christian Science. With a well-directed missile of Truth your giant (?) is laid low, and overthrown forever. Go through the whole category of habits, and destroy them all.

The voice of Truth is calling you today, as it did Lazarus more than eighteen-hundred years ago, to come forth. Jesus said: "Loose him, and let him go." Come out of your grave, roll away the stone from your narrow sepulchre, strip off the error that bound you hand and foot, and put on the seamless garment of Truth. You have worn, long enough, the material fig-leaf covering, and you are no better satisfied with it now than were the Adam and Eve of old; for the same answer will come back today, to the question "Where art thou?" as then,—"I was afraid, and I hid myself." Rather say with Paul; "Neither height nor depth, nor any other created thing, shall be able to separate us from the Love of God." Let us then put on the seamless garment, and look ever to the light, and not let the world and its influence eclipse the Light of Truth. Let us choose the

straight and narrow way that leads to everlasting life, where we shall join in the songs of the blessed.

When we 've been there ten-thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We 've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.

SOME CONSIDERATIONS OF ERROR AND BELIEF DISCUSSED.

A STUDENT.

"Error is human illusion, without personal identity or Principle, and has no existence save in mistaken human belief," and illusion is never reality. If illusion were reality, then it would no longer be illusion, but would be fact or Truth, and would contain none of the elements of error. Error, in and of itself, is absolutely nothing. It seems to be, but is not. It is absolutely without power or force in and of itself; and it appears to have either only when it is associated with human belief,—only when the human mind, so called, believing the lie of error (for every error is a lie) lends to the lie its own power. Thus the two become so associated that the borrowed power appears to the careless thinker to belong to error.

To illustrate: I am to go by cars to another city; my train leaves at nine; but error has told me that it leaves at ten; consequently I miss my train. Now error had no power to make me miss the train, only so far as I believed in it. Had I suspected error to be error, instead of believing it, I should have made investigation and learned the truth. The moment Truth appeared, error would have lost the only power it ever possessed (the power I myself gave it by believing it), and it would have been at once condemned to its real condition of powerless nothingness, would have had no control over me, and would have disappeared.

Error is the absence of Truth. The moment Truth appears,

error disappears. The old and familiar comparison of light and darkness is here exactly applicable. As stated by the physical scientists, darkness is absolutely nothing; it is only the absence of something. When light goes, darkness comes. It has no quality except such as it derives from the absence of light; it has no power over anything; it even has no existence of its own; it never replaces anything; it never drives away the light; but the presence of light always destroys darkness, solely by its presence. Error is also absolutely nothing, and only the absence of something. It is the darkness caused by the absence of the light of Truth. The child is afraid of the dark; but darkness has no power over the adult, who understands it. Adults are afraid of error in its countless forms, and cower in abject terror before it, giving it the dominion and authority of the beast in St. John's vision; but those who are enlightened by understanding laugh at these fears. They are as causeless as if one were afraid of his own shadow. When the light comes the darkness is no more darkness, and the child is no longer afraid. So also, when Truth comes error goes, and the adult is no longer afraid of his own imaginings. Truth casts out all error, just as absolutely and completely as light casts out darkness. Truth relieves us of our belief in error; and as the belief alone gave to error all its semblance of power, then, when the belief is gone, the power is gone also, and error stands in its naked powerlessness and its unqualified, absolute nothingness. It vanishes, just as the imagined ghost disappears with the coming light, and as absolutely leaves no trace behind.

Thus it appears that power is given to error only through belief. What then is this coadjutor?

Belief is the link which binds error to the human—or mortal—mind, and is itself without intelligence or reality. It is in itself nothing, and has no continuation, life, or existence, except in mortal mind. In the presence of understanding it disappears, like Stygian darkness before a flash of lightning. Change the belief, and what before seemed real

now seems unreal, and a new seeming reality takes its place ; but so long as belief remains belief only, it has no stability or true reality, and change follows change, unto death. Just as some errors are not as bad as others, so some beliefs are better than others ; but all beliefs can be destroyed, because none are founded, by understanding, on the rock of Truth.

The world speaks of true and false beliefs, and of good and bad beliefs. A belief in Truth is a good belief ; but it has no stability or reality, so long as it remains a belief only. It is only when belief passes to a higher plane,—passes out of belief into understanding,—that it acquires reality and becomes permanent ; but having made that change, it loses all its former qualities of unreliability and mutability, and is no longer belief. Therefore belief may lead up to understanding, but that which is belief only is not to be trusted until it has been tested by the standard of harmony, demonstrated by its practical application and results, and transmuted by understanding into the genuine reality of Truth. Before this is done, its value is uncertain ; afterwards, it is known and positive.

Sin is a result of error. First, error,—always ; then, sin,—sometimes. There may be error without a consequent sin, but there is never sin without a preceding error to cause it ; and the error which caused the sin would have been forever barren, but for a belief which attached it to human mind, and gave it the power to produce sin. Error is nothing ; belief is nothing ; but the mortal who entertains a belief of the reality of error is led thereby into sin. It is neither error nor belief that sins ; for both are powerless, except so far as the mortal admits their claim.

As error and belief produce sin, so sin produces death ; and death includes its predecessor, sickness.

All this is set forth and fully illustrated in the second and third chapters of Genesis. There, in the first account of them, is seen the terrible procession : error, belief, sin, discord, death ; and there, in the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth verses of the third chapter, is the

declaration, by the Lord God, that this inevitable sequence shall ever follow error and belief, until they are dispelled by the great, white light of Truth. The wonder to us now is that the world never recognized this until the coming of the "true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." When he came, then could be declared, in unmistakable terms, that which "was in the world," although "the world knew it not."

"Sin entered into the world, and death by sin." "Sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." "The wages of sin is death."

But if these things are true, then, as a necessary consequence, it is also true that Truth, which casteth out error and changeth belief into understanding, must also destroy sin and death (which last includes sickness), since these are only the creatures of error and belief, and, being their creatures, are, if such were possible, even less than they.

ANGEL THOUGHTS.

FRANCES A. FOX.

I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you.—JESUS.

BEAUTIFUL thoughts — our angels bright,
Crowned with Love's most glorious light,
Lifting the weary into sweet rest,
Bringing the wayward unto the Blest.

Beautiful thoughts, — our angels fair,
Shining to brighten and bless and cheer,
Taking us Heavenward into the Light,
Bringing the morning after the night.

Beautiful thoughts, our angels here, —
Gift of the infinite, priceless, dear, —
Stay with us ever, changing the strife
And discord of ages, to harmony, Life.

LANDMARKS.

DORA FLETCHER NOXON.

DAVID declares that the word of God is a lamp to his feet, and a light to his path. Truly it is to each one of us a light, a guide, without which we should wander in Stygian darkness.

The mythical Diogenes, with a lantern, searched for an honest man. As both searcher and sought-for, as well as the light, were material, of course the search was vain.

In the second verse of the twenty-fourth chapter of Job, it is declared, that "Some remove the landmarks;" and in Deuteronomy, 19th chapter and 14th verse, is the direct command, "Thou shalt not remove thy neighbor's landmark, which they of old time have set in thine inheritance, which thou shalt inherit in the land that the Lord thy God giveth thee to possess it."

Again, in Proverbs xxii. 28, we read: "Remove not the ancient landmark which thy fathers have set." And in Deuteronomy xxvii. 17, among the curses of the law, is this: "Cursed be he that removeth his neighbor's landmark. And all the people shall say, Amen."

All so-called material things have their counterparts, or originals, in the spiritual. The law was given by the Spirit to Moses, who received the inspiration through Divine understanding. To him it was a spiritual law—the law of God. Moses gave it to the people, who, because of their materiality,—or lack of spirituality,—understood it materially, and founded upon it a law pertaining to material things. Hence it is today a punishable offence to remove a stake from a land-claim which another has staked out for himself; and this is right. It should be equally punishable—and is, for "every sin is its own punisher"—to remove a landmark, or evidence of ownership, from your neighbor's spiritual possessions, or to set up a false landmark, which

shall cause "one of the least of these" to stray from the "strait and narrow path." Whoever entertains error, envy, anger, malice, revenge, or any evil passion, thereby robs his neighbor; and robbing his neighbor, he robs himself.

There was a period when man, in the perfect image and likeness of his Creator, communed with that Creator. There was no doubt then as to the boundary-lines of man's possessions; for God said: "Have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth. . . . Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree in it, which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed." These were the boundary-lines of man's possessions before a thought of time crept in, causing the ancient landmarks of eternity to fade from view, and those of supposed time to become visible; just as in crossing the Plains, we sometimes lose sight of that which is before us, and see instead an expanse of water, where no water is. A sense of time necessarily caused a sense of space. Instead of seeing the ever-present God, man saw only vacuity, which, for want of a better name, he called Atmosphere.

The misty uncertainty of mortal thought obscured the spiritual vision of man, and so shut him out from seeing God; for Spirit must be spiritually discerned. In proportion as man looked away from God he looked at himself; and so, little by little, a sense of personality grew upon him, until he believed that he possessed Life, Substance, and Intelligence, in and of himself, and was able to reproduce the same in like form. Error begets error. Not seeing his own relation to God, he began to take cognizance of surrounding objects, and consider their relation to him and his. It began to be a question of ownership,—What belongs to you, and what belongs to me? Through personal belongings, the first conscious sin manifested itself. A belief of moral sickness followed, which must and did culminate in a belief of physical death; for sin, urged to its final limit, destroys itself.

One by one the spiritual landmarks were removed, until

mortal mind, grown strong in its own beliefs, overwhelmed the spiritual senses of man, as a flood,—covering up and obscuring all remaining landmarks, save one,—the imperishable Word of God; and even that is warped by the damps of error.

We are told to “search the Scriptures,” because they testify of Him who is our Life, Substance, and Intelligence. We are searching for the landmarks of our spiritual possessions, for the corner-stakes and boundary-lines of that which God gave us to possess.

The false claims—and the equally false claimant, mortal mind, which would rob us of our birthright—will be reduced to their original nothingness; for mortal mind is the sin; and the sinner who removes his neighbor's landmark,—of him it is written, “Cursed be he;” and all the people will say Amen, when that shall come to pass which is written: “As I live, saith the Lord, every knee shall bow to me, and every tongue shall confess to God.” Then we shall know of a surety that we are the children of God. “If children then heirs,—heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ” our elder brother.

A WORD TO BEGINNERS.

E. A. R.

It has seemed to me, many times, that a word to new beginners—especially those studying alone, and perhaps groping blindly in the dark—might not come amiss.

I think it is nearly always the case, that those who take up Christian Science as a study, are driven to do so from some physical difficulty.

Occasionally one who has not found an answer to his *spiritual* longings and desires, goes to Science and Health for light, by which to find a higher and more satisfying understanding of God, and His Divine Love; but *bodily*

ailments oftener send men to Christian Science, — as, in their desperation, they turn from *Materia Medica*, in all its several branches, and, like tired children, turn to the bosom of Love.

Sometimes they take up the study of Science and Health with the idea that *reading* the book will heal them. They are frequently disappointed, and because they are not healed after reading the book *once*, give it up, thinking there is nothing in it, or that it is like some other things, — good for some people, but not for them.

Something more than a superficial knowledge of Christian Science is requisite for healing the sick. Do not be discouraged, dear friends. An earnest perusal of Science and Health, with the Bible as an accompaniment, will surely heal the most discouraging disease.

Earnestly strive, and your way will become brighter and brighter at each succeeding step, until at last you can exclaim: "I have fought the good fight, I am victor over sin, disease, and death; for to know God is Life and peace."

The storm-clouds may lower, and even for a time obscure the light; but press onward, and He who careth for the sparrows will surely gather you under His protecting wings, where you will be safe from the pestilence that walketh at noonday.

Imbibe the Spirit; for the letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth Life. The light is ready to come in, if we will only roll up our curtains and let it come. If we see cobwebs that we did not know were there (and we certainly shall), let us brush them down with a will. Sometimes they return again and again, but do not let them accumulate. If we repeatedly destroy errors with Truth, — each success makes the next easier; and when at last we find our house swept and garnished, the Prince of Peace will enter in and abide with us forever.

Then shall there be no more night, no bitter pain, no storm of sin; for God is there, and naught unlike Him can enter in.

THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

A. LANG.

HEAVEN will be to us what we make it. The Master has taught us the way, in precept, example, death, and resurrection; but all he has done for us will not suffice for our redemption, unless we believe and accept him as the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

The shedding of the blood of Jesus cannot atone for our sins. It remains for us to accept the Truth, and abide in the same. Only the willing and the obedient can hope for the realization of the promises. The acceptance of the Truth involves the acceptance of all that Jesus taught and demonstrated in his Life, death, resurrection, and ascension. It is not enough to accept a part of the teaching of the Master,—as some do, who say the mighty works performed by Jesus and his disciples were only for the age in which they lived: for the promise is, “These things shall ye do, and greater.” God’s promises are never outlawed, and “the word of the Lord endureth forever.”

The question is often asked: If God manifests his power in healing the sick today, as of old, why are not his mighty works manifest? We answer: The world will not believe what is being done, any more than did the Jews in the days of Jesus. The greater the works he performed, the more violently his countrymen rejected him, until the rejection culminated, as they believed, in his death; which, however, afforded but another opportunity for a greater demonstration, through the resurrection,—which they denied, and tried to mistify, by paying hush-money to the soldiers who guarded the tomb.

We find human nature now to be much as it was then; but the answer is: Had we the understanding of Life, Love, and Truth, which Jesus had, we could do the works which he did. We grow into a knowledge of the Truth, just in

proportion in which we receive and abide in it. Only as far as we understand, can we demonstrate. Inasmuch as we can do that, we have reasonable proof concerning our work.

We have said, Heaven is what we make it. If there is no discord in our lives, we have entered our first heaven, which must be a state of harmony. Then we should hope to rise from glory to glory, till the fulness of God in Christ shall appear.

To gain this victory over the world, it is not enough to do only what appears to be our duty. We should expect that of a hireling; but *we* should do good because we love to do so. Jesus did not suffer scoffings and persecutions unto death from a *mere* sense of duty. He was actuated by an infinitely higher motive, that of Love, whereby he became willing to give his body a sacrifice, that all mankind might believe, and learn, through his atonement, the way unto eternal Life. Thus we learn that Love alone was the incentive which actuated the Master to give himself a ransom for us. He being our example, we should learn to follow his teaching, and let Love be our incentive also.

It is a common belief among Christians, that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin, that the shedding of blood was the offering. This is the letter of the teaching; but the Spirit teaches us more. "God gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting Life."

What will the shedding of the blood of Jesus avail us, if we do not believe on him, and work accordingly. If we believe not the Truth, we do not accept the sacrifice which he has made for us. What appears more important is, that Jesus so loved the world that he was willing to lay down his life, that he might teach us his power to take it again,—thus proving Life eternal.

Jesus had previously declared that he held the keys of death; but his teaching was so adverse to mortal sense that men did not understand him. They no more looked for him in the natural body after his crucifixion, than we

expect our friends to return to us in like manner. Therein lies the necessity of death, or shedding of blood, that the Truth might be made manifest which Jesus had already taught; that he was the resurrection and the Life, which so plainly appeared in the presentation of his natural body. Herein I recognize the vicarious atonement. He was willing to suffer all the sorrows of Gethsemane, and all the anguish of Calvary, that he might teach the world Life and Immortality, through the demonstration of the resurrection of his body.

The material blood of Jesus was like that of any other man, and the shedding of it but the concomitant of the establishment of Immortal Truth, which it was the mission of Jesus in the world to make known.

The danger is, that we regard the blood as more efficacious than Truth, which should be kept always at the front. What had the blood of Jesus to do with rolling away the stone from the door of the sepulchre, the resurrection of the body which followed, except as a concomitant of the great work which he came into the world to perform, that Life and Immortality might be brought to light through victory over death and the grave. "Oh death, where is thy sting; and where is thy victory, boasting grave?"

To accept this Truth, is to accept the sacrifice which our Lord and Master has made to atone for the sins of the world. The demonstration of the power of Truth and Love is the solution of the problem as set forth in our premises. Having been a witness in many cases, we are encouraged to try and gird on the whole armor of Life, Love, and Truth, with which to go forth and conquer all error, the sum of which is sin, sickness, and death. They who attempt to climb up any other way,—or unlock the Kingdom of Heaven with any other keys than Truth and Love, as taught and exemplified by the Master,—will ultimately discover their mistake, and learn that "there is no other way under heaven given among men" whereby they can ascend the Alpine heights of eternal reality and blessedness.

TRUE FREEDOM AND BEAUTY.

H. L. DUNBAR.

IF one set not the thought determinately to obtain Divine Truth, and utter it, he is already in a state of mind indicative of discord. There is nothing decided about such a state, except what is false. Such a man is deluded by appearances, and therefore the expression of mortal mind is but the utterance of deception. The will actively lies, contradicts harmony, and is antagonistic to God—Good; and must so continue, until the omnipotent Spirit of Truth speaks through the voice of man, in such a manner as to awaken the dormant sense to a realization of a new and living Life in Love and righteousness, after the likeness of the true man, who is the image of God.

"If a man bridle not his tongue, his religion is vain." Why? Because there cannot be right conversation without right Spirit. Every man is an oracle, either for Truth or against it. If we yield not to Truth, we shall yield to delusion.

Truth neutralizes opposition, and is "the bond of union" between rational beings; but every attachment to mistake induces dislike and antagonism, because error is of the nature of evil, or disorder, and therefore tends to maintain disunion. To be in keeping with the Divine Mind is the right purpose.

To be harmonious with Deity is to think like Him. In order to do this we must attend to Truth, and follow it; for not until we are imbued with the Love and Spirit,—Truth,—shall we be free to serve as heirs of God. All that Truth utters is harmonious, beautiful, holy, and happy. This Love is repose in the Creator, as when we first saw in His works the reflection of the only Mind,—God. We must hold Divine Truth, before we can be moved by it. We must acknowledge the power of Love,—of God, Mind,—before we can be so governed by this Love as to fear no evil; for as

we think, so shall we feel, as long as thought and feeling constitute human experience.

Why then do we complain of our conditions? Our ideas are wrong. We see not as we ought. We deceive ourselves. We receive not Truth in God's testimony. We believe falsehood. The Truth is not with us, or we should be free. In the Truth of real Love, in the Truth of real hope, in the Truth of real joy, in the Truth of real Life and peace, we should be—and we are—free.

The beauty of holiness must be on us as the beauty of God, and this is the beauty we desire alone to see in all around us.

The worship of a beauty exalted, and penetrating man's highest thought, is inconsistent with a zeal that leads to massacre and murder. Because they had no beauty in their thought, they pierced the heart of Jesus. While they seemed to kneel at his cross, light had lost its meaning to their eyes.

As sight is a spiritual sense,—and we do not behold the objects as material things, but only perceive the different degrees of antagonism between light and darkness, which we call colors,—so these zealots of beauty made their own colors out of the darkness that was in them, not perceiving the true Light that shone upon them.

The love of beauty is one with the love of goodness, in a mind purified by holy Truth. We cannot see beauty while we merely look at appearances; because the spiritual relation is not discerned by bodily vision. It demands a spiritual eyesight and apprehension. Beauty is the abstract of Truth. It is an attribute of God. It is, in short, the divine expression of the divine purpose in nature, the end of which is to promote harmony between thought, feeling, and action.

The true in face and form is the Soul expressing itself as God's likeness, ready to bless all who acknowledge Divine Love. Whether we know it or not, we love beauty only because we love joy. If we have but one glimpse of Truth, or a single idea in relation to the claims of God—Good—

upon us, we cannot behold beauty, or look at sublimity, without some thought being awakened which shall cause us to become more conscious of true worth, as beings through whom and to whom the Eternal manifests Itself. The very freedom that expands our thought, as we gaze on a wide-spread prospect, fills us with a sense of unutterable hope in the felt power and beneficence of true freedom and beauty, which is God.

AN INVOCATION.

FLOSSIE J. HEYWOOD.

HEAR our prayer, oh gracious Father,
 Author of celestial good,
 That Thy laws, so pure and holy,
 May be better understood.

As the dew, before the sunlight,
 Melts, and fadeth from our sight,
 So may every doubt and error
 Fade before Eternal Light.

Armed with faith may we press onward,
 Knowing nothing but Thy will,
 Conquering every storm of error,
 With the sweet words, "Peace, be still."

As the starry hosts of heaven
 Speak the wonders of our God,
 So to us shall strength be given,
 To proclaim His Truth abroad.

Like the Star of Bethlehem shining,
 Love will guide us all the way,
 From the depths of error's darkness,
 Into Truth's eternal day.

ONLY when grief finds its work done, can God relieve us from it. Trial, then, only stops when it is useless; that is why it scarcely ever stops.

AMIEL.

Agates.

AND I will make thy windows of Agates.

ISAIAH.

ACCORDING to Demetrius, Truth lies at the bottom of a well, whose depth, alas ! gives little hope of a release. To be sure, one advantage to be derived from this is, that the water serves for a mirror in which Truth may be reflected. I have heard, however, that some philosophers, seeking for Truth, to pay homage to her, have seen their own image, and adored it instead.

RICHTER.

A HOPE has crossed me in the course
Of this self-pleasing exercise, that ye
My zeal to his, would liken, who, possessed,
Of some rare gems or pictures, finely wrought,
Unlocks his cabinet, and draws them forth
One after one, soliciting regard
To this and this.

WORDSWORTH.

WHEN will evil speakers refrain from evil talking? When
listeners refrain from evil hearing.

HARE.

How sure it is,
That if we say a true word, instantly
We feel 't is God's, not ours, and pass it on.
As bread at sacrament, we taste and pass ;
We handle for a moment, if indeed
We dared to set up any claim to such !

E. B. BROWNING.

MUCH is violated by falsehood, but Truth may be equally outraged by silence.

LANGDON.

VIRTUE could see to do what Virtue would,
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk.

MILTON.

TEMPTATION is the fire that brings up the scum of the heart.

ANON.

Letters.

A word spoken in due season, how good it is !

PROVERB.

METAPHYSICAL HEALING.

SAYS JESUS : "Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven."

SAYS AGASSIZ : "Every scientific truth goes through three stages. First, people say it conflicts with the Bible. Next, they say it had been discovered before. Lastly, they say they always believed it."

Not long since, while conversing on the many chronic ailments which flesh is seemingly heir to, and the many modern means used for their alleviation, a gentleman remarked to me : " Why, I know several men — intelligent men, too — who actually have tried a dozen of these ridiculous Scientists, and such nonsense, before finally settling down to one respectable physician, and getting well." The remark seemed a sort of challenge ; so I quietly responded : " But what of those who try the dozen respectable physicians first, without relief, before finally settling down to the one ridiculous Scientist, and *getting well* ? "

His remark had struck home, — for I had tried not only a dozen, but *twenty-two* highly respectable doctors, several of them famous disciples of Hippocrates ; and I had spent over four thousand dollars in following their advice, and filling their prescriptions, all to no purpose, until I had resigned myself to invalidism and despair.

While in this deplorable state, last summer, I accidentally heard of Christian Science, through a relative, and was advised to try it as a last resort. I scoffed at the mere idea. If the whole medical fraternity had failed to help me, how could an old lady, who was said to do nothing but silently sit beside me, cure an incurable complaint ?

Something led me to ask, What is Christian Science ? but no one seemed able to give me an intelligent answer. Next day I went to find out for myself. The charges were one dollar a treatment. I resolved to invest ten dollars in the treatments ; and if, as I expected, there was no noticeable result, I would simply continue on the painful tenor of my way.

The first day I went to be treated in Christian Science, I was as confirmed an infidel as can be found. I denied the divinity of Christ and the inspiration of the Scriptures, even their historic truths. I scoffed at everything pertaining to the beliefs of Christianity. A sermon bored me beyond expression,—unless it chanced to possess intellectual brilliancy or showed scholarly thought. I acknowledged nothing but a Great First Cause. I had ignored my God, until He seemed to have forgotten me.

The sixth day after commencing the treatment I had a most remarkable experience. I was stricken with physical blindness at three different and distinct times during the day, and had peculiar sensations otherwise. But the mist cleared away, and gradually my whole being seemed flooded with light—radiant spiritual light, which caused my eyes to be opened from their long spiritual darkness to the sublime truths of the teachings of Jesus, to my lost heirship with him, to my new-found heritage in the Father's Kingdom; and all without a word spoken to me, without even the time-honored and typical laying on of hands.

I cannot describe with a feeble mortal pen, or express with feeble mortal words, the glorious influx of Life, Love, and Truth, where all had been sickness, sin, and death.

In ten days I was perfectly well. I was free from pain for the first time in ten years. I ate what I pleased. I did what I pleased. I walked with a glad buoyancy which caused me to wonder if the passer-by in the crowded streets did not observe my intense happiness. In short, I was what I had craved so earnestly to be—like other people.

At first I disliked to acknowledge these results, even to my own family, fearing the bliss would not continue, doubting my senses, thinking that all must be a dream; but no! it was a delicious reality, that had come to stay. It was simply the realization that health was the eternal Truth, that sickness was the passing dream.

Then I set about my investigation, studying long and late. What is Christian Science? Now I can tell you. It is what its name implies, what its practice confirms. It is Christian Science,—the scientific method of Jesus' so-called miracles of healing, which he practised and taught his disciples.

Lost in the third century after our Master's earthly career, found again in our nineteenth century (marked by progress in

all things), it is richly blessed in this last evolution in spiritual things.

This age marks our struggles to fathom the mysteries of the North Pole, towards which the needle, under all skies and under all conditions, incessantly points. It also marks our struggles to understand the mysteries of our scientific relation to our Maker, towards whom all men in all ages have turned their thoughts, in some form or other.

At a hasty and superficial glance, Christian Science seemed to me dangerously akin to Theosophy, Spiritualism, Faith-cure, Mind-cure, Magnetism, Idealism, — or other *isms* and notions with which the land is filled; but, as a matter of fact, it is totally different. Its source is Christ, its ramifications are as wide as the universe and man.

There was nothing abnormal or miraculous, to the spiritually enlightened, in Jesus' mode of healing. He spoke of them as simply *works*. "The works that I do, ye shall do." He, our Master, acknowledged no health-laws, recommended no exercise or diet, sought no aid but the Father's. He cultivated in his disciples the vocation of both priest and physician. He established the precedent for the necessity of but one to fill both positions. His is the authority for saying that he who could doctor the mind could also doctor the body. "*Whosoever* believes in me shall do these things," not a particular set of people in that particular age! Then why does the devout professing Christian send for the medical man, the instant he coughs or sneezes? Is it because God is absent then? Is it because He is *not* "our very present help in every time of trouble." What did Jesus mean, when He said, "Go! preach the Gospel, heal the sick, cast out devils [evils], raise the dead"? I leave it for my readers to answer.

Did he mean his healing solely as a manifestation of his Divine power, and to be demonstrated only in that age and in a small corner of the globe, while yet the rest of his teachings were to be handed down, followed, and taught throughout the centuries? Did he not tell us to show our faith by our works, rather than by our words? He said, "Ye are like me." Did he not mean these things — these precious and practical advantages of his religion — for you and for me, as well as for the seventy and the twelve?

Christian Science asserts and proves that he did, by the broadest

and most varied applications to both the sick and sinner — as in my own case, and thousands of other cases. It is Jesus' doctrine, pure and simple, unadulterated by passing through a sieve of man-made theories. All who want to test it may; and they will find the comfort of health, which is God's law of harmony," — of "peace which passeth all understanding," of understanding, instead of blind faith.

All is Mind, for Mind is God. There is no matter; so-called matter is but the evidence of the material, or physical, senses. There is no sensation, except in mind. Therefore our *bodies* cannot suffer. Pain is simply fear, portrayed upon the body in various forms. Banish the fear from mind (mortal mind) and the pain vanishes. Say to mortal mind that sickness in all forms is nothing but error, belief, hallucination, — anything but reality, and you see the response in the healthy normal condition of the once diseased organs. Disease is not a reality. It is unreal. Nothing is real that is not eternal. Nothing is eternal but what comes from God. Nothing comes from God but what is good.

I have a bright young student in Christian Science, — a very young one, — my sunny-haired daughter, three years old. She settled a profound problem the other day, to her infantile satisfaction, — a problem that has puzzled philosophers, divines, naturalists, and metaphysicians. She paraphrased the old nursery rhyme, —

My old man and I fell out;
I'll tell you what it was about;
I had money and he had none, —
So that 's the way the noise begun;

turning it into:

Dod made me dood;
I make *mytelf* naughty;
So that 's the way the noise begun.

It was the keynote of Christian Science. Ah, my Margarita, you spoke a beautiful truth. If we would only allow ourselves to remain as God made us, — good, pure, truthful, "in His own likeness and image."

Even in schooldays I had a taste for metaphysics. I preferred the keenly analytical and semi-philosophical tone of George Eliot's novels, to the exciting action of vivid French fiction. Hamlet seemed Shakespeare's finest creation. Yet how the best efforts of

the poet and novelist pale before the inspired rhetoric of Paul's superb letters! Intellect is a fine thing, but Intelligence is God; and Intelligence guided the Apostle's pen.

Several days ago I was chatting with one of Brooklyn's clever clergyman, pastor of a flourishing church, which does a live work. He made some inquiries concerning Christian Science, having heard of it in Chicago, through two acquaintances who were healed of painful and chronic troubles. I made a few explanatory remarks, as succinctly as possible, when he interrupted me to ask, "Have you ever studied or read Berkeley's metaphysics?" I replied that I had not. He said, "That is strange! Every word, every phrase, even the *manner* of your utterance, is exactly like the pages of Berkeley."

Since then I have commenced the perusal of the famous Minute Philosopher. It is delightful reading. Its logic is clear, conclusive, ethical,—so far as it goes; but it does not go all the way. Christian Science goes beyond it, taking the last step. It takes human argument beyond itself; it takes it to God, whence came Christ's reasoning.

I heard a Scientist make this comparison: "Christian Science, to the accepted religions of the churches and schools, is what the electric light is to the tallow-candle of our grandfathers." Its sound and beautiful theology improves both health and morals, healing both invalid and sinner, through one and the same method; and yet people cling to their diseases,—pet them, nurse them,—even boast of the aristocratic inheritance of gout and scrofula, excuse drunkenness on the plea of inherited fondness for strong drink, and submit to idiocy because cousins marry!

Did God ever make an idiot or drunkard? Do God's likeness and image inherit gout and impure blood? No, a thousand times *no*! Who does make the idiot and drunkard, the gout and scrofula? Mortal belief, the author of all our woes; for we have nothing but the good and pure from God, and He made all that was made.

When Mrs. Eddy, the founder of Christian Science and the Metaphysical College in Boston, wrote her book, *Science and Health*, it was pronounced so hopelessly original, that it would never be read. In a measure that is true. Nevertheless it meets the demand, the yearning, of the age in which we live. Through the channels of the press, her teachings can reach a class of

readers who otherwise might never hear of Christian Science. Like the science of mathematics, the results prove its Principle. As a study it is most fascinating—an education in itself. When cynics, who are cynical from ignorance, see my exuberant health and spirits, and say that it is excitement which keeps me up, I gladly assert that it is the joy of a child with a new toy. My new toy is God's old Truth!

MARGARET FORD MORAN.

MALANYE, SOUTH CENTRAL AFRICA.

MY DEAR MRS. SOUTHWORTH AND FRIENDS: We wish to express our feelings of thankfulness for the kind interest which you have taken in our welfare here. We do indeed appreciate all sympathy and kindness shown to us, isolated as we are,—away from our native land, friends, and church associations.

Were it not for the one true Spirit,—which unites the children of God,—ever-present and comforting us, and pointing us to that eternal home, where we shall be clothed with our immortality, we might be discouraged; but with this comfort in us, and the bright future before us, we are filled with joy and unspeakable praise.

Dear friends: we have received your book, letters, and JOURNALS, and they have often been the pleasant theme of conversation in our little family circle.

The power of Mind over matter has long been a cherished thought between myself and husband. In what way this was coming about we did not know; but we felt that the time would come when the Science of Metaphysics would bring a new epoch before the world. If the Holy Ghost has caused a new light to fall upon one of God's handmaidens, and she becomes one of the first heralds, like the Marys of old, to bring glad tidings to sorrow-stricken hearts, thus lifting humanity upon a more lofty plane, and bringing mankind into a nearer relation to their Maker, we say Amen, and we praise the Lord.

We shall be glad to learn of your welfare in this new way, from time to time, as you may deem us worthy of your consideration. We only claim to be children, receiving from our Maker, the Creator of all things, such things as will be to His glory, in saving the world from death and destruction.

Our work here is of that peculiar kind which no one can know

save those who experience it, and see heathenism with all its evils. Apparently it is but little we can do; but by the grace of God we will do that little with our might. We cannot be discouraged, having the promise of Jesus, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

We ask the prayers of all God's children for this work, that we may be workers together with Him, for the salvation of all. May we "make our calling and election sure" in Christ Jesus. May the blessing of our Father rest upon and in you all.

Yours in the work,

S. J. AND A. K. MEAD.

LICENSE TO HEAL.

ESTEEMED JOURNAL: Is the following suggestion profane? I do not so mean it.

If Jesus and the Apostles were alive today, and healed as they are said to have done in the Orient, they would do well to keep away from Iowa and Rhode Island, inasmuch as their medical practice was not in accordance with either allopathic or eclectic schools. Jesus himself could not here obtain a State license to heal, for he never passed through the appointed avenues of instruction; and his admission to the ordinary medical societies would be out of the question. Nor would the result be very different if a Preaching License were asked for. INQUIRER.

FEAR AND THOUGHT.

MAY I tell the JOURNAL a true story?

Laura Bridgman was one day introduced to a stranger named Seabury, a descendant of the famous Bishop. As quick as thought the dumb girl spoke with her fingers to the matron, who then said to the visitor: "What do you suppose Laura says of you, Miss Seabury?"

The blind girl's quick mind (ear she has none) had caught the unusual name, and she had said: "They sha' n't *bury* our beautiful sea."

This anecdote has not before been in print, but it comes direct from Miss Seabury.

Sermonettes.

LET thy Speech be short, comprehending much.

ECCLESIASTICUS.

THE DESIGN OF LOVE.

Now the Lord had said unto Abraham: "Get thee out of thy country-
and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will
show thee." GENESIS xli. 1.

THE purpose of Love — to create trust in Good, faith in the Divine Love and Eternal Principle of Being — is clearly illustrated in the history of the Patriarch Abraham, and manifested in human experience, down through the ages, even until the present day, gathering to itself through the multiplying thought of Love, begetting its kind, which (spiritually understood) is designated the Seed of Abraham.

The demand to leave his old home, which was met with such filial obedience, and the attendant results, in the blessing Abraham received, are types of the prerequisites to spiritual understanding, and the reward of fidelity in the Spirit and power of demonstration, which is the legitimate result of the teachings of Christian Science.

When Love Divine moves the slumbering thought to quickening, it calls out: "Arise, get thee out of this finite sense of the belief of Life in matter, with all its fleshly limitations, and come into the realm of spiritual understanding, where Spirit, Truth, and Love are the only creation and government, and Life flows on in continuous harmony.

It gently leads the trustful through the varied avenues of experience, — sometimes to climb up the hillside of endeavor (cold and thankless endeavor, to human sense) to the summit where awaits the reward of the faithful; sometimes through the valley and meadow-lands where the damps and dews of the twilight, mistiness of mortal thought, seem gathering about the pathway; again out into the deepening forest, where lie in ambush the lion and dragon, and amid the thicket the serpent's hiss penetrates the air at every footfall; yet the faithful one falters not, but calmly and fearlessly pursues the journey, unharmed by bite or venom, for Love leads on its own, and guarantees protection.

Love says to the weary and heavy-laden : " Come unto me, and I will give you rest. I will feed the hungry with living bread, the Truth of Spiritualized Being, which ever satisfieth." It is opening the way of Life, health, and salvation to all who will strive to attain it, coming in by the door of Divine Science into the sheep-fold, the realm of eternal harmony. Love touches the sin-sick and suffering with healing and reform,—exposing the error, while seeking to destroy the belief of pleasure in that which brings suffering and leads to death, and to establish the divine law of Truth and Righteousness.

Dear Christian Scientists : Are we alive to the great interests of humanity? Are we working for the Cause in order to establish this glorious freedom,—freedom which restores the wandering, lost in the dark mazes of belief, and breaks the fetters which enslave them, and brings them into the liberty of the children of God? Let us not shrink from any experience, although it may for the present seem not joyous but rather grievous ; if so be it shall aid in the furtherance of this blessed result,—not forgetting that God is the Principle of Divine Science, and that the results are sure to the faithful.

M. W. M.

FAITHLESSNESS OF THE SENSES.

A STUDENT.

Eye hath not seen nor ear heard . . . the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him ; but God hath revealed them to us by His Spirit.

I CORINTHIANS ii. 9.

THE question of the reliability of the various reports which our so-called physical senses bring us, concerning things outside of ourselves, is not only very interesting, but very instructive and valuable.

The senses say the world stands still, and the sun moves around it once each day ; and for more than five thousand years humanity believed what the senses say. The men who first ventured to dispute the accuracy of this assertion were branded with all sorts of opprobrious epithets, lost their fair reputation in the communities where they lived, and were forced to submit to severe persecutions ; yet today there is not a schoolboy who does not know that this report of the senses is unqualifiedly false,—that the truth is

exactly contrary to the report. The earth goes around the sun, not the sun around the earth; and the succession of day and night is caused by the motion of the earth, and not by the motion of the sun.

The senses are equally erroneous in their impressions concerning the motions of other astronomical bodies. In no case are their real motions the same as the apparent motions.

Concerning these things outside of ourselves, not only have the senses told us what was not so, but, moreover, what they have told us is as exactly contrary to the real facts, as if one should say the sun rises in the west.

According to rules of evidence adopted in our courts, where the highest intelligence of the race has, for generations, tried to find the best methods, a witness who is shown to be false in one particular is held to be unreliable in all. This rule is emphasized, if the witness continues to assert the falsehood after it is proven false. Now the senses continue to repeat, every day, the old falsehood they told six thousand years ago, concerning the astronomical bodies; and they assert it with as much apparent sincerity as though their error had not been discovered hundreds of years ago. Why should we give these senses any more consideration than our courts give a witness? They are entirely unreliable in one set of cases; why should we think them more reliable in another?

It may be said that the heavenly bodies, from their peculiar positions, constitute an exception. Then let us look at another class of reports made by the senses, concerning affairs close at hand, and intimately related to our every-day life.

It is now stated, by all students of physical science, that there is a medium surrounding all things,—filling all space, and permeating the otherwise unfilled places among the atoms of all material substances,—concerning which the senses tell us absolutely nothing. If the testimony of the senses is so valuable, why their mysterious and entire silence as to this most important of all substances? Why are they not doing their duty by reporting this universal substance?

When this surrounding and permeating medium is made to vibrate at a certain velocity, these vibrations, or undulations, affect the ear, and produce the sensation of sound. Until they reach the ear they are only vibrations; but they are reported by

the ear to the brain as sound. Sense is silent concerning vibrations; but in their place it substitutes sound, thus reporting to us the unreal for the real. Here is another clear case of unreliability.

If we follow up these vibrations, as they increase in velocity, the ear very soon refuses to make any report whatever about them, and then we do not have even a fictitious report through this avenue of sense. Of this dereliction from their duty, what need be said?

As the vibrations continue to increase in velocity, they are next recognized by the senses as heat. In other words, the motion which our senses told us just now was *sound*, they now tell us is *warmth*.

But even this is not enough. These vibrations being still further increased in velocity, our senses refuse to recognize them as either sound or heat; but, poured in a full stream into that most delicate of all our organs, the eye, they become light. Each variation of speed, within a certain range, gives a distinct color. All the colors, which the senses tell us of, are simply vibrations; yet what likeness is there between motion and the tints of the flowers, or between vibrations and a landscape, the sky, the glorious sunset clouds?

Sound, heat, and light come each from essentially the same fact,—that is, a form of motion. They are not, in any particular, what the senses tell us they are.

If we pursue these vibrations to a yet greater velocity, we find that the eyes, as well as the other senses, lose cognizance of them. These vibrations become, to our senses, as though they did not exist; yet within this new range of speed they are the cause of chemical action. Not a seed can sprout, not an embryo of vegetable or animal life can begin its existence, or continue it for an instant,—without these vibrations of this surrounding and permeating medium. Without vibrations, all matter would be more inert than the rocks beneath our feet. With such a failure on their part, to report the most important of all vibrations, we can ask nothing more of the senses. The proposition of their unreliability is fully established.

If our senses tell us some untruths about these minor things, concerning which they do speak, and are so absolutely silent concerning the greater things, of which we do know something, notwithstanding the silence of the senses, we have a right to

believe that when the Truth does become perceptible, and the Book of their Silences is opened, then shall we perceive the wonderful glories our Creator has prepared for us,—farther surpassing our present conceptions than ours now surpass those of the worm or the clod. Does not this amount to a scientific proof of the Scriptural promise as to the inconceivable glories of the future, when we shall have reached the Promised Land through understanding?

LEAVES AND BROOKS.

[Beecher's Star Papers.]

A TREE planted by the rivers of water.—PSALMS I. 3.

DIFFERENT species of trees move their leaves very differently, so that one may sometimes tell, by the motion of shadows on the ground,—if he be too indolent to look up,—under what kind of tree he is dozing. On the tulip-tree, the aspen, and on all native poplars, the leaves are apparently Anglo-Saxon or Germanic, having an intense individualism. Each one moves to suit himself. Under the same wind one is trilling up and down, another is whirling, another slowly vibrating right and left; and others still are quieting themselves to sleep, as a mother gently pats her slumbering child. Each leaf is intent upon a motion of its own.

Sometimes other trees have single frisky leaves; but, usually, the oaks, maples, beeches, have community of motion. They are all acting together, or are all alike still.

What is sweeter than a murmur of leaves, unless it be the musical gurgling of water that runs secretly, and cuts under the roots of those trees, and makes little bubbling pools, that laugh to see the drops tumble over the root, and plump down into its bosom?

In such nooks could trout lie. Unless ye would become mermaids, keep far from such places, all innocent grasshoppers and all ebony crickets! Do not believe in appearances. You peer over and know that there is no danger. You can see the radiant gravel. You know that no enemy lurks in that fairy pool. You can see every nook and corner of it, and it is as sweet a bathing-pool as ever was swum by long-legged grasshoppers. Over the root comes a butterfly, with both sails a little drabbed, and quicker than light he is plucked down, leaving three or four bubbles behind him, fit emblem of a butterfly's life.

Home.

WHATSOEVER things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report,—if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise,—think on these things.

PAUL.

THE STORY OF THE ASS WITH TWO EARS.

[Victor Hugo's Tales to his Grandchildren, in *St. Nicholas*.]

ONCE upon a time there was an Ass who was a very good Ass, but whose life were very agitated. This was because of a little difficulty of hearing, with which he was afflicted. When his right ear heard "Yes," his left ear heard "No." When the right ear heard "Turn to the right," the left ear heard "Turn to the left,"—an embarrassing situation! In this case the Ass used to decide not to budge—which was in accordance with his contemplative character.

In the morning he went as usual to his master, when he got up, to take his orders for the day, waving his ears to show that he was ready to obey.

"Shall I bear the cabbages to market?" he asked with an intelligent look.

"Yes," heard the right ear. "No," heard the left ear.

The good Ass was much troubled by these contradictory injunctions. He supposed that his master was undecided as to what ought to be done with his cabbages. Then he asked, crying aloud like an Ass: "Shall I, instead, take the sacks to mill?" "Yes." "No."

"He is still undecided," said the Ass to himself. Bray-ing again, the Ass asked: "Shall I, instead, go and roll in the hay, with the asses of my acquaintance?"

"Yes." "No."

"And yet," said the Ass to himself, "I must really do something." And so he went to roll in the hay.

DAME PIG AND HER FAMILY.

ONE cool bright day in early October, Dame Pig, who lived in a nice roomy pen in Farmer Allen's back yard, called her children about her, saying she had something pleasant to tell them.

They came rushing and scrambling, pushing each other this way and that, for they were very happy, active children, full of fun. There were five in all; Speckle, Tiny, Blacky, Whitey, and Trot. At length they became quiet, and drew close up to their mother, where she sat in one corner of her roomy home.

"What very dirty children," said Dame Pig. "You must all wash yourselves clean, do up your tails in curl-papers, and be sure to go to sleep on the clean straw. Then tomorrow morning, if you are very good, and your tails are nicely curled, I will take you all for a ramble in the forest, which you have often seen in the distance, when you have peeped through the boards of your home. I will give you a feast of acorns, which blew off the trees during the storm yesterday."

The children were delighted, of course, and at once hastened to obey their mother's commands. Soon five little pigs were laid out on the clean straw, with tails all done up, and with decently clean faces — for pigs; and presently they were all sound asleep. Dame Pig surveyed them with no little pride; and lying down beside them, she also was soon soundly sleeping.

Next morning they were all up bright and early, and after they had eaten their breakfast of nice warm swill, which Farmer Allen brought them, they all started for the woods. They ran, they frisked and jumped about, giving vent to their delight in loud grunts and sharp squeals. They passed through the pasture where Clover — the pretty white bossy, also belonging to Farmer Allen — and the mother-cow, Blossom, were feeding. Clover was very much inclined to go with them and run too, but her mother would not allow her to associate with pigs, so she was obliged to stay in the pasture.

On went Dame Pig, Speckle, Whitey, Tiny, Blacky, and Trot. Soon they reached the woods, and what a beautiful place! Never had pigs dreamed of anything so fine. The sun shone bright; the trees were lovely in their many-colored leaves; the ground was covered with nice ripe acorns, and they could eat all they wanted. Oh how happy and excited they were! They

ate, they jumped, they ran, they laughed,—as pigs laugh,—and all went merrily.

They kept together for a while ; but very soon Trot, who (I am sorry to say) was a very greedy little pig, wandered away from the others, that he might pick out the nicest and ripest acorns for himself.

He went on, and the farther he went, the nicer they were ; so he kept rambling on and eating, until finally he felt so full, and grew so tired, he thought he would lie down and take a nap, having found a green mossy bank under the shade of a big tree. Here he laid down, and was soon fast asleep. It did not seem to him he had slept so very long, when he awoke much refreshed and very hungry. He did not notice that the sunshine was much dimmer, and that the birds were chirping their good-night songs. He had just begun eating those sweet, large acorns again, when he heard his mother, brothers, and sisters loudly calling for him. "Now," said Trot to himself, "I will not answer. I do not want them here, to help me eat these juicy nuts, for I want them all myself." So he kept very quiet, scarcely stirring for fear they might hear him, until their voices grew fainter, and finally ceased altogether.

Trot was so busy eating that he did not notice how dark it was growing, till he found he could scarcely distinguish the acorns from the dry leaves, with which the ground was covered. Then he looked about him. It was almost dark, and he was all alone. He felt very bad ; but was not frightened, for animals are more trustful than people, and the same God who watches over little children, and without whose notice not even a sparrow falls to the ground, watches over little pigs also. Therefore he was no more afraid than if he had been in his own warm sty at home ; for God, the Good, is everywhere.

"Well," thought Trot, "I can go to sleep again, and wake up in the morning in this beautiful place, and eat more acorns, and have another holiday."

So he lay down ; but he began to be cold, for there were no little brothers and sisters to snuggle up to, and it was awfully dark. The wind made strange noises, sighing through the leaves. He missed his mother, and his conscience began to trouble him, because he did not answer when she called. It grew darker, and he was awfully lonesome. He cried, as pigs cry ; but to us it

would have seemed a doleful grunt. The night wore on, but it was a fearful night for poor Trot.

At the first dawn of day, he started to find his home and mother. He went on and on, not stopping for any acorns, and it seemed to him he must have walked miles before he saw anything that looked like home. Then he saw the pasture where Clover and Blossom were feeding; but this seemed a long distance, for by this time he was tired from walking, stiff from lying in the cold, and weak from hunger. He finally dragged himself up to a place very near the friendly cow and calf. There he lay down, utterly unable to go further, and there Farmer Allen found him when he came to milk Blossom. Then Mr. Allen took Trot home, a very forlorn and dejected-looking little pig.

When his mother saw how ill he looked, and how miserable and ashamed he seemed, she did not say much to him, but put him to bed at once, thinking he had been sufficiently punished. There we will leave him, hoping he will wake up a wiser and better pig.

I trust there are no little children reading this story, who fail to answer when Mamma calls them; for they might not be any happier in their disobedience than was poor Trot.

THE PROPHETIC DEWDROP.

A DELICATE child, pale and prematurely wise, was complaining, on a hot morning, that some poor dewdrops had been too hastily snatched away, and not allowed to glitter on the flowers like other happier dewdrops, which live through the whole night, and sparkle in the moonlight and through the morning, onwards to noonday.

"The sun," said the child, "has chased them away with his heat, or swallowed them up in his wrath.

Soon after came rain and a rainbow, whereupon his father pointed upwards.

"See," said he, "there stand the dewdrops, gloriously reset, glittering jewelry in the heavens; and the clownish foot tramples them no more. By this, my child, thou art taught that what withers on earth blooms again in heaven."

Thus the father spoke, and knew not that he spoke prefiguring words; for soon after, the delicate child, with the morning brightness of his early wisdom, was exhaled, like a dewdrop, into heaven.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

Animal Magnetism.

THE land that Thou gavest unto our fathers, to eat the fruit thereof and the good thereof, behold we are servants in it; and it yieldeth much increase unto the kings whom Thou hast set over us. because of our sins. Also they have dominion over our bodies and over our cattle, at their pleasure, and we are in great distress.

NEHEMIAH.

WHEN they shall say to you:
 "Inquire of their necromancers and wizards,
 That peep and murmur;"
 Then say ye: "Should not a people inquire of their God?
 Should they inquire of the dead for the living?"

ISAIAH.

WAYS THAT ARE VAIN.

REV. MARY BAKER G. EDDY.

"BUT who is mixing the fatal draught that palsies heart and brain,
 And loading the bier of each passing year with ten-hundred-
 thousand slain?
 Who blights the bloom of the land today, with the fiery breath of Hell,
 If the Devil is n't, and never was? Won't somebody rise and tell?"

CERTAIN individuals entertain the notion that Christian Science Mind-healing should be two-sided, and only denounce error in general, — saying nothing, in particular, of error that is damning men. They are sticklers for a false, convenient peace, straining out gnats and swallowing camels. The unseen wrong to individuals and society they are too cowardly, too ignorant, or too wicked to uncover, and excuse themselves by denying that this evil exists. This mistaken way, of hiding sin in order to maintain harmony, has licensed evil, allowing it first to smoulder, and then break out in devouring flames. All that error asks is to be let alone; even as in Jesus' time, the unclean spirits cried out, "Let us alone! What have we to do with thee?"

Animal Magnetism, in its ascending steps of evil, entices its victim by unseen, silent arguments. Reversing the modes of good, in their silent allurements to health and holiness, it impels mortal mind into error of thought, and tempts into the committal of acts foreign to the natural inclinations. The victims lose their

individuality, and lend themselves as willing tools to carry out the designs of their worst enemies, even those who would induce their self-destruction. Animal Magnetism fosters suspicious distrust, where honor is due, fear, where courage should be strongest, reliance, where there should be avoidance, a belief in safety, where there is most danger; and these miserable lies, poured constantly into his mind, fret and confuse it, spoiling that individual's disposition, undermining his health, and sealing his doom. unless the cause of the mischief is found out and destroyed.

Other minds are made dormant by it, and the victim is in a state of semi-individuality, — with a mental haziness which admits of no intellectual culture or spiritual growth. The state induced by this secret evil influence is a species of intoxication, in which the victim is led to believe and do what he would never, otherwise, think or do voluntarily.

This intricate method of Animal Magnetism is the essence, or spirit, of evil, which makes mankind drunken. In this era it is taking the place of older and more open sins, and other forms of intoxication. A harder fight will be necessary to expose the cause and effects of this evil influence, than has been required to put down the evil effects of alcohol. The alcoholic habit is the use of higher forms of matter, wherewith to do evil; whereas Animal Magnetism is the highest form of mental evil, wherewith to complete the sum total of sin.

The question is often asked, Why is there so much dissension among mental practitioners? We answer, Because they do not practise in strict accordance with the teaching of Christian Science Mind-healing. If they did, there would be unity of action. Being like the disciples of old, "with one accord in one place," they would receive a spiritual influx impossible under other conditions, and so would recognize and resist the Animal Magnetism by which they are being deceived and misled.

The mental malpractitioner, interfering with the rights of Mind, destroys the true sense of Science, and loses his own power to heal. He tries to compensate himself for his own loss, by hindering, in every way conceivable, the success of others. You will find this practitioner saying that Animal Magnetism never troubles him, but that Mrs. Eddy teaches Animal Magnetism; and he says this to cover his crime of mental malpractice, in furtherance of unscrupulous designs.

The natural fruits of Christian Science Mind-healing are harmony, brotherly love, spiritual growth and activity. The malicious aim of perverted mind-power, or Animal Magnetism, is to paralyze good, and give activity to evil. It starts factions, and engenders envy and hatred. But as activity is by no means a right of evil and its emissaries, they ought not to be encouraged in it.

Because this age is cursed with one rancorous and lurking foe to human weal, those who are the truest friends of mankind, and conscientious in their desire to do right, and to live pure and Christian lives, should be more zealous to do good, more watchful and vigilant. Then they will be proportionately successful, and bring out glorious results.

Unless one's eyes are opened to the modes of mental malpractice,—working so subtly that we mistake its suggestions for the impulses of our own thought,—the victim will allow himself to drift in the wrong direction without knowing it. Be ever on guard against this enemy.

Watch your thoughts, and see whether they lead you to God, and into harmony with His true followers. Guard and strengthen your own citadel more strongly. Thus you will grow wiser and better through every attack of your foe; and the Golden Rule will not rust for lack of use, or be misinterpreted by the adverse influence of Animal Magnetism.

A MESMERIST, of Detroit, obtained such control over the mind of his audience in a recent lecture, as to make them see an orange-tree grow into full maturity from a seed which he threw on the platform before him. So great was the delusion that men walked up and began to fill their pockets with imaginary fruit, and wrangled and fought for its possession. When he broke the spell the scene was most ludicrous. *New York Weekly.*

ALL kinds of men, both small and great,
A fine-spun web delight to create,
And in the middle they take their place,
And wield their scissors with wondrous grace.
But if a besom should sweep that way,
"WHAT a most shameful thing," they say;
"They've crushed a mighty palace today."

Healing: Communications and Cases.

AND try Me now in this, saith Jehovah of Hosts,—
Whether I will not open to you the Windows of Heaven,
And pour out upon you a blessing. MALACHI.

JACKSONVILLE. ILLINOIS.

DEAR JOURNAL: About seven years ago I was attacked with a disease the physicians called Loss of Motion, for want of a better name. The disease began in my feet, and gradually worked up until it reached my hips, and my legs became dead and lifeless. My wife, who weighs two-hundred-and-five pounds, could stand on my feet, and I could not feel her weight.

I had constipation, kidney-complaint, and dyspepsia, in their worst forms, and the pain and anguish that I suffered no one can realize, unless similarly afflicted.

While in this terrible condition, waiting and praying for death to put an end to my sufferings, Mrs. S. E. Ticknor, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, (a student of Mrs. Eddy's), stopped here, on her way home from Boston, to visit her daughter, and give the people of Jacksonville a little Christian Science, if they would accept it. I sent my wife to talk with her, and find out if she was a Spiritualist or Mesmerist, and if so to have nothing to do with her; but a few moments' conversation satisfied my wife upon that point, and she came back and reported that she believed that God had sent us help at last; and this has proved to be the case.

After two treatments, my dyspepsia, constipation, and kidney-trouble were all gone. I was entirely free from pain, which I had not been for seven long years, and got out of my chair without help, and walked around the room. After two treatments I can walk very well, and my general health has not been so good for years.

This is what Christian Science has done for me, and I bless God for it. Mrs. Ticknor I can never repay, but know she will receive the reward, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

There are scores of people in this city and vicinity being taught and healed through Christian Science, by Mr. and Mrs. Ticknor, and are happy in the more perfect way.

Very respectfully, T. B. HUMPHREY.



JUVENILE ACCIDENT.

DURING the recent season of snow, ice, and coasting, an accident happened, which gave rise to many expressions of regret, that the little girl was so severely injured about the face, the right side being covered with scratches, from forehead, over the eye, down to the mouth, and also over the nose. It was caused by her catching her foot in the rope of a sled, and plunging headforemost on to the hard, rough surface of the street. She was advised what to do to prevent scars, and to assist in the healing process. Being the daughter of Scientists, she knew better than to accept the advice of strangers until she had seen her parents. The result was perfect healing of wounds, without scars, and no discoloration around the eye. The child went to school the next day, much to the surprise of neighbors and friends. The blessing of Divine Truth performed its mission in destroying the claims of error.

L.

BROOKLYN WORK.

THAT I may publicly render honor to whom honor is due, I wish to state that the Scientist through whom I was healed, while on a visit to Cincinnati, Ohio, last August, is Mrs. A. M. Harvey, of that city.

When I came back to Brooklyn in September, I immediately sought Mrs. P. J. Leonard, that she might treat my little ones for some infantile troubles. It was she, my dear friend and noble teacher, who watered and nurtured my sweet flower of faith with untiring devotion to the cause she so conscientiously follows. It was she who induced me to study Science, and to realize, in spite of my great unworthiness, that "With God all things are possible." It was under her inspiring guidance that my first feeble steps were taken. It is she who, with loving counsel and gentle example, still advises and encourages me to push on in the great work we have undertaken.

MARGARET FORD MORAN.

COUNCIL BLUFFS.

REV. M. B. G. EDDY,—My Dear Teacher: Mr. William Dent, of Idaho Territory, was on the C. B. Q. train, en route for California, seeking a cure for consumption. He met the conductor, Mr.

C. F. Kinzal, who said to him: "Do not travel any longer for health, but stop here and go to Mrs. Filbert's, and be healed." He came to me Monday, Feb. 7. I treated him four times, and the fifth day he came and said: "I am healed. Now I can go home to my family rejoicing. I never can forget you." I told him it was not I who had healed him, but God.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

I HAVE suffered with violent headaches for over eight years. At first they were only occasional; but as they grew more and more frequent I resorted to various remedies, without avail. During the last year, scarcely a week has passed without a day or two of intense suffering. For the last few months the attacks have been repeated as often as once in every four or five days, and had become so violent that I was actually helpless when the suffering took possession of me.

About eight weeks ago Miss Lydia G. Worth commenced to treat me, and since that day I have not had a single attack. Occasionally I have felt a few sharp pains, but they would soon pass off. I am growing heartier and stronger every day; and friends, who saw me two months ago, exclaim at the wonderful improvement they now behold. I have taken no medicine, but simply followed Miss Worth's directions, and now consider myself cured.

I would heartily recommend her treatment to anyone suffering as I have suffered, and believe that for them, as for me, she can work out a perfect cure.

With unbounded gratitude for health restored, I am sincerely
yours,

MRS. JESSIE GRISWOLD.

150 Warren Ave., Boston.

March 14, 1887.

HAPPINESS MISTAKEN FOR DEMENTIA.

HERE is a case to be considered. A Miss P. had been an invalid for thirty-five years, but was healed in six treatments. Because she was happy, and went about singing and praising God, they have taken her to the Insane Hospital; but she is a lovely woman spiritually, and has no right to be taken away, for she is as sane as I am, and happiness is her only trouble.

T.



MANY TROUBLES RELIEVED.

DEAR JOURNAL: For over twenty years I was a great and constant sufferer from chronic rheumatism, neuralgia, and spinal disease; and later on I suffered from kidney-trouble. I was treated by the best physicians, both allopathic and homœopathic, without beneficial results. On the contrary, I steadily grew worse.

Last summer, as the last resort, I sought Christian Science for aid, and was treated by G. B. Wickersham, C.S.B.,—a Christian Scientist, of Denver, Colorado. After a few treatments I began to improve, and in a short time was entirely healed.

Surely Christian Science has done much for me, and gladly I present this testimony to the world, that other sufferers may read, believing that the Christ-cure will heal them.

Mr. Wickersham is doing a great and good work in Denver, both in healing and teaching, and many are made to rejoice, because of his presence in our midst.

Very respectfully,

MRS. S. H. LEA.

1645 Curtis Street.

COLUMBUS, WISCONSIN.

DEAR JOURNAL: I love to read your pages. As I have been a great sufferer, I wish to give my testimony in favor of Christian Science, for what it has done for me and my family, through treatments given by Mrs. J. W. Williams, of this city.

I was an invalid for twelve years, under a physician's care all the time. The first three years I did not sit up an hour at a time. Travelling to Milwaukee and Chicago, I was always obliged to make the trip on a bed. I had other counsel also, but received very little benefit; but always believed and hoped that God would bless some means for my recovery.

The last two years I grew worse. I will not attempt to describe my sufferings or condition. Suffice it to say, I was utterly prostrated and had double vision, which deprived me of the use of my eyes in any way.

Mrs. Williams gave me treatment for my eyes and cured them. She then treated me for other troubles, and now my health is quite

good. She also healed my husband and daughter, and they are in good health. It was all done without money and without price. She surely walks in the footsteps of her Master.

Mrs. I. Leith, my mother-in-law, a resident of Milwaukee, a lady 76 years old, had sciatica, and kept her bed for months. She was treated by the best physicians, but could get no help. She came here, and was healed by Mrs. Williams, and her ailment has never returned.

If anyone wishes to know more particulars concerning my case, I will answer any letters.

MRS. D. LEITH.

MORPHINE-HABIT CURED.

FOR fifteen years I have had a stomach-trouble, which baffled the skill of the best physicians in New Hampshire. Medicine failed to remove the cause of the most distressing vomiting spells, which would last days and nights, till it seemed as if I could not live. They have been growing worse and worse in eight years. Every time I had an attack, the doctors would say I could not live through it; or, if I did, that I could not live through another. I have often been confined to my room months at a time. For the last eight years I have lived only by taking morphine, and had the habit firmly fixed upon me. I could eat nothing, and was but a skeleton of my former self.

Two months ago, at the earnest solicitations of friends, I placed myself under the care of Mrs. M. F. Berry, of Boston. After one treatment, had no craving for morphine, and in four days I had recovered from the suffering caused by giving it up. Now I can truly say I have not felt so well for fifteen years. I eat *anything*, and am gaining flesh every day.

For five years I sat bolstered up in bed, with five pillows behind me, not being able to lie on either side. In three days the treatment dispelled that delusion, and now I am a happy woman. Raised from the depths of despair, I cheerfully acknowledge my obligation, under the blessing of God, to Mrs. Berry.

My mother was also healed, by the same lady, of what the regular doctors called an incurable trouble.

Anyone wishing to know more of my case, may address

MISS A. M. HARDY.

Waterloo, N. H.

Church and Association.

THE Church of the Living God, the pillar and ground of Truth.

PAUL.

THE TEACHER'S MESSAGE.

AT the second annual meeting of the National Christian Science Association, at the Meionaon, in Boston, on Wednesday, April 13, —after the regular business was transacted and officers elected,—Rev. Mary B. G. Eddy, the president, gave the Annual Address to her students,—or (as she called it in the personal letters of invitation which she sent to her students) the Message.

She began by describing human ideals, as represented by Bunker Hill Monument, for example, pointing to the ideal of political freedom, and by the State House, which indicates the ideal of law and justice. From the thought of human desires, Mrs. Eddy rose to a consideration of the divine aspiration after the ideal.

Her message, she said, was so simple that it might be difficult to receive; as the loftiest works are always the simplest. Her students desired to be successful healers; but to be triumphant healers they must follow God's law solely, and attain the simplicity of little children in Christ — Truth. If healing did not prosper as it should, this was owing to a want of devotion to Divine Truth and Good. The world's hand should be grasped firmly but gently. Christian Scientists are to the religious world, what backwoodsmen are to civilized America,—pioneers, who have much rough work to do.

Mrs. Eddy's address closed with a strong exhortation to all her students to ensue peace and goodliness. She spoke without manuscript, and the address was greatly enjoyed by the audience, composed of representatives from all parts of the country.

Beautiful roses and lilies, of unusual size, graced the desk. After the address, which occupied forty minutes, Mrs. Eddy devoted the rest of an hour to answering questions propounded by persons in the audience.

In answer to the question, why God sent Jesus into the world to save it from sin, if there is no such reality as sin, Mrs. Eddy replied: As a Christian Scientist goes to a sick person and heals

him, while denying all the while the reality of disease, so God, though seeing no sin, sent the Messiah to save men from the delusion thereof. Mrs. Eddy said she took great comfort in the great readiness with which her response to this question was apprehended.

What is Death? was another question. The Teacher said that death was but transition from this to another form of mortal belief. That new form of belief would in time be overcome and destroyed by the power of Spirit; but in the language of the New Testament, "the last enemy to be destroyed is death."

In answer to a query about Baptism, Mrs. Eddy explained that the true baptism is that of fire and Spirit, not of water; and that where we have the reality, we have little need of the symbol.

A further question as to personal duty, where one parent desires to have a child christened, while the other objects, Mrs. Eddy wisely replied, that it was a very delicate matter to interfere or advise when there are such conjugal differences of opinion, and that God must be the final arbiter, to whom fathers and mothers must appeal.

She dwelt upon the use of the word *see* in the higher sense of *understand*. This was in answer to a question about the spiritual senses. We say we *see* an argument, when we simply understand it. Even blind people use the word *see* as frequently as if they had the physical sense of sight.

The phrase *long-suffering*, as applied to Deity in the Old Testament, was explained by the general inadequacy of language to express spiritual ideas. We say *black* is not a color, because it absorbs all rays; yet we call a negro a *colored man*. The language of the Bible is not understood, because no perfect translation can be made of the Scriptures; nor can the spiritual be completely embodied in words drawn from a material quarry, no matter whether we write in Hebrew or English.

One question related to the prayer of Abraham, that if fifty, or even ten righteous men could be found in Sodom, that city should be saved from destruction. Was this bargaining with God merely an Oriental picture, or had it a higher meaning?

Mrs. Eddy replied, that though the form of the story was absolutely human, with a strong Eastern coloring, yet it might have a higher parabolic meaning: namely, that salvation was in proportion to moral weight. A life or a nation is saved, in proportion

to the predominance within of purity, patriotism, or other right motives; and this is the inner spiritual meaning of the story of Abraham's petition to God. If Sodom City had in it enough moral worth, it would be saved, not otherwise.

CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST ASSOCIATION.

THE regular monthly meeting of this Association was held in Odd Fellows Hall, on Wednesday afternoon, April 6, and was called to order, at two o'clock, by Brother Alfred Lang, of Lawrence. The usual impressive opening service was strictly observed, after which the regular business was transacted, in that quiet, harmonious, and satisfactory manner which is customary at these meetings. Much interest was manifested by all present, as representatives were appointed to attend the meeting of the National Christian Scientist Association, to be held in our city (Boston). A very large number were present, and the utmost harmony prevailed throughout. At the close, many lingered to exchange greetings with each other. L.

SUCCESSFUL BUILDING.

A LARGE congregation was at Chickering Hall, April 24, to hear a sermon by Rev. M. B. G. Eddy on this text, Luke xiv. 30: "This man began to build, and was not able to finish."

The wise housebuilder considers carefully his location and materials; and still greater care is needed in moral structures.

Adam's character-building was unfinished, because he was dishonest and cowardly. When the idea of evil entered he yielded to it, and Satan, or error, triumphed in Adam's thought.

Solomon was another unwise builder. However gorgeous his Temple at Jerusalem, his spiritual temple was wrongly based; for in Ecclesiastes he declares that evil is equal to good.

In some ways, Job is the typical wise builder. When his advisers told him that he was punished for his sins, he denied the existence of sin in himself, and saw the nothingness of error. The Omnipotent asked Satan, "Whence came you?" Job followed the Divine leading, and thrust aside all thought of the possibility of evil in the holy circle of Being.

Paul was a wise builder, and could say truly, "I have finished my work." In conclusion the Teacher appealed to Christian Scientists to build aright, and deny the false claims of sin.

NATIONAL CHRISTIAN SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

THE first annual meeting of this Association was held in Boston, at the Meionaon (Tremont Temple), on Wednesday afternoon, April 13, and was called to order promptly by the first Vice-president, at 2 o'clock. A very large number of representatives were present from various States, belonging to Associations which have received charters from this Association.

Besides members and friends from all sections of Massachusetts, the following places were represented :

Maine — Portland and Hallowell.

New Hampshire — Lisbon and Littleton.

Rhode Island — Providence.

New York — Brooklyn, New York City, Syracuse, and Rochester.

District of Columbia — Washington.

Kentucky — Lexington.

Michigan — Detroit.

Ohio — Toledo and Cincinnati.

Illinois — Chicago.

Wisconsin — Milwaukee, Fort Howard, and Oconto.

Missouri — St. Louis.

Nebraska — Omaha.

Iowa — Council Bluffs and Logan.

Colorado — Denver.

The business that would necessarily come before an Association of this kind was transacted with punctuality and despatch, and to the satisfaction of all present. A few items of interest (to the representatives only) were referred to the Executive Committee for consideration. The meeting adjourned at 3.30 P. M., voting to meet the next day, and then finish the business of the Association.

This Association, only a year old, shows, by the interest manifested in all parts of the country, the deep root it has taken in the minds of the people, and the attendance showed how many were anxious to see and hear the Leader of this great movement.

From the very small beginning, a few years ago, of one Association,— and that a College institution, with a score of members,— the interest has so increased that now we have a National affair, representing twenty-five Associations, and a membership of five hundred,— all earnest workers in this great, advancing Cause.

Wednesday afternoon, our president, Rev. M. B. G. Eddy, ad-

ressed the representatives present, giving valuable information regarding the work of which she is the Founder. If heeded and practically applied by the students, this Address will show strong results in their future work, far beyond those shown at present; and her teachings will be a spiritual monument, far more enduring than can now be understood.

The meetings of this Association were characterized by that harmony and good feeling always observable at the many gatherings of Christian Scientists.

The meeting adjourned on Thursday to meet a year hence, and this, our first National gathering, was voted a grand success by all the attendants.

L.

BUILDING-FUND CONCERT.

THIS took place at Chickering Hall, on Wednesday evening, April 13, on the first day of the National Association meeting, and many Association members, from many places, were present. The artists, accustomed to Boston audiences, said they saw few familiar faces among the audience.

Mrs. Humphrey Allen sang Schubert and Schumann selections, and a couple of songs by a young Boston composer. Her husband, C. N. Allen, played violin solos by Raff, Hanser, Wieniawski, and a Mazurka of his own. Wulf Fries played selections on the violoncello. Gertrude Edmands sang contralto songs, by Robaudi and Maud V. White. The way in which she reverently retained in her face the expression of the Cradle Song, till the last note of the postlude sounded, was not only worthy of imitation by all singers, but the result of her own deep feeling about the piece.

Mr. Allen and Mr. Fries also assisted in the obligato accompaniments; and L. F. Brackett and Mr. Allen gave part of a Beethoven Sonata for Piano and Violin. Mr. Brackett played all the piano accompaniments, besides solos by Henselt, Bach, Dvorak. A beautiful Springtime duet, by the ladies, brought the concert to a close, all too soon to please enthusiastic listeners.

The musicians gave their services gratuitously to the Cause, the concert being largely arranged by Mr. Brackett, who is interested in Christian Science; as are also Mr. and Mrs. Allen, who testify to the increasing help they have derived from its healing, during the five years they have been its disciples.

Editorial Outlook.

THE eternal round of Truth.	ANONYMOUS.
THE power of an endless Life.	HEBREWS.
THE care of discipline is Love.	WISDOM.
THE Spirit is Life, because of righteousness.	ROMANS.
WITHOUT rebuke, holding forth the Word of Life.	PAUL.

A SONG OF MAY.

May we peaceful be ;
May we error flee !

May we Life pursue ;
May we death subdue !

May we Truth defend ;
May we gain Heaven's end !

May we Love secure ;
May we all be pure !

SPREADING.

THE other day, in a call at the house of a Universalist clergyman, the subject of Christian Science came up. Presently the family spoke of a lady who had been in a strange way, in a mentally and physically dangerous condition, ever since the death of her child ; and the minister said : " If no other good was ever done by Christian Science than the restoration of mental health to this woman, it would be a blessing to the community." Then his wife added : " You have no idea what a changed woman she is, so improved is she in mind and body."

Later, the clergyman said : " Judging from what we hear of it,—and we hear of it on all sides,—Christian Science is multiplying its disciples ; and I cannot see that the belief can do any harm."

The brother's words recalled a certain declaration in the New Testament, referring to a time when " the Lord added to the Church daily of such as should be saved."

IN THE PAPERS.

[*Sunday Record.*]

RECENTLY, in Iowa, a Christian Scientist was arrested for healing in accordance with the teachings of Rev. M. B. G. Eddy's book entitled *Science and Health*. The judge looked over the book and dismissed the case, declaring that the complainants had no case, though God had one. This, with other noticeable facts, was related at the recent annual meeting, the first ever held, of the National Association of Christian Scientists. Numerous members were present from nearly twenty States and Territories. The old board of officers was re-elected. Though not having time to preside (Henry P. Bailey, of Boston, occupying the chair) Mrs. Eddy held a reception at her residence, and also gave the annual address, subject, *Our Ideals*, at the Meionaon, besides answering many questions from the audience. The utmost harmony prevailed at all the meetings.

KINDERGARTEN FOR THE BLIND.

APRIL Nineteenth was not only the anniversary of Freedom's battle at Lexington, but the day when there was dedicated the first building ever erected in this world as a Kindergarten for the Blind,—an idea conceived five years ago, in the fertile thought of Michael Anagnos, the Superintendent of the Perkins School, of which this is an adjunct; although the old school is in South Boston, and the Kindergarten is at the corner of Day and Perkins Streets, on the way to the Jamaica Plain District of Boston.

The edifice is full of good sense and convenience. So far, seventy-seven thousand dollars have been spent, of which sixty-seven thousand dollars have been raised and paid.

The Dedication was full of sweetness and light. There was no set prayer, but many hearts were unwontedly moved to devout gratitude for true religion in Christ.

Laura Bridgman was there. Nearly destitute of the five physical senses,—able to taste and smell partially, but wholly destitute of speech, hearing, and sight,—she is able to so utilize her touch that friendly fingers (*fairy fingers*, shall we say?) could keep her informed of the various exercises that were in progress, and of the speeches that were made.

In these addresses, by Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks, Rev. Dr. Cyrus A. Bartol, Rev. Dr. Andrew P. Peabody, Rev. Brooke Herford, Hon J. W. Dickinson, Consul Rodocanachi,—all noble representative men,—were many pointers for Christian Science. Of course the speeches alluded frequently to the senses, and to the loss of sight. They showed how one sense replaces another; how the blind profoundly understand what they cannot see. True sight was inward, not outward. Our faces are nothing, said Mr. Herford. The blind can see the true Socrates in history, just as well as those who have eyes. Many go from Dan to Beersheba, yet see nothing, because it is the mind which sees, not the body. Dr. Bartol quoted Dr. E. H. Clarke as saying, "Sight is in the brain, not the air."

The attic hall could hold only a couple of hundred, yet a thousand wanted tickets to this Dedication.

SOUNDS FROM WITHIN.

ILLUSTRATIONS of mind-work occur continually in literature. A recent instance is in the new tragedy by Edgar Fawcett, called *The Earl*. The hero has allowed his taunting brother to perish in a cave, from which he might have rescued him. Ever after he hears his dead brother's voice cry *Help*,—so plainly that he wonders others do not hear the sound; yet this sound is wholly in the Earl's own mind; as the jingle of bells, in the famous French play, by Erckmann-Chatrian, is heard only by the innkeeper, Matthias, who has assassinated the Polish Jew in his sleigh. The sounds within the mind are as real as those heard from outside.

LIBERTY'S BELL.

[From *The Medical Liberator*.]

It is quite time that the alarm be sounded throughout the length and breadth of our land. The liberty of every fireside is in peril. Let every intelligent reader, who loves freedom and cherishes the priceless birthright of liberty, not only refuse to vote for a single representative who will not pledge himself to oppose *class legislation*, but work hard and unceasingly for the defeat of all such candidates. You owe it to your country, as patriots sworn to defend the inalienable rights of a free people. You owe it to your children, as fathers pledged to give to posterity a glorious and liberal republic. You owe it to civilization, as men of the nineteenth century, upon whose shoulders rests the rich heritage of humanity's last triumphs.

EMANCIPATION OF MASSACHUSETTS.

THIS is the striking title of a historic work by Brooks Adams, a younger son of the famous Adams family. It is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; and it is furnished with an Index, the omissions in which are somewhat puzzling. For example, *Magnalia* is omitted, though often referred to in the volume; and so are the *Short Story*, by Welde, *New England Judged*, the *Hutchinson Papers*, *Palfrey's History*, and many others; whereas such works as *Chalmers's Political Annals*, *Brief Apologie*, *Biographical Dictionary*, *Connecticut Church Documents*, are included in the Index.

The book is very interesting, though conceived and written in a spirit of strong hostility towards church and clergy. It treats of Colonial difficulties with the Antinomians, Quakers, Baptists, and shows how hard the ministers tried to retain their hold on Harvard College and the government. Mr. Adams retells the story of Salem Witchcraft, showing how the pastors urged persecution, especially the Mathers, because it increased their professional power. The accounts of the establishment of the more liberal Brattle Square Church, of the advanced position of the Lawyers before the Revolution, of the formation of the Cambridge Doctrinal Platform, of the final interference of the Crown,—which was a death-blow to New England intolerance,—all these are extremely good and pungent.

The author has tried to make accurate quotations, to back up his postulates, and they mainly serve his purpose admirably.

Those who suppose that the settlers of Massachusetts Bay meant to establish religious freedom for other folks, will be amazed at the facts here marshalled. On the contrary, this Commonwealth was founded by men who wanted their own way in spiritual and political matters. They meant to have not merely a State and Church united, but a Church which could say, as did the great King Louis, "The State,—that is myself!" It was with the Puritans as with the old marriage idea: Community and Church one, and that one the Church! By *Emancipation of Massachusetts*, Mr. Adams means her release from ecclesiastical tyranny,—a release not yet wholly accomplished, either in law or practice.

As the Adams Family have aided religious and political freedom in the past, so may they continue to do in the future.!

HOLMES'S LIFE OF EMERSON.

THIS is one of the American Men of Letters series, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Though issued two years ago, the words *twelfth thousand*, on the titlepage, indicate the deserved popularity of this biography.

There is a delicacy about Dr. Holmes's poetic touch which is as delightful as a June morning. We regret that the Index (which the Preface states was prepared by J. H. Wiggin, whose literary work is not unknown to this JOURNAL) does not give more references to Dr. Holmes's own beautiful passages; but he modestly decided that the allusions should be to his subject, not to himself. Ralph Waldo Emerson was a century plant,—a man who could see wondrously deep, and tell what he saw; and the poet-physician gives a picture of him delightful to peruse. Holmes could see Emerson as he was,—the man, as well as the philosopher.

PIONEER QUAKERS.

THIS tasty little volume is from Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The author is Richard P. Hallowell, merchant, of the gentle Quaker blood.

He shows how his ancestors were persecuted in New England, and how weak are the charges brought against the Friends to palliate those outrages. For their conscientious refusal to conform to certain outward rites, Quakers were hanged in Boston, and their women even whipped through the towns at the cart's tail, — a vignette of which proceeding adorns the cover.

Mr. Hallowell especially considers the case at Tiverton, in Rhode Island, where town officials were punished because they would not enforce obnoxious and unjust laws against their Quaker neighbors,—a grievance at last abated by the order of the King in Council.

Even if the Quakers had been much more fanatical, and guilty of grosser offences against social propriety than even their enemies averred, the persecution was abominable.

It does not detract from the interest of his book, that Mr. Hallowell incidentally gives a summary of the Life of Fox, and of the simple views which his followers hold. A brief Index also makes the work more valuable, especially as it is not divided into chapters.

Economic Hints.

IF anyone provideth not for his own, and especially for those of his Own House, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an unbeliever.

PAUL TO TIMOTHY.

SHORTAGE.

IN our accounts? Oh, no! but in our copies for past months. THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE JOURNALS, for January and February, 1887, were all sold long ago. This we state because so many subscribers wish to begin with January. The volume begins with April; and with April we advise that subscriptions should commence; though we would gladly send these back numbers for 1887, if we had them to send.

A MAGISTRATE'S OPINION.

A CHICAGO lady stated, in the recent National Association meeting in Boston, that recently, when a Christian Scientist was arraigned in an Iowa court, for healing by Christian Science, a copy of Mrs. Eddy's Science and Health was sent to the Judge, who read it, and dismissed the suit, thus expressing himself: "I find *you* have no case, but God has one."

TAKE NOTICE.

AN allusion, in the April issue of this JOURNAL,—only to the Discoverer of Christian Science Mind-healing, as continuing the warfare against Animal Magnetism,—might be misunderstood by some as a limitation of this work to her; whereas *all* true Christian Scientists are engaged in the same fight against this enemy to the progress of Truth and Love.

Mrs. Eddy is responsible only for articles bearing her signature. The Christian Science Publishing Society, of which she is not a member, is responsible for the contents of the JOURNAL.

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TESTIMONIALS.

Science and Health, in 2 vols.
is the grandest truth, the most
valuable health and purifying to morals, of
any presented to the people. Words
written to express my thankfulness for
many years of sickness, I am restored to
your method. An intelligent read-
er cannot fail to induce health.

MRS. JOHN HUNTLEY,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

I longed to see you, and bless you
for the good wrought in my family. An
old, chronic cough and headache,
which had lasted for years, entirely healed,
and health and strength, all within
after I first saw your book, Science

MRS. M. H. PHILBRICK,
1884. Cuba, Allegany Co., N.Y.

Students speak in the highest terms of
their inspired teacher. We have
expressed in this brief letter our im-
pression of the author of Science and Health.
That work needs no other monu-

Sincerely yours,
E. W. SPAULDING,
Chicago, Ill.

Thanks for the good received from
you. When I commenced reading
carrying about a very sick body,
you have healed me. I am now in per-
fect health. People look at me with surprise

and say they do not understand it; but when
they see the sick ones made well they are not
anymore willing to believe it.

MRS. JOSEPH TILLSON,
July 8th, 1884. South Hanson, Mass.

It is not quite eight weeks since my at-
tention was first called to Science and Health
and I think it the most wonderful, important
and beneficial study to mankind since Christ.
Born like yourself, of Orthodox and Puritan
parents, I was ready to accept gratefully your
instructions.

MRS. LUCY B. WRIGHT,
Sept., 1884. Munroe, Wis.

Only He who knows all things, can fully
estimate the good you are doing humanity.

MRS. J. H. ROBB,
Feb. 26, 1885. Jackson, Mich.

I wish to communicate to you the case of a man
who was a drunkard, profane, and a tobacco-
eater, cured by reading your books. After a
long spell of intoxication he seemed to hear a
voice as from God,—before reading your books
he disbelieved in such a Being,—that said
"Choose to-day, life or death." He chose life,
was sobered in a moment; all desire for tobacco
or liquor left him, and has never returned. He
passes the saloon with a feeling of perfect in-
difference, so far as his appetite is concerned.
There is much more connected with this case
as seemingly miraculous; and still some people
will keep your books from being read, and say,
you cannot heal. You have made a family
every whit whole, simply by your writings. That
the combined efforts of every church in town
could not have accomplished.

MRS. M. N. PHILBRICK,
Feb. 1885. Austin, Illinois.

It is a great truth you are giving to the
world, and the suffering are greatly in need of
it. I have read your works with a life inter-
est.

L. H. PHELPS,
June 20, 1884. Onset, Mass.

I have been most fearfully afflicted with
neuralgia and nervousness. Have tried every
remedy and many eminent physicians with-
out any benefit. Could only obtain relief
when under the influence of morphine. The
last few months I have been treated by Mrs.
Eberman of West Lake Street, Chicago. Went
there for the purpose. I consider myself cured.
I also think, (so do others of my family) that
my cure is almost miraculous. This lady has
performed other cures as remarkable, and all
from READING YOUR BOOKS; and to her praise
be it said, she works diligently for the cause
and for the glory of God, never turning the
poorest and humblest from her door, treating
all alike, with or without remuneration.

With blessings on the great cause, I am,
truly yours,
L. EBERMON,
March, 1885. Leavenworth, Kansas.

I would rather be the author of Science and
Health, than to wear the crown of any
Potentate on earth.

H. H. BLANDING,
Jan. 1885. San Francisco, Cal.

MASSACHUSETTS Metaphysical College,

Rev. MARY B. G. EDDY, *President*,
571 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

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The Normal Class is open to those who have taken the first course at this College, or to persons taught by its Normal Students; and such persons must bring certificates, from their teachers, of good health and moral character. Six daily lectures complete the course. Tuition, \$200. It is advisable to practise at least one year before entering the above Class.

The Class in Metaphysical Obstetrics includes six daily lectures, and is open only to students who have taken their Primary Course at this College. Tuition, \$100.

The Class in Theology completes the Collegiate course. This class includes six lectures on the Scriptures, and a summary of the Principle and practice of Christian Science. Tuition, \$200.

Students may graduate, who have passed through all the classes at this Institution satisfactorily.

Those sending their names in due season will receive timely notice of the commencement of each term. None but those in good health, and with good moral character, are accepted as students. All applicants are subject to examination, and may be rejected if found unprepared to enter.

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N.B.—Mrs. Eddy consults with no one on disease.

TAKE NOTICE.

ONLY those who can show credentials to that effect, have been my students.

M. B. G. EDDY.

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— THE —
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE
JOURNAL.

For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty,
through God, to the pulling down of strongholds.—PAUL.

Vol. V.	JUNE, 1887.	No. 3.
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MIND-HEALING HISTORY.

—
REV. MARY BAKER G. EDDY.
—

The fool hath said in his heart, "There is no God."—PSALMS xiv. 1.

My reason of "mining and tunnelling," and the sinister,
directly directed mental influence of our latest aspirant to the
discovery of Christian Science,—a student who, about one
year ago, received his first lesson from me,—Mr. J. A.
Dresser has again "let loose the dogs of war." In other
words, he has loosed from the leash his pet poodle, to
fraternally bark and whine at my heels. In a peppery
pamphlet, Mr. Dresser delivers a stupendous eulogy over the
P. P. Quimby, as his healer, and exaggerates and fabri-
cates in Quimby's behalf; but all that is kind, and I wish it
to be honest. I commend gratitude, even in the child who
thanks his mother; and this gratitude should be a lesson to
the suckling littérateur, Mr. Marston, whom I taught, and
whose life I saved three years ago, but who now squeaks out
in the echo of Mr. Dresser's abuse.

Did I write those articles, in Mr. Dresser's pamphlet, pur-
porting to be mine? I might have written them, twenty or
thirty years ago, for I was under the mesmeric treatment of

Dr. Quimby from 1862 until his death, in 1865. He was illiterate, and I knew nothing then of the Science of Mind-healing; and I was as ignorant of mesmerism as Eve, before she was taught by the serpent. Mind-science, was unknown to me; and my head was so turned by Animal Magnetism and will-power, under his treatment, that I might have written something as hopelessly incorrect as the articles now published in the Dresser pamphlet.

After turning in despair from *Materia Medica* to new remedies in the realm of mortal mind, I struck out blindly, and imagined that any other mode of medicine might be more scientific. I even believed that hygiene and physiology were scientific; though I dropped all such conclusions, after discovering the Science of Mind-healing, and immediately gave up the idea that Mr. Quimby's practice was anything above its physical method of manipulation, or that its basis was anything but mortal mind. Indeed, I often asked him for an explanation of his practice, but he never gave it. Once he told me, that by manipulation, and the use of water, he conveyed a healthy electricity to my body. At length his method lost its power over my belief, and the disease was more formidable than ever. I was not healed until after the death of Mr. Quimby; and then healing came as the result of my discovery, in 1866, of the Science of Mind-healing, since named Christian Science.

If, as Mr. Dresser says, Mr. Quimby's theory (if he had one) and practice were like mine, purely mental, what need had he of such physical means as wetting his hands in water and rubbing the head? Yet these appliances he continued until he ceased practice; and in his last sickness, the poor man employed a homœopathic physician. The Science of Mind-healing would be lost by such means, and it is a moral impossibility to understand or to demonstrate this Science through such extraneous aids.

It can be shown that Mr. Dresser tried Quimby's method, and relinquished it because he could not heal by it. I denounced it, after a few of my first students rubbed the

ads of their patients, and the immorality of one student opened eyes to the horrors possible in Animal Magnetism. A mesmerist contemporary with Mr. Dresser, Dr. Evans, had announced on his business cards, until 1884, that he practised mesmerism. Mr. Quimby never, to my knowledge, thought that matter was mind; and he never intimated to me that he healed mentally, or by the aid of Mind. Did he believe matter and mind to be one, and then rub matter, in order to convince the mind of Truth? Which did he manipulate with his hands, matter or mind? Was Mr. Quimby's entire method of treating the sick intended to nodwink his patients, as Mr. Dresser would now have us believe?

Mr. Dresser says Mr. Quimby "progressed gradually out of mesmerism, into a knowledge of the hidden powers of mind." How does Mr. Dresser know this? Let him produce a single proof of it. Mr. Quimby told me and others, that he did not know how he healed. I never heard him intimate that he healed disease mentally; and many others will testify that, up to his last sickness, he treated us magnetically,—manipulating our heads, and making passes in the air while he stood in front of us. During his treatments I felt like one having hold of an electric battery, and standing on an insulated stool.

His healing was never considered or called anything but mesmerism. I tried to think better of it, and to procure him public favor. He was my doctor, and it wounded me to have him despised. The last time I saw him, he said, "You have made me all I am in Portland." In those days I needed friends. Why did not Dresser lecture then for Quimby, as he does now? He had no defender then but myself. I believed he was doing good; and even now, knowing as I do the harm in his practice, I would never revert to it, but for this public challenge. I was ignorant of the basis of Animal Magnetism twenty years ago, but now now that it would disgrace and invalidate any mode of medicine.

He says : Quimby " found in man a principle, or a power, that was not of man himself, but was higher than man, and of which he could only be a medium." The Principle of Christian Science is not to be found *in* man, for Science shows that God is the Principle of man ; and that as the greater cannot be in the lesser, God cannot be in man. Science also shows that a sinning, sick, and dying mortal is a poor medium for the harmonious, eternal, and divine Life.

Mr. Dresser says : Dr. Quimby " found that disease was nothing but an erroneous belief of mind. Here was a discovery of truth, and on this discovery he founded a system of treating the sick, and founded a science of life." Now it is clear that finding disease to be an error of belief was not the discovery of the Truth that could heal it. When did Mr. Quimby found a system ? He neither wrote a book, taught a student, nor explained how he healed. Where is his system ? This system is laid on the shelf ; and Quimby's manuscripts are withheld from the people, under the pretence that, although the system is so important to this age, his writings are so unfit for it, that nobody must read them. Yet Mr. Dresser can practise this system ; and Mrs. Eddy's works, which (as he insinuates) include the substance of this system, are in demand and are doing good. The Science of Life is not founded on a practice, but on Principle. A discovery is not Principle ; and an error of belief is neither the foundation nor the Truth of a true discovery. Will this able advocate and expositor, now that he comes to the front, please explain the Principle of the Science of Life, on the basis of the Quimby practice ? If he will, then, in the far future, we may hope to climb the hidden heights of this system.

For the past fifteen years the public have been semi-annually notified that the Quimby manuscripts would soon be published ; and I now offer a premium for the publication of those alleged manuscripts,—provided, when examined, they prove to be Mr. Quimby's own writings.

Dresser again quotes from Quimby : "Disease and its power over life, and its curability, are all embraced in our belief."

have heard Quimby talk like that myself. He believed in the reality of disease, and its power over life; and he depended on man's belief in order to heal him, as all mesmerists do. Nothing is more remote than this from Science, whose Principle is God, and whose power is vested in its principle, and not in man. In the Science of Mind you find no disease, and no power superior to Life, because Life is God. This Science substitutes, for human belief, the Divine Mind and His power; and it shows that mortal, erring belief has no curative power. The so-called cure, wrought through belief, is an effect produced by human will, inducing a state of mesmerism that is worse than the disease.

Dresser quotes Quimby as saying: "I know that I can distinguish that which is false from a truth, in religion or in disease." Here Mr. Quimby says there *is* truth in disease; but Dresser says that Quimby found disease to be error. The fact is, Mr. Dresser borrows from my Science and Health, though without giving the author due credit, and then attributes these statements to Mr. Quimby's lore, incapable of deciphering Christian Science Mind-healing. Mr. Dresser does not understand it well enough even to state its ideas correctly, and could not demonstrate Mind-healing through his own statement.

If Truth is in disease, or disease is in Truth, surely disease cannot be destroyed by Truth. Dresser's theory, throughout, is an outgrowth of Animal Magnetism. It presupposes disease to be an Intelligence, Soul to dwell in disease, Truth in error, and Mind in matter.

Those statements, which Dresser covertly calls *misstatements*, were facts elicited by his uncalled-for attacks upon me in the Boston Post, four years ago; facts that exposed his falsehoods, and which he had opportunity to disprove in court,—though he did not venture to appear there. In his obloquy on Quimby he contradicts his past statements in newspaper articles; for in one of them he wrote: "Dr. Quimby claimed no authorship that was eternal, but simply the discovery that disease was an error; and Mrs. Eddy knew

that he [Quimby] never used mesmerism in treating the sick."

In his pamphlet Dresser states that Quimby "discovered the science of life,"—God. Must not the science of life be of necessity eternal? Later, Mr. Dresser owns that Quimby had been a mesmerist.

Who is the Haman, to whom Mr. Dresser alludes? Is it not he who rests not, but would trouble the peace of the dead, so long as a Mordecai is at the gate,—even though this Mordecai had given Haman his only place and power as a so-called healer?

Was it "an evil hour," as Dresser hints, when I exchanged poetry for Truth, grasped in some degree the understanding of Truth, and undertook at all hazards to bless them that cursed me? Was it an evil hour when I discovered Christian Science Mind-healing, and gave to the world, in my work called Science and Health, the leaves that are "for the healing of the nations"?

Was it "for some strange reason" that the impulse came upon me to endure all things for Truth's sake? Does ceaseless servitude, while treading the thorny path *alone* and for others' sake, arise from "a purely selfish purpose"? This obscure history, which Dresser foists upon the public, provides no legacy of Mind, whereby Quimby's unscrupulous advocate can take one forward step for the human race. After the death of this so-called Originator of Mind-healing, it required ten years of nameless experience for me to reach the standpoint of my first edition of Science and Health, the book which gave Mr. Dresser his only knowledge (meagre as it is) of the Science of Mind-healing.

Is it love for our "mutual friend," or envy of the living, that would drag the silent departed so mercilessly before the people? I would touch tenderly his memory, speak reverently of his humane purpose, and name only his virtues, did not this man Dresser drive me, for conscience-sake, to sketch the facts. I cannot defraud humanity of its claims, hide the true discovery, or close my eyes to usurpers, casting

s for Truth's seamless robe. Silencing my grief at treading less lightly on the ashes of the dead, I must write down Christian Science Mind-healing as the antipodes of Mr. Quimby's theory (if he had one!) and of his treatment of disease; for true Mind-healing is the opposite of all modes of mortal mind or matter, whether taking the form of Animal Magnetism, of drugs, of hygiene, or of eclectic pathology.

It has always been my misfortune to think people better and bigger than they really are. My mistake is, to show another person with my ideal, and then make him think it his own. This is apparent, even in those articles edited to me. When I thought Mr. Quimby was doing good, it was natural for me to help him; and hundreds of others I have helped since then, sparing neither ease, time, or money for this end.

The most unselfish motives evoke the most ingratitude; but it is only by such motives that the best results are achieved. My final discovery of the Science of Mind-healing is the outgrowth of my motives and method.

A dozen years before meeting Mr. Quimby, I healed separate cases of disease with unmedicated globules. This was then my *modus operandi*, arising from such ignorant therapeutics; but it was by no means Christian Science Mind-healing. The lost chord of Truth (healing, as of old) I caught unconsciously from the Divine Harmony, vibrating its own sweet music. It was to me a revelation of Truth,—God; and Science, explaining the Principle of this Divine Harmony, enabled me to understand it, and to systematize and demonstrate Truth.

It was after the death of Mr. Quimby, and when I was apparently at the door of death, that I made this discovery, 1866. After that, it took about ten years of hard work for me to reach the standard of my first edition of *Science and Health*, published in 1875.

Before understanding and settling the great question of my discovery, I wrote to Mr. Dresser, who had tried Mr.

Quimby's cure by manipulation, and asked him if he could help anybody, or tell me how Quimby healed. He replied, in a letter which I have, to the effect that he could not, and was unable to heal his wife of a slight ailment; adding, that he did not believe anyone living knew how Mr. Quimby healed the sick.

As long ago as 1844 I was convinced that mortal mind produced all disease, and that the various medical systems were in no proper sense Scientific. In 1862, when I first visited Mr. Quimby, I was proclaiming — to druggists, spiritualists, and mesmerists — that Science must govern all healing.

When, therefore, I believed that Mr. Quimby had healed me, I naturally wrote and talked as if his method must be genuine Science, and I was too proud to believe it could be aught else.

Afterwards I suffered a relapse; then I saw my bitter mistake. I then realized the harmful influence, mentally and physically, of such a false human concept. This I hastened to acknowledge. In proportion as the mischief of misconceived mental bases and methods of treating disease were discovered, I took back my words, uttered in ignorant enthusiasm, and stated the Truth as it is in Science.

Misinterpretations and misapplications of Truth constitute all error; and error can only be destroyed by the correct interpretation and application of Truth. The animal poison imparted through mortal mind, by false or incorrect mental physicians, is more destructive to health and morals than are the mineral and vegetable poisons prescribed by the matter-physicians. This acknowledgment brings the wrath of mediums and mesmerists upon me, but never warps my purpose to enlighten mankind.

I discovered the Science of Mind-healing, and that was enough. It was the way Christ had pointed out: and that fact glorified it. My discovery promises nothing but blessings to every inhabitant of the globe. This glorious prospect seems to incense some degraded minds, and stim-

their unscrupulous efforts to thwart its benign influence defeat its beneficence.

Ever Mr. Quimby's ominous manuscripts are brought to light, it will be when my copyrights have expired, and the long-bought treasures of Truth are appropriated by both the good and the bad. Then, arm-in-arm, Mr. Dresser and his companion (like Dorcasina and her hero, in *Female Quixotism*) will enter the drawing-rooms of Mind-healing Science. Climbing up my stairs, they may fall unexpectedly into my company.

Alas for the future of Mind-healing, if built on the sand of falsehood! He who is not honest and unselfish can never enter the Ark of Christian Science, casting out error and healing the sick, over the waters of this or any future age. How wonder envy and hate dare not risk their false claims on the sea, where none but Truth can walk the wave. I have seen for others' reaping, and a righteous Father will give the harvest. In the words of Paul: "I have labored, and others have entered into my labors. . . . Paul may plant Apollos water, but God giveth the increase."

In the suit brought by me against E. J. Arens, in 1883, for pirating my works,—in his Replication to my Bill of Complaint, he declared that I was not the author of my books; but, on the contrary, that these books were substantially copied by me from manuscripts originally composed by Phineas P. Quimby. He was unable to prove his claim, and the United States Circuit Court decreed that a perpetual injunction be issued against Arens, restraining him from repeating the offence of pirating my works. He was fined the costs of court; and about four thousand of his pamphlets were destroyed in Boston, being chopped into pieces by the officers of the law. The Records of the United States Circuit Court, in Boston, show this history, in case 1850. Further advances might have been awarded me; but I refused them, going to law not for money, but the cause of Truth.

Mr. Arens swore that he was not continuing to publish, to give away, distribute, or otherwise circulate his infringing

pamphlets, and had not done so for more than a full year previous ; but his testimony was proven false by testimony of my witnesses, who produced a copy of his pamphlet, purchased at his house within six months of the date of the writ served on him for stealing my writings.

If Arens's Replication to my Bill of Complaint had been true, as Mr. Dresser would have it appear, why did Arens not support it with this alleged profuse evidence? Arens's present course shows conclusively that, if his claims had been honest, he would have sustained them in court. "The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous ; but the way of the ungodly shall perish."

IN THE SPRING.

[*Cornhill Magazine* for March.]

HAVE all the songs been said?
Are all the singers dead?
Is all the music fled? —

The sum and aim of life.
One dreary struggle, rife
With greed and sordid strife? —

Man but a dull machine,
Living a vast routine
Of narrow purpose mean?

Oh ! while one leaf swings high
Against an azure sky —
In springtime's ecstasy,

There breathes yet the sublime,
There beats yet living rhyme,
'T is still the young world's prime.

Nature has high commands,
Bears gifts with lavish hands,
To him who understands !

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Invited by Dr. E. N. HARRIS, C.S.B., to the Delegates convened at the First Annual Meeting of the National Christian Scientist Association, held in Boston, April 13 and 14, 1887.

President, and Members of the National Christian Scientist Association:

THE Members of the Christian Scientist Association, of whom I am, the pioneer society, and the parent of all the Associations represented here today, have selected me to utter a few words of welcome and fraternal greeting to the Delegates here assembled.

I did not receive the invitation until yesterday, and so I had but very little time in which to prepare for this important task. With thankful hearts to Almighty God, the Father of all Good, we meet today to celebrate the First Anniversary of the National Association of Christian Scientists. This day measures another year in the onward march of Christian Science Mind-healing. This large gathering of Christian Scientists records an event of deep interest in the history of the progress of the great cause we have espoused, and which is destined in the future to have a very important bearing upon the race, in lifting mankind to a higher plane of health, wealth, business, and Christianity.

Christian Science, though misunderstood by a large portion of the people, and misrepresented by many, is steadily moving forward, doing its appointed work, and is gradually gaining a firmer hold upon the confidence of the community; and ere long, if the teachers, students, and practitioners prove faithful to their trust, it will command the respect of all open-minded and thoughtful people throughout our entire country. In time, the practice of this method of healing will be fully recognized, and take high rank among the leading professions.

Associated effort, for the accomplishment of any purpose,

is one of the greatest promoters of progress. Through this National Association, and its Branch Associations, we shall be drawn more closely together in those fraternal bonds which should bind us to each other and to our beloved Teacher, who has done, and is still doing, so much for us and for the world; and we shall move onward, united and strong, towards the accomplishment of the mighty work she has, through God's direction, marked out for us. This National Association will gradually charter and establish Associations in all the States of this nation, and after awhile in foreign countries; and they will form one grand union of members, pledged and working together in the common cause of humanity and Love.

Now, my brothers and sisters in Truth, I extend to you, in behalf of the Boston Association, the most fraternal Christian greeting, and cordially welcome you to the City of Boston, the Home of Christian Science, and to the hearts and hospitality of all the members of the Association.

You have come from near and from far, to participate in this important meeting. Some are here from the Pine-tree State of Maine; some from the great and picturesque hills of New Hampshire and Vermont; some from Little Rhody and Connecticut; some from the great City and State of New York; some from the Keystone State and the City of Brotherly Love; some from the South,—from Washington City and Kentucky; others from the shores of the Great Lakes, from the Western Prairies and Mountains, from States beyond the rolling Mississippi and Missouri, and even from far away across the Continent,—California's golden strand and the Pacific Coast.

What, my friends, has brought you to this old and historic Puritan City of Boston? I know that I shall but echo the sentiments of your own hearts, when I say that it was your earnest zeal and love for Christian Science, Christian Healing, that brought you here. You came seeking after the Christ, Truth,—after more Light, to enable you to discern God still more clearly, and with higher understanding,—God, the great Triune Principle, Life, Truth, and Love, the

g Power. You came to behold face to face the great
er of the Nineteenth Century, and learn from her
about the New Tongue, and the power of Christian Sci-
nd to tarry for awhile in the loved presence of the
who has labored so long and so incessantly, with
nd pen, by day and by night, to re-establish on earth
faith once delivered to the saints," and the spiritual
of healing the sick and reforming the sinner, which
ssed Master and his Apostles practised over eighteen-
d years ago.

Christian Scientists we have much to contend with in
mind, and in the materialism of this age, but we know
od is with us, and that our Redeemer liveth; and, as a
st said to me not long since,—one who is present here
“If we keep Christ inscribed on our shields, we are
, and have nothing to fear.”

meet with persecutions, and sometimes with sneers;
e sufferings for the Truth are light, in this age of pro-
nd free thought, compared with those of many of the
Christians. Our own sufferings are mild, when placed
those of the founder of this system of Christian Sci-
ind-healing, the Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy. Thanks
od and the Immortal Truth, we have her present with
y, to grace and ennoble this occasion. Think, for a
t, of the slander and misrepresentations which have
d her,—of her ostracism from society, the estrange-
f many of the friends of her youth, and the long years
ecution which she has endured! But her strong and
e faith in the living God, in the great Triune Princi-
the mighty power of Christ, never failed her. After
ttack from her enemies, and from the opposers of
uth, she rises still higher; while they are gradually
ng weakened and disintegrated.

faith always sustained her, and she has won the
ver sin, sickness, death, and has taught this glo-
ruth to us, and to hundreds and thousands of others,
e today travelling in this new and living way. Some

have come up out of great tribulation and darkness, and are now rejoicing in God's most marvellous Light. Many who were depressed and discouraged, and suffering from disease and discord, are now in health and harmony, with hope and courage restored. The images of terror are displaced by pictures of hope, and the patient is healed. Many who had fallen, through temptation, have been raised up, clothed in their right thoughts, and are now singing the New Song of Life, Truth, and Love.

Christian Scientists should be a happy and united people, and not go about with long and sad faces. God being the light and health of our countenances, should they not beam with Intelligence, Love, and Harmony? I remember speaking with our Teacher at one time,—when, in belief, I was suffering under mental depression,—and how her reply quickly turned my belief, and gave me such a new thought that my feeling of depression fled. Said she: “Doctor, sorrow is not the master of joy; joy is the real and the eternal.”

Jesus always inculcated good cheer among his followers. He said to them: “In this world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.” He said to the man lying in bed, sick of the palsy: “Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee.” To a certain woman he said: “Daughter, be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole.” Many who were in sadness and despair, Jesus brought into gladness, through this same beautiful Truth.

Now, dear friends in Science, in closing, permit me to assure you that we have great cause for encouragement in the large attendance of Delegates assembled here today, and in the great interest manifested. May this session prove a very profitable one to you all; and when we shall have completed the business which may come before us here, and turn our steps homeward towards our different fields of labor, may we all carry with us fresh enthusiasm, and renewed zeal for the work before us, and also pleasant recollections and kind

branches of this First Annual Meeting of the National
 lan Scientist Association.

structions and difficulties will rise from time to time, to
 e the progress of this advancing Cause, but with stately
 y will the Christian Scientists work on, spreading the
 ews, healing the sick, reforming the sinner, and over-
 g death. With a calm faith and a majestic trust in
 ill they await the coming time when this great Truth
 extend far and wide, o'er land and sea.

r. GEO. B. DAY, A.M., C.S.B., of Chicago, in behalf of
 egates, responded to the Address of Welcome with some
 ul and appropriate remarks].

LEAVES AND STEMS.

MARGARET EYTINGE,
 [In *Harper's Young People*.]

A CRIMSON rose, that in a garden grew,
 One summer day upraised its fragrant head;
 And looking proudly round: "What should I do,
 If I were not a lovely flower?" it said.
 "Sad must it be to fill a humble place,
 And live unnoticed throughout all your days,
 Gifted with neither loveliness nor grace,
 Nor anything that calls for words of praise."

Scarce had it ceased to speak, when from each side
 Of the tall bush, that held it tenderly,
 In gentle chorus voices sweet replied:
 "Oh lovely flower, no lovely flowers are we,
 But leaves and stems; and yet, without our aid,—
 Our faithful aid,—you never had been seen.
 That you might come in crimson robes arrayed,
 Long have we toiled, in modest dress of green:

"Sunshine we stored away, to bring you strength;
 To you we gave the nectar of the showers;
 And with the greatest joy, we saw at length
 You turn from tiny bud to Queen of Flowers;
 And we are happy, knowing we've done all,
 Being but leaves and stems, that we could do;
 Although but little praise to us may fall—
 Yes, happy and content, fair Rose, as you,"

THE TWO ACCOUNTS OF THE CREATION.

C. W. TALBOT.

It is possible that a study of the two accounts of the Creation, as found in Genesis, would be of interest to Christian Scientists who have not fully settled the subject in their minds. Certainly, it will be of interest to those few of your readers who seem to think we have no right to throw out a word or sentence found in Holy Writ, and who try to preserve the letter of the law at the expense of the spiritual part of it.

I do not wish to say this harshly, for I respect the feelings of those who do not as yet understand the Truth as I do; or who only desire to maintain their own interpretation of the Bible, while they think it is the Truth they desire to retain.

Looking over a copy of the *Old Testament Student*,—a Baptist theological journal, seldom seen by laymen,—I find allusions to accounts of Creation which existed among other ancient nations beside the Israelites; these writings, being older than the times of Abraham, and belonging, in fact, to the time of Sennacherib the Assyrian. Some of the writings deciphered contain accounts like those of the first eleven chapters of Genesis, including the Biblical story of the Creation and Deluge. The similarity is unmistakable, although these accounts have many fanciful embellishments.

The author adds :

In such cases, according to all human experiences, the simplest statement of facts is the earliest, and the embellished form of the story comes later. A sober statement, drawn from a myth, would ordinarily have the form of a statement of principles or generalizations, not that of a statement of facts.

The point made is so plain to a Scientist, and so well taken, that it seems useless to explain that, under the above teachings, one is safe in accepting the first account of the Creation and dropping the second.

the subject is important, for many good people say that scientists throw away the Bible,—or, that if they reject a portion of it, they will never find a stopping-place in their objection. This argument often arrays outsiders against us; we all know what poor human nature is, if it has a wrong bent. These opposers are often the people we most want to reach; and this is the subject first referred to by them, in the theme of spiritual cure is brouched. If you are a young Scientist, you are apt to obey your Teacher, and say very little in return. You stand alone, and wish that some other point had been raised.

But I am wandering from the essay under consideration. The author says:

Quenien holds that the second account of the Creation, with the story of the garden of Eden, belongs to the earliest of the three books from which Genesis was compiled,—a work written about the eighth century before Christ. Originally, in this section, Jehovah was given as the divine name; but the editor, who placed this section in its present connection, made it Jehovah Elohim, in order to make it apparent that Jehovah is the same with Elohim in the previous section. The original account was the same that we now have, up to the first verse of the fourth chapter. That it was directly followed by the last clause of verse two, and then by verse seventeen, thus omitting what is said concerning the first account. This original Jehovistic writing knew nothing of Abel, or the Deluge, but gave a list of the descendants of Cain as far back as Lamech, and the father of Shem, Japheth, and Canaan, and so proceeded to take up the times of Abraham. Later, some other introduced the story of Abel, and added a story of the Flood. Then, in order to fit the parts together, this reviser inserted the accounts of Seth several centuries later. The postscript editor, who combined this earlier writing with the writing introduced in Ezra's time, omitted the earlier genealogy of Seth's descendants, excepting in v. 29, and wrote instead the genealogy found in the later account; and in the account of the Flood he linked the two accounts before him together, so that large sections here display the literary peculiarities of both the older and later accounts.

I hope this extract will be a help in Bible study. In *Christian Science and the Bible*, by Phare Pleigh, will be found a somewhat full statement of later scholarly opinions concerning the two accounts of Creation.

FOLLOWING THE MASTER.

T. H. DONEHUE.

It is not at all surprising, when we come to give the matter due thought, that we find Christian Science—the scientific and practically applied method of the pure and uncorrupted religion of Jesus Christ, as embodied in the Holy Scriptures—meeting with the combined antagonism of the teachers and advocates of the many improvements—inventions of human wisdom—which from time to time have been added, to render the too plain and simple teachings of the humble and lowly Jesus more palatable to human intelligence, and the wishes and desires of a selfish and fashionable world,—the greater part of which are merely professors of Jesus, not deeming it necessary to walk with or after him, but rather preferring to live wholly for the things rejected and despised by him,—such as the desires of the flesh, the cravings for earthly power and glory, and the ambition to be thought wise and great,—all of which his teachings proved to be erring, illusive, at war with Spirit, “and at enmity with God.”

The upholders of these improved dogmas and doctrines, unwilling to acknowledge their own erring blindness, vainly seek,—and for some sixteen centuries have sought,—with cheerless and unsatisfying offerings of empty, meaningless forms and creeds, and unsupported words, to appease the spiritual cravings of the Christian heart, for the Substance, and not the shadow, of the religion of Christ,—for the practical proof of the teachings in the fulfilment of the promises made by our Lord,—not for any special period of time, but for all time,—that certain clear and positive signs should follow all them who believe in him. Among the signs specified, were healing the sick and the sinful, and casting out all manner of error.

The large and organized Christian churches of the present age, it may be truthfully asserted, appear much stronger in

belief and faith in the infallibility of their individual
ers (all of whom were Dissenters), than they do in the
bility of him who was "mighty in word and deed," and
was the Word of God.

teachings of the Scriptures have been distorted and
ated in their interpretation, not so much to prove the
bility of Divine Intelligence, as to impress the world
the unerring accuracy of human wisdom,—the wisdom
the Apostle declared was "foolishness with God."
the antagonism, in the Church and out of it,—of all
g a personal intellectual axe to grind,—to those who
unwilling longer to assist in turning the grindstone, but
ould seek to quench their thirst for understanding and
at the fount of Divine Wisdom,—the Wisdom, or
of Christ, which, in its purity and simplicity, is fool-
s with man.

may be expected, therefore, that this new-old truth,
arning as it does the doctrines and theories of material-
believers and philosophic thinkers, will be pronounced
d and illogical, and its followers and advocates ridiculed
nks and lunatics. All this is but the further fulfilment
e words of Jesus to his Disciples, when he told them
s the world had hated and persecuted him, so it would
hem; and men, in persecuting them for their faith in
would believe they pleased God in so doing. "A dis-
s not above his Master."

e hypocrites," said Jesus, "you know how to inter-
he face of the sky and of the earth; but how is it
e know not how to interpret this time?" In these
he alluded to himself and his mission,—his mighty
and words of Divine Wisdom, proving him the Mes-
redicted by the Prophets. Human thought today is
d in the interpretation of the face of the earth and of
y, and ridicules, as absurd and foolish, them who would
o interpret the meaning and mission of Je-sus, through
ly medium possible, the Mind of Christ, through
al understanding, away from material rea-soning.

Touching the unwise and uncharitable criticisms and denunciations of both press and pulpit, upon this God-given work, it might be well to recall the words of that learned Doctor of the Law, Gamaliel, when he stood up in the council in the Temple,—when Peter and the other Apostles were dragged before the High Priest, charged with preaching and teaching in Christ's name, after being warned, under penalty, not to do so,—and said: “Ye men of Israel, take heed to yourselves as touching these men, what ye are about to do. Refrain from these men, and let them alone; for if their counsel or this work of theirs [their teaching and demonstration] be of men, it will be overthrown; but if it be of God, ye will not be able to overthrow it; desist—lest haply ye be found fighting against God.”

This Science of Mind—the Mind which was Christ's, scientifically understood and brought within the capacity of all who desire to reach it—is no new-fangled doctrine, that springeth up, mushroom-like, in a night, but an old, old truth, that springeth Godlike into existence, in the effulgence of eternal day. It is so old that the memory of man reacheth not back to its beginning. Its date is coeval with him who said, “Before Abraham was, I am.”

The fact that this old Truth, so long ago lost sight of, has been recovered and again given to the world, through the instrumentality of a woman, is satirically sneered at and ridiculed, by learned divines and others, deeper versed in the knowledge of popular science and philosophy—the things of the earth, sky, and flesh—than in unpopular, because unfashionably, divine Science and philosophy,—the things of him who was “not of this world,” and whose philosophy and Science were those of Truth and spirituality,—real, harmonious, and eternal. It may not be out of place to remind these self-exalted leaders of the world's thought, of the fact, that women are infinitely more spiritual than men; and we have more ground for hope that the Light, which is Christ,—and which was never more needed than now, to lift the world out of its present darkness of sin and sickness,—may reach us

gh a pure and devout Christian woman, than through worldly and selfish thinkers, whose highest understanding of Mind, and that which is Truth, is based upon their erring wisdom and judgment,—willing to accept that as Truth which is in accord with their own reason and the so-called (material) laws of nature. The laws of Mind, God, are spiritual and divine, and must forever be apprehensible to human intelligence and human reason. Explicit (and understood) faith in Christ, and the religion of Christ, with an ever-present hope of attaining closer communion with him, through persistent endeavor to practically live in the path of his teaching—believing and knowing he is the Way; a realization that his way, or path, must be traversed, and not merely viewed from a distance, if we would reach or find him; an earnest desire to become obedient to his word, by the cultivation and practice of an undivided and unselfish love for all God's children,—doing good to all, as far as lies in our power, and returning to no hatred and evil thoughts, for like sins committed against him; these are the rules of Christian Science, and constitute the religion of the true Christian Scientist, as they must be the religion of every true Christian.

Which a condition of Life, the Christian Scientist knows, will bring harmony and understanding of spiritual truths. The revelation of his word, and the fulfilment of his promises, will be manifest in the signs of healing the sick and the sinful, and casting out error, which must follow. Are the uncharitable, untruthful, unrighteous, and misguided attacks of professed Christian teachers and Christian writers, the Christian pulpit and Christian press, so full of malice, and evil-speaking, upon this ennobling and Christly religion, and its sincere and devoted followers,—are their attacks warranted or justified by the Holy Scriptures, or by the word, precept, or example of him whose Divine name the authors of these sinful calumnies bear, and whose religion they profess to understand, believe, follow, and teach? The sincere believers and loving worshippers of Christ, in all the churches, unbiassed by the erring thoughts of worldly minds and unchristian leaders, ponder the teachings of our Lord, and from out their own hearts answer this grave question.

Agates.

AND I will make thy windows of Agates.

ISAIAH.

BLESSED is the memory of those who have kept themselves unspotted *from* the world ; yet more blessed are they who have kept themselves unspotted *in* the world.

JAMESON.

WHEN the heavy-laden sigh,
Deeming help and hope gone by,
Oft, with healing power, is heard,
Comfort-fraught, a kindly word.

HISTORY repeats itself; the sects that endured the lash of their predecessors, in their turn bestow it upon those who are in advance of themselves.

REV. M. BAKER G. EDDY, in *Science and Health*.

WHAT is merciful censure ? To make thy faults appear smaller ?
May-be to veil them ? No, no ! O'er them to raise thee on high.

GOETHE.

HEAVEN'S gates are not so highly arched as prince's palaces ;
but they who enter there, must go upon their knees.

WEBSTER.

THE hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long
That it had its head bit off by its young.

SHAKESPEARE.

WHILE the world lasts, the sun will gild the mountain-tops
before it shines upon the plain.

BULWER.

WHEREFORE is Truth so far from our eyes,
Buried as though in a distant land ?

HE who has not a good memory, should not take upon
himself the trade of lying.

MONTAIGNE.

THE secret pleasure of a generous act
Is the great mind's great bribe.

DRYDEN.

Questions Answered.

BY REV. MARY B. G. EDDY.

A MAN hath joy by the Answer of the mouth.

PROVERBS.

Will you please answer a few questions, through the Christian Science Journal, concerning Mrs. Alice B. Poole and her practice, for the benefit of the St. Louis people, who are taking up Christian Science with much enthusiasm, and will be unfortunate if they do not get Truth to start with?

Is she a graduate of your College?

If so, why is she not in good standing there?

Has she fallen away from your teaching into Hypnotism? and would she do so unconsciously?

Why does she not give to her healed patients your volume on Science and Health, to keep them well,—as do others, who heal in Science?

Mrs. Poole has a large number of patients, and a very large class of pupils studying with her, who will perhaps only approximate the Truth.

J. A. C.

MRS. ALICE B. POOLE is neither a member of the Christian Scientist Association of my College, nor a Normal Class graduate. All who are in good standing with the Massachusetts Metaphysical College have certificates to show this.

If her teaching or practice partakes of Hypnotism, you may be sure she is not teaching or demonstrating Christian Science Mind-healing.

She has no personal cause for enmity towards me.

I allow students a discount of twelve-and-one-half ($12\frac{1}{2}$) per cent (or one-eighth) on orders for from six to twelve (6 to 12) copies of Science and Health, to be sent C. O. D., and a discount of sixteen-and-two-thirds ($16\frac{2}{3}$) per cent (or one-sixth) on orders for twelve (12) or more copies, sent in the same way.

Letters.

A WORD spoken in due season, how good it is!

PROVERB.

EXPERIENCE.

[Extract from a letter.]

I WISH I could tell you how strong I feel since going through the Normal Class; how I realize more and more the Allness of God, and the nothingness of everything else.

I was called to see a poor woman whom the doctors, after taking all she had, had told that she could not be cured. I sent the children out of the room and commenced my treatment. In the midst of it, the dogs began to come from under the bed, and examine my feet. I thought there were at least a dozen, but found there were only four. However, notwithstanding the dogs, Christian Science brought the woman out of her bed in a few days.

It seems to me, the light of this Truth ought to dispel the darkness instantly. When a case does not gain fast, I begin to look for the fault in myself. I know that the Science is equal to anything; and if one has the understanding, no disease can stand before it.

I am very happy in my work. Clouds come, but they are soon dispelled, and then the light is brighter than ever. M. E. S.

ALMA MATER.

MUCH that I formerly received in the Class on trust, is a reality to me now; and yet there are so many points that I would like to understand more clearly. How true it is that we may be content, but not satisfied. We shall gain satisfaction only "when we awake in His likeness."

Now I want to tell you of one thing that gives me joy every time I think of it. On the silver plate of the door of the College is the number 1881. I cannot tell you what a volume there is to my mind in these four figures. It is the one doorplate of all the world in significance. Sages and philosophers are search-

diligently for the young child (Truth), finding it not. In
 , the year when the first College of Christian Science was
 tered, the new dispensation began. The years of emanci-
 on have come, in which the captives are taught how to be
 in Truth.

realize the exceeding great joy that filled the hearts of the
 herds, when the Star came and stood over the place where
 young child was. We have found the Christ, Truth.

ne righting of all things is at hand. The prophecies are
 led: "Look up and rejoice, for your redemption draweth
 ." I am so glad that joy is a fruit of the Spirit, and not
 mortal mind.

ANNA P. WARNER, C. S. B.

CORROBORATIVE OPINIONS.

[Extract from a letter to Rev. M. B. G. Eddy.]

Y DEAR TEACHER: In reading Archbishop Trench's work on
 Miracles of Christ, I found, page 225, a passage so remarkable
 I thought you might like to see it.

Speaking of various theories about Jesus' walking on the sea,
 ch says:

ther was it the will of Christ which bore him triumphantly above
 waters; even as it was the will of Peter — that will, indeed, made
 e highest degree active and potential by faith in the Son of God —
 a should in like manner have enabled him to walk on the great deep;
 though with partial and transient failure, did so enable him.

has been already observed that the miracle, according to its true
 is not the violation nor yet the suspension of law, but the incoming
 higher law, as of a spiritual in the midst of natural laws, and the
 entary assertion, for that higher law, of the predominance that it
 intended to have, and but for man's fall it would always have had,
 the lower; and with this a prophetic anticipation of the abiding
 alence which it shall one day recover.

actly thus was there here a sign of the lordship of man's will — when
 will is in absolute harmony with God's will — over external nature.

regard to this very law of gravitation, a feeble, and for the most
 unconsciously possessed remnant of his power survives to man, in
 well-attested fact that his body is lighter when he is awake than
 sleeping (noticed by Pliny, H. N. vii. 18), a fact which every
 who has carried a child can attest.

om this we conclude that the human consciousness, as an inner
 e, works as an opposing force to the attraction of the earth and the
 ipetal force of gravity, however unable now to overbear it.

not this a very advanced opinion for the Archbishop to hold
 teach?

I remain, yours sincerely,

J. H. VEAZEY.

Rector of St. John's Church,

obsboro, Camden County, New Jersey.

PIETY IN HEALING.

CAN we get a clear perception of the Truth, unless we have the Mind of Christ?

I noticed a short time ago, in one of the many journals of our city, a statement to this effect: that it is a grave mistake — although by no means an uncommon one — to suppose that the high moral attitude necessary to success in healing is pietism; that it is not religious fervor, but the clear perception of Truth that fits one to heal, — not goodness, in the religious sense, but knowledge, in the ethical sense. The article ended by saying that piety has its proper uses, but is of no avail in mind-cure. This same paper contained an article claiming that mind-cure and Christian Science are one and the same.

I should like to ask the writer how he expects to obtain a clear perception of Truth, if his daily thought and desire are not such as will enable him to perceive it. In order that we may understand God, we must close our eyes to the material world, and open the door of our thought to the unseen, looking to that City of God where no moth can corrupt and no thief break through and steal. How can we lift patients up to that plane of thought where they may see the error of their ways, unless our thoughts are pure enough to overcome error in ourselves?

Such a doctrine is flooding the land, and will only urge us further into the darkness. Patients treated by such healers (if *healers* you choose to call them) will doubtless learn by experience the full meaning of the Scripture, "The last state of that man was worse than the first."

Jesus came into the sinful flesh to destroy sin and sickness, and show poor suffering humanity how to overcome death. It was his great spirituality that enabled him to perform what the people called miracles; and unless we are willing to follow his footsteps, we need never try to do the works of the Master. We must strive to be more like him, to rise daily into higher and holier states of being, and be ready to give up self and the world, and humbly recognize Truth; and then we cannot help benefiting our patients, not only physically, but spiritually, as well. Judging from what I see and read, many seem to think that if they only know the letter of Christian Science, they have all the understanding thereof which is needed; but this is a very great mistake, and one that must

essarily prove fatal, sooner or later. Saying that God is Life, Love, and Truth amounts to little, unless, by some individual experience, we know something of what God has done and is doing for us, for it is the understanding of Truth which sets us free from the bondage of sin and death. Our Master said: "If a man love me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and will come and dwell in him."

Patients can not be too careful when they make their selection of healers; for they must remember that there is no standing still, and the patient will be made either better or worse. It is not enough for those who continually sound their own trumpets, and can do nothing else to do but criticize their neighbors, who succeed in healing; but rather those who dwell in the one Mind (God), which will destroy every error and can never lead astray.

If the so-called healer's thought is filled with hatred, jealousy, or error of any description, certainly he can not truly benefit the patient. Although a physical change may be produced, this is not true Christian healing, and sometime the patients must suffer, though they may be ignorant of the life and character of the practitioner. Patients may have all the confidence in the world in one who treats them, and perhaps this healer may not do you any intentional harm; but the thought will always be transferred from healers to patients. If practitioners have not the Mind of Christ, patients must have to struggle against this lower erroneous thought, as well as against their own thoughts of disease. Let us not be deceived by the use of false prophets, "which come in sheep's clothing, but inwardly are ravening wolves."

G. A. M.

THAT which abides is Spirit.

WORDS are the echoes of thought.

CONTEMPT is frequently regulated by fashion. ZIMMERMAN.

THE highest form of Christian life is self-denial for others' good.

PARK.

CHRISTIANITY is not merely a theory of existence; it is a work-power.

How glorious is the thought that we are immortal, and that we are forever growing in knowledge and love, and becoming more and more the pattern of Infinite Perfection.

Sermonettes.

LET thy Speech be short, comprehending much.

ECCLESIASTICUS.

AN ANALOGY.

[From *The Watchman*.]

BLESSED are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. — MATTHEW v. 8.

OF late, photographic plates have been made so delicate, pure, and sensitive, that on being steadily exposed for some time to a clear night sky, they will receive images of stars that have never been discovered by the naked eye of man, or even by the most powerful telescope.

Even so a right and pure heart, turned heavenward in its contemplation of God, and its aspirations to know the Divine character and government, will discover and feel Divine manifestations which have never been grasped by intellect alone, or even anticipated by the reach of philosophy.

May not this explain some of those wondrous and charming Christian experiences and spiritual insights with which certain eminent Christians have been favored. Are our hearts sensitive enough to receive divine impressions?

FREEDOM THROUGH TRUTH.

A TRUTH-SEEKER.

AND the Truth shall make you free. — JOHN viii. 32.

FREE from what? From the bondage of physical sense, sin, and suffering.

Were the gracious promises of Christ only Dead Sea fruit, fair to the hope, but ashes to the lip? Were they given without meaning? Were his Disciples, whom he sent into the world to preach the Gospel and heal the sick, commanded to do the impossible? Are not they who believe today also his Disciples?

Come and learn of Christian Science how he fulfills his word; how he gives rest to the heavy-laden; how his Divine Truth today, as well as of old, heals the sick and feeds the soul.

every spiritual re-awakening to Divine Truth and its demonstration is followed by hosts of imitations and counterfeits. This is conspicuously so in the days of the Apostles, when the sorcerers did many marvellous things. This is equally true today, in Christian Science. Mind-curers, Mesmerists, Spiritualists, rising up in multitudes, striving to reap the honor and glory they have not sown, trying to flaunt in borrowed splendor.

It must be from this very confusion, of claims that many earnest seekers after Truth have been deterred from an investigation of Christian Science. Let its name be its own introduction; let it be what it claims to be, the Metaphysics of Christ. Its demonstrations—not only by healing, but by the power of spiritual stimulus—prove that we are permitted to understand (at least in part) what Matthew Arnold would call the Secret of the Universe. That secret he proclaimed for the hope and the healing of the nations; but the world, “having ears to hear,” heard not.

Come thou, and learn from Christian Science how the “still small voice of Spirit” may pierce the deafness of material sense, bring you a realization of the glorious Truth, that we are the children of God, and joint-heirs, with Christ, of harmony and peace. We are made in God’s image, and only in perfection can we reflect Him.

With more understanding, we have more harmony of body, more enlightenment of Spirit. Come, and learn with David, that peace is the health of my countenance, and my God.”

THE WAY.

A STUDENT.

WHAT I have written I have written.—JOHN xix. 22.

TRUTH, and for all time, error has placed the inscription over the door of Truth, and nailed to the cross the compendious words, *Veritas* of the Jews.

The baneful and cankerous elements of error combine; and they crown their own extirpation, with the acknowledged fact that error is king; and from above the crown of thorns, and without the resurrection of self, emanate the grand verities of Truth,—Truth which shows Life to be deathless, which rends aside the veil of the Holy of Holies, and penetrates the mists

that have shut out from mortal view the immutable reality of Life.

The resurrection of Jesus from the tomb ought forever to put to silence the tongue of human hypothesis, and, for all time, reassure any doubting Thomas of the fact that "Life is no part of matter." The footsteps of Jesus mark the only way to Eternal Life, and must be trod by all who reach the Heavenly kingdom. That there is no other way has been demonstrated by the Life of our Master, and by the words that must open our dull ears to understanding.

"I am the door. . . . He that entereth not by the door is a thief and a robber." Now a whimsical belief that heaven is a locality, attainable by or through any other portal, is only the erection of another foolish Babel-tower, which, like hundreds of others, will fall into ruins along the stream of Life, and will always end in confusion.

The oft-repeated but tottering belief, that physical death is necessary to Eternal Life, is an error which is a negation to itself: and death will be "swallowed up in victory" to those who come to the understanding, once and forever, that we do not get Life by dying, but that, on the contrary, we get Life by living. The only death is to "present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God," thereby destroying the "lusts of the flesh," putting off the old man, and putting on Immortality.

We cannot longer remain in the old rut, or trust the trembling One-horse Shay; for if we do, like that ancient and worn-out vehicle, all our hopes will go to pieces,

All at once, and nothing first,
Just as bubbles do, when they burst;

and we shall find ourselves thrown out by the wayside of a wasted and desolate existence, stripped of our virtue, and left wounded by our own folly and blindness,—there to lie, until perchance some kind Samaritan, having compassion on us, may lift us from our deplorable condition. As our helper binds up our self-inflicted wounds with words of Truth, we may see, ascending from our stony pillow, the steps which lead to heaven.

No day is commonplace, if we had only eyes to see its splendor. There is no duty that comes to our hand, but brings to us the possibility of kingly service. There is nothing possible to a human soul greater than simple faithfulness.

Home.

WHATSOEVER things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report,—if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise,—think on these things.

PAUL.

THE NYMPHS.

[Selected from Tourgueneff.]

As standing before a splendid, crescent-shaped, extended range of mountains, which were covered from top to bottom by young woods.

The transparent blue of the northern sky was above them; the clouds were playing on their summits. Swift-running brooks, concealed in verdure, were murmuring below.

Then I remembered the old story of the Greek ship, which, in the century after the birth of Jesus, sailed the Ægean Sea.

It was high noon, and the weather was calm. Suddenly a voice came from above, over the head of the steersman: "When you pass the island, call with a loud voice, Great Pan is dead!" The steersman was astonished and frightened; but when the ship was near the island, he obeyed and called: "Great Pan is dead." A voice was heard, as if in answer to his call, all along the shore of this uninhabited island, loud sobbing, groaning, and moaning: "He is dead, dead; Great Pan is dead."

While I was thinking of this legend, and suddenly another thought occurred to me. What if I, too, were to call out something? But in the presence of all the loneliness around, I could not think of death. I called with all my might: "He is risen; Great Pan has risen!" And suddenly, a miracle! There echoed immediately, as if in answer to my call, along the whole broad crescent of the green mountains, a universal laugh and murmur and joyous prattling: "Great Pan has risen! Pan has risen!" cried youthful voices. All around me broke out gay rejoicing, brighter than the sun overhead, than the brooks running under the grass. Hasty steps appeared. Through the green thicket shimmered alabaster-white dresses. Here were the nymphs,—nymphs, dryads, bacchantes,

who hastened down from the heights into the valleys. All along the glades they suddenly appeared, their godlike heads adorned with clustering curls. Garlands and tambourines were in their hands. Laughter, ringing Olympian laughter, echoed and rolled down before them.

First of all advances the goddess. She is the stateliest, most beautiful of all—with her quiver on her shoulder, her bow in her hand, the silvern crescent moon on her curls. Diana, is it thou?

But suddenly the goddess stops, motionless. The nymphs all follow her example. At once the clear laughter dies away. In indescribable terror, with parted lips, she gazes with startled eyes into the distance.

I turned to follow the direction of her gaze. Across the fields, on the uttermost limit of the horizon, shone, like a fiery point, the golden cross on the white steeple of a Christian church. The goddess had seen this cross.

I heard behind me a long trembling sigh, like the trembling of a broken harp-string; and when I again looked around, the nymphs had vanished. The broad forest shone green as before; and here and there, through the thick tangle of the branches, shimmered and faded a gleam of white. Was it the garment of a nymph, or the rising mist from the valley? I know not.

Yet how sorry I was for the vanished goddess!

AN ACROSTIC.

FLOSSIE L. HEYWOOD.

Life,— whence flows eternal beauty,
Inspiration, faith, and duty,—
Frame our thoughts aright, that we
Emblem of that Life may be.

Truth — may Thy fair buds, unfolding
Round our pathway, help in moulding,
Until, full perfection given,
Taught by Thee, the clouds are riven,
Heralding the dawn of Heaven.

Love — its holy influence throwing
Over all — will then be showing,
Viewed in Science, that these three
Emblems are of Trinity.

DEATH NO TERROR.

THOUGH called the King of Terrors, death is not necessarily terrifying. There is no need of destroying the fear of death, if such fear exists.

The writer of these lines never knew what it was to be afraid of death-change, though always afraid of pain. In childhood, when but four years old, his little brother, two years younger, was killed. The older boy was forced, as the custom then was, into an ill-fitting and uncomfortable suit of mourning, which made the bereavement a trying season; but the awkward suit was never worn again, and the bereavement left no special sadness in the surviving brother's thoughts. The mother always said that she had never known her elder son to express or show a particle of fear at the name called *death*, at whose mention mankind so often trembles, and from whose presence humanity shrinks. The inference is, that fear of death is largely, if not entirely, caused by false ideas about it; ideas fostered by superstition, and inculcated by ignorant religion,—religion which professes to

make a dying bed
Seem soft as downy pillows are,

while really it stimulates dread, and encourages terror at the bare thought of physical death.

The lower animals shrink from pain; but there is no reason to suppose they are afraid of the death-change, in itself considered.

There is good sense in the following item, clipped from the *Worcester Journal*:

Whether the thought of death is a terror depends much on the way in which a child gets its first idea of death. A three-year-old Framingham girl gave her impressions thus: "Oh grandma, I saw Mrs. Stephens! she was lying in her little crib-bed, and a whole lots of people were in the room, watching her go to sleep. A man talked real pretty to her; then they sang a pretty tune to her, to get her to sleep. By-and-by Mr. Adams came with his engine-sleigh; and they covered Mrs. Stephens up nice and warm in her little crib, and Mr. Adams took her in his sleigh to her new home." That child will not be afraid to pass a graveyard after dark, a few years from now, unless she makes the acquaintance of some very foolish people in the meantime.

Two young city ladies, in the country, were standing by the side of a wide ditch, which they did not know how to cross. They appealed to a boy who was coming along the road, for help, whereupon he pointed behind them with a startled air, and yelled "Look out!" The young ladies crossed the ditch at a single bound.

PRECOCITY OF INTELLECT.

CHATTERTON wrote all his beautiful things, exhausted all hopes of life, and saw nothing better than death,—at the early age of eighteen.

Burns and Byron died in their thirty-seventh year, and doubtless the strength of their genius was over.

Raffaele, after filling the world with divine beauty, perished also at thirty-seven. Mozart died even earlier.

These men might have produced still greater works.

On the other hand, Handel was forty-eight before he gave the "world assurance of a man."

Dryden came up to London from the provinces, dressed in Norwich druggot, somewhat above the age of thirty, and did not even then know that he could write a single line of poetry; yet what towering vigor and swinging ease appeared all at once in Glorious John.

Milton had, indeed, written *Comus* at twenty-eight, but he was upwards of fifty when he began his great work.

Cowper knew not his own might till he was far beyond thirty, and his *Task* was not written till about his fiftieth year.

Sir Walter Scott was also upwards of thirty before he published his *Minstrel*, and all his greatness was yet to come.

IMAGINARY ILLS.

A PHILADELPHIA physician says that a great deal of what passes for heart-disease is only mild dyspepsia, that nervousness commonly is bad temper, and that two-thirds of the so-called malaria is nothing but laziness. Imagination, he says, is responsible for a multitude of ills; and he gives us an instance the case of a clergyman who, after preaching a sermon, would take a teaspoonful of sweetened water, and doze off like a babe, under the impression that it was a *bona fide* sedative.

LIARS begin with making falsehood appear like Truth, and end with making Truth appear like falsehood. SHENSTONE.

TEMPERANCE and repose
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

REAL MANHOOD.

Does not the following item, from a Maine paper, show how real manhood depends upon the physique?

Is n't every day that I see a man take off his spectacles to give them a rub, and off with them comes his nose. Such a combination of spectacles and proboscis did I see, while taking an excursion in the elevator car of the Mutual Insurance building at Portland, Friday morning. The man told me, when he took off his specs, that I need n't be scared, so I was n't. When he was in the army, cold deprived him of a Roman nose of his own; but plaster of Paris is better than nothing. He has false teeth and a wig. One leg is a cork leg. He can see out of but one eye; the other is glass. Three fingers and one thumb are all he possesses. One eye is false. For all this, he is the liveliest man in Portland. He walks ten miles every day, rain or shine. He has had three wives; and he has been married five chances to marry again (so he says) since he buried his last wife, about a year ago.

THE SONG OF THE SPRING RAIN.

[From *Our Little Ones*.]

HERE I come! Here I come! And the grasses peep;
The little white daisies, too, wake from their sleep.

The soft pussy-willows, in velvet and fur,
By the brookside are nodding and making a stir;

And the meadow-lark singing a songful of cheer,
For his happiest time is the Spring of the year.

He sings of the beautiful things we shall see,
Of bees and of buds and of blossoms to be;

Of nests in the meadows, of fruits by-and-by,
And long sunny days that so surely are nigh.

The crocus her sweetness begins to unfold;
The daffodil raises her banner of gold;

And the clovers are hasting to join the glad throng,
And keep to the tune of my pit-a-pat song.

A LITTLE boy was asked what M. D. meant, as he saw it on a street-sign the other day. He was told that it stood for Much Danger.

Animal Magnetism.

THE land that Thou gavest unto our fathers, to eat the fruit thereof and the good thereof, behold we are servants in it; and it yieldeth much increase unto the kings whom Thou hast set over us, because of our sins. Also they have dominion over our bodies and over our cattle, at their pleasure, and we are in great distress.

NEHEMIAH.

WHEN they shall say to you :
 "Inquire of their necromancers and wizards,
 That peep and murmur;"
 Then say ye: "Should not a people inquire of their God?
 Should they inquire of the dead for the living?"

ISAIAH.

MORTAL MIND-CURE LITERATURE

versus

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

CHARLES SEYMOUR.

THE appearance of a new book upon this subject, at this day in the history of mental healing, prompts me to give some account of the practice of such theories. Some of the views of mind-curers would be very well, if they were not called the essentials of mental healing.

Outside of Science and Health there is little claim to originality. This new book is made up of quotations, separated from the previous thought of greater and more original minds,—fitted together with lesser mental acumen, with a view to applying these ideas to a function of which they have still less comprehension,—healing.

The work's intent is treacherous, resulting in perilous ambiguity of thought, using deceptive phrases to introduce subtle fallacies. It gives a kind of satisfaction to the novice, but is empty of Truth. All the literature of mortal mind-cure is made up of structure, but not of Substance. To one acquainted with the genuine article, the whole writing sounds like a garbled importation, which has paid no duty where duty belongs. The book is put together solely for the purpose of taking advantage of the mind-cure craze, and putting the author's name in this history.

So much is lacking of the essence of Divine Healing that we are only (as with some compounds of a mountebank) to expose these theories to the pure, invigorating atmosphere of Christian Science, and the supposed excellency vanishes. We cannot convert a brick house into a marble palace, by simply relaying the brick in a different way, or without the proper foundation for a magnificent structure.

Our Leader's Science and Health leads us to a more exalted advancement, by quickening the understanding, and making clear and practicable more elaborate possibilities; and the true Science grows up through solitary meditation, and the yearning of a higher nature, having the interest of suffering millions at heart. No human priesthood can penetrate within the veil of its teachings without due spiritual preparation, and taking the shoes off the feet when such holy ground is trod.

One thing is hopeful in the appearance of this recent book on mental healing,—that the author does not claim to be the discoverer of anything, or the founder of a new school. On the contrary (and this goes hardest against him in these days of Christian Science) he identifies himself as in the same line of mind-influence with the black arts of Egypt and India, and other superstitions, which he names to illustrate the power of mind as nothing new. Yet you hear of mind-healers claiming to be based on Christian Science healing. If that is true, some of Boston's Sleeping Lucys claim as much, who have inadvertently classed themselves where they belong.

To one can read Christian Science literature without feeling separated from all such magic surroundings. It is complete in itself,—a governing end maintained by a divine law. It has a character altogether its own, self-working in definite results in healing. The treatments of mortal mind-cure need often to be repeated, or relapses follow. This is good for the pockets of a medical quack, but not for the patient. These quacks only keep the public blind to their defects, by getting their would-be high priests to write articles on "Mrs. Glover Eddy exposed."

The most essential part of Christian Science literature is in its advanced view of God. If this is shown to be false, the whole system is exposed. These higher claims cannot be maintained without the practice of a more Spiritual Christianity. This, the mind-cure says, does not properly belong to Healing. That is,

you can believe in the reality of the pleasures of this world; but the result of some of those pleasures,—sickness,—you can get rid of, by believing such pleasures not to be real.

If pain disappears as a false evidence of sense, without removing the underlying cause, it is through Animal Magnetism. The success is but superficial; for the trouble appears in some other form, more alarming, which the mind-cure fails to reach. Having taken all the money the patients are able to pay, they are then sent to a genuine Christian Scientist for treatment which will counteract the errors of mind-curers,—and that gratuitously.

Patients are left sometimes in agonizing torture, by the accumulation of misdirected influence. At first the influence had lifted up the suffering; but after the spell is over, the sudden relapse is dangerous.

A very sensitive lady, who lives at Boston Highlands, had studied the false theories, but she became ill again in belief. Her dying screams were heard by her neighbors; she declared, with her last breath, that this deceptive treatment, called Mental Healing (*alias* Animal Magnetism), is the greatest curse the world has ever had. True Mind-healing (*i. e.* through Divine Mind) has many advocates, and such shocking malpractice is never allowed by one properly instructed in Science and Health; unless, indeed, by students who have been expelled from the Christian Scientist Association, for mixing with their practice the abominable abuse that comes from false theories.

For thus guarding the public against such mental crimes, our enemies try to make us look ridiculous.

Because she is the Herald of Truth, the enemies of reform try to strike our Leader as with the fangs of a double-headed Hydra, and attempts are made to *expose* (?) the Founder of Christian Science and her followers.

We are represented as quarreling among ourselves. If offending members are brought strictly to account, we are called *arbitrary* or *exclusive*; or it is said that we “systematically depreciate everything which was in God’s universe before our time,” because Scientists are trying to put down the abuses of Animal Magnetism, and show that there is a genuine Science, which should be taught on the deepest basis of Christianity.

It is important that the public know something of the inside workings of our Science, and what we have to struggle against.

Healing: Communications and Cases.

Try Me now in this, saith Jehovah of Hosts,—
 Whether I will not open to you the Windows of Heaven,
 And pour out upon you a blessing.

MALACHI.

BERLIN FALLS, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

DEAR JOURNAL: I am a student, in Christian Science, of Mrs. F. Berry, of 1658 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., and would like to state a few cases of healing, from my own experience of the power of Mind.

I healed one case of bad spinal-trouble, in sixteen absent treatments. The patient never felt a touch of the trouble after the first treatment.

I healed one case of scrofula in thirteen treatments, where there had been a running sore on the head for five years, and three deep cracks in the centre of the hand for three years.

One patient had been given up to die by two physicians, and was so low and weak that she had to be lifted on a sheet. In four days she took ten steps alone. In six days she dressed alone, and went unaided into an adjoining room for dinner and tea. In thirteen days she did the cooking for nineteen in the family.

One case of lame back of fifteen years' standing, was healed in one treatment.

In another case of lame back, of fifteen year's standing, I gave four treatments, but they did no good. The wife told me that the patient had a plaster on his back. Next day he took the plaster off, and in one treatment was healed.

The first of this April a patient applied for treatment for belief of rheumatism. He had pain in his limbs all winter, so that he could not sleep. He came to me at night, and returned home, about ten miles. The next morning he went to a neighbor's house and told the family he was healed. Since that he has not felt a touch of his trouble. This man had perfect faith in my power to heal him, because I healed his little daughter's eyes a year ago. This shows that what Jesus said, "Thy faith hath saved thee," is as true now as ever.

MRS. HARRIET N. CORDWELL.

DENVER, COLORADO.

DEAR JOURNAL: I wish to give my testimony as to what Christian Science has done for me, as demonstrated by G. B. Wickersham, C. S. B., of this city.

For eighteen years I was a continual sufferer from chronic inflammation and prolapsus uteri. The greater part of the time, for the last seven or eight years, I have been unable to do much of any work, and kept my bed a good share of the time. After having tried the best physicians, both East and West,—receiving no benefit, and having my troubles pronounced incurable,—I was induced by a friend to try Christian Science. It has proved a blessing indeed to me, as it has lifted me from darkness into the light; and I am now well, happy, and harmonious. I can work all day and sleep all night, something I have not been able to do before since I was a child. This blessed state was brought about in less than two months, by treatment through Mr. Wickersham's knowledge of the Truth.

I feel that I can say nothing for this Science that will in any degree express my great thankfulness for the benefit I have derived from it; but I say to all sufferers, Go and be healed, giving God thanks.

Alice Clarke.

667 Grant Avenue.

CLEAR TESTIMONY.

[Extract from a letter to Rev. Mrs. Eddy.]

LAST JUNE I was healed, in twenty minutes, of prostration of the nerves, of nine years' standing, by one of your Normal students, S. J. Clark, after which my sister (M. E. Tallman) and myself learned the rudiments of Christian Science of her. Since then we have been practising, and we are both very anxious to enter your Normal Class this spring.

And now I must thank you a thousand times for the great benefit which I have received, both mentally and physically, from this great Truth, which you have placed before us so understandingly; and I am resolved to devote my life to healing and teaching.

Yours in Truth,

RUTH T. FENNER.

MRS. CHLOE ANNA SMITH DOW.

lady — a prominent member of the Baptist Church, and
ent of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union for her
— was a member of the May class at Mrs. Eddy's
physical College.

. Dow was born in Oneida County, New York, in 1824. In
uth she went to Michigan, where she became the honored wife
leon Elbridge Dow, then engaged in mercantile pursuits.

account of Mrs. Dow's health the family, about the year
decided to remove to California. On the way, various
stances combined to make them take up their residence in
ord County, Iowa, in the northwestern part of the State,
he Missouri River. Here Mr. Dow bought land of the
ons, who were at that time leaving for Utah, and selling
states for any price they could get. The settlement was
amed Dow City, after its founder, who is not only a large
of real-estate, but is interested in mills, stores, a ranch, a
and in other enterprises. The people call him by courtesy,
; and he is a Deacon in his church.

ir children have risen up to call their parents blessed, and
re settled near home. Indeed, one of the young couples live
parental mansion, a large and solid house, which Mr. Dow
or the enjoyment of generations to come.

ne years ago Mrs. Dow suffered greatly by shipwreck on one
great lakes. A year or two since, she was badly injured
opping from the railway train, at a station where she was to
e at a Temperance meeting. These sufferings, and other
t-, led her to look into Christian Science, and she took a
of lessons with Mrs. Fenn, in Omaha. Not only was she
y benefited herself, but before the course was over, she
to heal the afflicted; and since then she has been very success-
her practice, especially with pulmonary and rheumatic cases.

is specially noteworthy. In Denison, in the same county,
ng lady's case had been given up as hopeless by the regular
s. She was suffering with lung-fever. After Mrs. Dow's
eatment, the cough ceased, and the lady was able to sleep
ly. Six treatments effected a cure; and when Mrs. Dow
there, three weeks after her first visit, she found the patient
g dinner.

COMPLICATED DISORDERS.

MR. EDITOR: Have you space in the columns of your JOURNAL where I may add my testimony for the cause of Christian Science. For the past ten years, I have been a great sufferer. Six years ago last June, I received a very serious spinal injury during childbirth, and since that time I have not been an hour free from suffering. At times the pain has been terribly severe. I have tried a number of physicians, and all have told me there was no help for me, and they never could relieve the pain; but, thank God! I have found relief at last, through the treatment of Mrs. M. J. Davis, of Fitchburg. When she began treating me, in October last, I had endured nervous prostration for two years, and for nearly seven months had been confined to the bed. I also had a bad lung-trouble, and a nervous affection of the heart. My stomach was so weak that for weeks at a time I could not bear any nourishment, and a spoonful of gruel caused great distress. I had nervous fever every day, and every nerve in my body ached. I had had very severe hemorrhages for sixteen months, and each month they seemed to grow worse. I was cured of that trouble in about ten days' time. The third day I was cured of constipation. For seven months had been able to sleep but very little, and did not average two hours' sleep out of the twenty-four. The doctor had tried every remedy to produce sleep, but all failed. After the first treatment I rested more quietly, and continued to gain. My cough has disappeared. I can eat anything I wish without distress, and can walk quite a distance. I never can forget what happiness Christian Science has brought to me. The doctor had told me and my friends that I could never get well; but hearing of several remarkable cures Mrs. Davis had wrought, I decided to make one more effort for Life; and today I am able to do the work for my husband and two little children. I suffer but little pain, and am still gaining in health. There is much more I might state about my case, but fear I shall take up too much space in your JOURNAL.

May you all be blessed in your good work, is the wish of your friend,

MRS. C. A. BROWN.

Leominster, Mass.

THE well in thought, are every whit whole.

Church and Association.

the Church of the Living God, the pillar and ground of Truth.

PAUL.

CHURCH IN OCONTO, WISCONSIN.

MARY C. SWIFT.

THE JOURNAL: It has been my privilege to spend some time with the Christian Scientists of Oconto, where a beautiful little church has recently been dedicated.

The people were filled with gratitude and love for their Teacher, Mrs. Eddy, for having led them into the same highway of truth in which the Master walked before them. They have transcended the world, with its allurements, and in every way endeavor to emulate the virtues of the meek and lowly One.

The church, with its complete furnishing, stands as a monument to the unity and faithfulness of the members. It is a reminder of the fulfillment of the promises of God to those who ask in faith. There is no strife there, as to who shall be the greatest in the Kingdom of God (the understanding of Love), nor discord to mar the harmony reflected from Infinite Peace.

The Sunday services were conducted as follows: Silent Prayer, followed by the Lord's Prayer; Singing; Scripture-reading, conducted by the venerable Edwin Hart; Bible-lesson, with explanatory remarks by Miss Laura Sargent. This service brought to my mind the text, "They shall speak with new tongues."

The Sunday-school services followed, in which a general interest was manifested. Afternoon and evening Bible-readings concluded the services of the day.

The week which followed was one of almost uninterrupted Bible-study. Looking back to it, I may say it was one of the most profitable that I have ever enjoyed. Let all who know this way of holiness, like the Christian Scientists of Oconto, endeavor to advance the cause of Christ.

Truly is the Scripture fulfilled: "And on my servants and on my faithful maidens, I will pour out in those days of my Spirit."

THE TEACHER'S WORK.

It is amusing to see how those who have taken their line of action apart from the loyal students of Mrs. Eddy, are continually coupling her names with their schemes, that they may the more readily gain public confidence, through the hard-earned reputation she had gained as an authority on the subject of Christian Science Mind-healing.

Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy is still the pastor of the Church of Christ (Scientist), whose services are held every Sunday, at 8 P. M., in Chickering Hall, 151 and 153 Tremont Street, Boston. She has no connection whatever with other parties holding Sunday meetings in Boston, notwithstanding reports to the contrary.

Mrs. Eddy also contributes often to *THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE JOURNAL*, but is responsible only for the articles bearing her signature; and she has no connection whatever with any other paper or magazine on the subject of Mind-healing.

CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST ASSOCIATION.

THE regular monthly meeting of this Association was held Wednesday afternoon, May 4, the usual number of members being present, and Brother Alfred Lang acting as Chairman. The regular routine business was quickly disposed of, and the Good of the Order entered upon. Many questions were asked and answered by those present, the subjects being of a very instructive and interesting nature. Although some of the opinions and answers differed from each other, they were all in the interest of Truth and Harmony.

L.

PREACHING AGAINST CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

IN one of the suburban churches sixty people recently withdrew from the service, because of the pastor's assault on Christian Science. Another pastor, in the same city, has been asked to resign, for the same reason.

APPEAL FOR HELP.

His call and appeal are to all students of Christian Science, wherever they may be. The old saying, "A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull both together," is a good thought for us to hold. What have we been thinking of? Have we been doing our duty for our Cause, when we have neglected the building of our Church? We have to do more than heal the sick, sell books, and look out for ourselves. We have to support the Cause of Christ—Truth.

If we love the Cause which we say we are working for, we shall support it by opening the pocketbook for it also. Let us remember—if we never open our hearts to give to this Cause, they will never be open to receive the reward of good deeds.

Let us each lay aside, every week, part of our means, as God has prospered us; and at the end of the month, let us send it in to the Church-building Fund. Student-teachers could collect from their own pupils, add the gifts to their own offering, and send the contribution on the first day of each month.

We should soon be able to have a building of our own for the Church of Christ (Scientist). It would belong in part to each one of us. We should feel that we had helped to build it. Our friends and patients would be glad to help us along also, if we would show more activity in this direction.

No matter if we do not live in Boston; every time the Gospel is preached there, we get its benefit. Every time Mrs. Eddy speaks to the people there, there is a great stir in the waters. We should be ready to step into the spring of pure thought which emanates from her, and not wait for our neighbors to carry us thither by their force. If we will but step out of physical sense into the spiritual, we shall straightway be healed.

What are we waiting for, in order to build our Church—money? Are we waiting for some rich person to come along and do our work for us? If we would have the blessing of God upon our Cause, we should stand shoulder to shoulder in this work, and make this thought of apathy on the part of the students, either at home or abroad.

Who has despised the day of small things? Let us give five cents a week, if we cannot do more. The willing heart is what we want. Let us start out with this thought: We will, with God's help, overcome this error of apathy.

WESTERNER.

Editorial Outlook.

THE eternal round of Truth.	ANONYMOUS.
THE power of an endless Life.	HEBREWS.
THE care of discipline is Love.	WISDOM.
THE Spirit is Life, because of righteousness.	ROMANS.
WITHOUT rebuke, holding forth the Word of Life.	PAUL.

JUNE'S WISDOM.

SMILING June,
None too soon,
Comes with heart of gold, —
Thoughts to win,
Far from sin,
With the Truth of old.

Still the same,
Name and fame,
As it was of yore;
Firm and free
Will it be,
Henceforth, evermore.

POISON.

[From *The School Journal*.]

DRUGGISTS are required to label deadly drugs with the word *Poison*. . . . But are not mental and moral poison far more hurtful than physical?

Money is trash, character is gold; but what words can express the value of Soul? . . . Whatever kills the moral and intellectual character of the young is so much worse than arsenic or prussic acid, that no words can express the difference. . . . If a book is deadly in its effects, let *Poison* be printed on the cover, . . . that all may know what they are buying.

We would have *DEATH* put over the street-door of every saloon, and *LIFE* over every schoolroom where good teaching is found.

[Whether schools are thus labelled or not, their teaching is just as effective, for good or for evil.]

HEART TO HEART.

REV. MARY BAKER G. EDDY.

When the heart speaks, no matter how simple the words, its message is always acceptable to those who have hearts. I just want to say: I thank you, my dear students, who are at work conscientiously and assiduously, for the good you are doing. I am grateful to you for giving the sick relief from pain, for bringing joy to the suffering and hope to the disconsolate, for lifting the fallen and strengthening the weak, and encouraging the heart that is faint with hope deferred. We are made glad by the love which looseth the chains of sickness and sin, opening prison doors to such as are bound; and we should be more thankful than words can express, even through this white-winged messenger, our JOURNAL.

With all the homage beneath the skies, yet were our burdens too heavy, but for the Christ-love that makes them light, and makes the yoke easy. Having his word, you have little need of words of approval and encouragement from me. Perhaps it is a selfishness in me to sometimes relieve my heart of its secrets, when I take so much pleasure in so doing; but if my motives are pure, I minister they will harm myself only, and I shall have the same joy of knowing the wrong motives are not yours, to be shared on yourselves.

These two words in Scripture suggest the sweetest similes to be found in any language, — *rock* and *feathers*: "Upon this rock I will build my Church;" "He shall cover them with His wings." How blessed it is to think of you as "beneath the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," safe in His strength, standing on His foundation, and covered from the devourer by His divine protection and affection. Always bear in mind that His presence, power, and peace gratify all human needs, and bring all bliss.

To this benediction from the Teacher, many hearts are responding a glad Amen. Blessed is the Messenger who cometh in the name of the Lord.]

DUALITY OF LIFE.

THAT curious psychological story, or study, called Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, shows how entirely a man is what he thinks himself. Dr. Jekyll is mainly a good man and respectable, rich and learned; but he has a sinister side, and this side he chemicalizes into separate life, so that, at will, he can be either one or the other, Dr. Jekyll or his opposite, but not both at once. Hyde does awful things,—even commits a murder,—of which Jekyll is ashamed.

The Doctor does not resemble his awful Double, either in mind or stature, and this Double finally undoes him quite,—like the Double in Dr. E. E. Hale's famous tale. One day Mr. Hyde is utterly unable to transform himself back into his inventor, Dr. Jekyll; but the bloodhounds of the law are on his track, as Hyde, and so he commits suicide.

This is not a mere story. It is a study, showing how every one has good and bad thoughts within. Our better and worse selves often hold arguments together, as if each of us were two persons, instead of one; "their thoughts," as the Apostle expresses it, "the meanwhile accusing or else excusing one another,"—holding a sort of dialogue with one another.

Now a human being must either grow better or worse. There is no standing still. If bad thoughts are cherished, we become bad in character; if good thoughts are embraced, we become good. To either darkness or light, the nature is transformed; and "if the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!" If we let the cursed Mr. Hyde within us perpetually get the better of the blessed Dr. Jekyll within us, may not the time come when evil will have full possession, and the angelic be driven altogether from the field?

LITTLE RHODY.

IN the Rhode Island Legislature, an attempt has been made to pass a law restricting healing to the licentiates of a Medical Board appointed by the State. An able speech against such restriction was delivered by Professor J. R. Buchanan, and is reported in the Des Moines Medical Liberator. Many citizens of good repute testified to the aid they had received from Christian Scientists.

BEWARE OF FALSE TEACHERS.

Mrs. PLUNKETT and Mrs. Hopkins are travelling over the land, ostensibly teaching Christian Science, and deluding their victims by the thought that they possess it, pure and simple. When they consider it be for their advantage, they claim to be Rev. M. Eddy's students; but otherwise, they deny her teachings,—worse than that, they vilify her.

To the public be it said, that their journeying is done for the profits, and not in the interest of the Cause; and the many people misled by them, in the cities and towns of the West, are mourning for a victimized condition, or else loudly proclaiming that Christian Science is a humbug.

It is said that they both belong to a theosophical society. Now Theosophy is the very opposite of Christian Science, bearing the same relation to it that mortal mind does to the Immortal Mind. Theosophy is a sense of dominion of the human mind. It is dangerous, because of the claim of this mind to power. Theosophy is only another name for Animal Magnetism. When students of Christian Science enter into fellowship with this error, they cease to be Christian Scientists. Nay, more! they prove that they could never have been true Scientists.

Let our Western friends be cautious, both as to their lessons and their teachers. This statement is made for their benefit.

S. H. C.

REV. A. J. GORDON, D. D.

This noted Baptist clergyman's article on Christian Science, in the *Hammer*,—a small Chicago sheet,—smells a good deal of spent powder. I quote this sentence, which is perhaps new:

We do not question that the practitioners of this Science are in some cases effecting marked cures; nor do we charge them with practising any fraudulent imposture.

As to the charge of pantheism, if he understood Christian Science, the reverend gentleman would realize how pantheistic are the views he now entertains. As regards theosophy, he has much fellowship with it as we.

The hammer is good; so is the fire; but let the hammer strike while the iron is hot, and let it not strike amiss.

C.

SEA-SERPENT.

HIS MAJESTY was recently seen on Lake Champlain. Among the astonished observers was W. H. H. Murray, the famous Adirondackian.

Fortunately, Murray is not a man to take things for granted, and went after a powerful spyglass, which he owned.

Presently the monster again hove in sight, moving with extreme velocity. The glass solved the riddle, as the telescope resolves the Milky Way into an aggregate of many stars.

The Serpent was only a long flock of birds, flying northward. Their dark backs and wings looked like the slate-colored body of a snake; while their white breasts gleamed like the scales of a sea-griffin. The natural tremolo of the birds resembled the quiver of an undulating reptile.

While Murray gazed, two other Sea-serpents came in sight,—both likewise composed of winged travellers.

Many a monster of disease thus resolves itself into a myriad of heavenly blessings, when viewed through the glass of Christian Science. Distance lends enormity to the view.

It is but fair to add that another observer—who also had a glass and writes to the papers—disagrees with Mr. Murray, and avers that this explanation does not account for the regular undulations and the curious dips and disappearance of the distant form.

BIBLE VERSIONS.

HELEN SPURRELL, of London, has made a translation highly praised by scholars, and said to be more enjoyable than the famous Revised Version. She seems to have drunk in the dramatic spirit of Hebrew poetry more profoundly than previous translators, and her original arrangement of the Psalms, Song of Solomon, and several other books, furnishes a key to a clearer interpretation. In the language of a reviewer, "No translator in the future will venture to ignore her work."

HE is not the discoverer who first utters a truth, but he who says it again and again, until he compels mankind to hear him!

INVALIDISM IN THE COLLEGE CLASSES.

FROM St. Albans, Vt., Earnest Inquirer writes to the Teacher, ask why she stipulates that the pupils in the Massachusetts metaphysical College should be persons in good health.

In reply to this lady, and many others who ask this question, Mrs. Eddy wishes it said: that her classes are for teaching, not healing; and that students who enter the school in order to be healed, can not be thoroughly taught. She therefore feels strained to take under her instruction only those who are perfectly well. A sick person is not in the proper condition for learning Christian Science; and Mrs. Eddy's other work will not allow her to treat students. Moreover,ailing members of the class would interfere with the rights of other students, who come to learn how they can demonstrate Truth. Chemicalization is likely to take hold of a pupil while going through the lessons, and this is a positive hindrance to the immediate acquisition of spiritual knowledge. The priests, under the Hebrew dispensation, had to be sound in body, and the sacrifices had to be without blemish. Those who would follow Christ should be presented to him without spot or wrinkle.

DEMOCRACY AND OTHER PAPERS.

THIS is the title of a handsome volume of 250 pages, by James Russell Lowell.

There are nine essays. Two were spoken in this country: one on Books and Libraries, given at Chelsea; and one at the 250th Anniversary of Harvard College.

The other seven — on Democracy, Garfield, Wordsworth, T. W. Higginson, Dean Stanley, Fielding, and Don Quixote — were delivered in England, in various places and on special public occasions.

Not only is each of these papers a tissue of delicate and forcible English, enlivened by apt quotations and graced with felicitous allusions, but the author does good service for advanced ideas, in the three realms of Literature, Morals, and Politics. While admitting the evils of Democracy, for instance, he is ever loyal to the popular freedom for which this country stands. While recognizing the coarser side of old books, he is not blind to their higher merits. Published by Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

COLLEGIATE AFFAIRS.

ANOTHER Primary class was opened at the Massachusetts Metaphysical College, May 2, composed of thirty-four members. Four other applicants, who came with the full tuition-money in hand, were not accepted, on account of imperfect health, which unfits one for the study of Christian Science. Those who entered came from eleven different States, and were cultured and intellectual people, — including pharmacists, physicians, law-students, temperance-reformers, artists, — all eager for the Truth, and accepting with respect and gratitude the new light of Christian Science Mind-healing, as explained by its Discoverer, who elucidates it as nobody else can.

STUDENT.

RETROGRESSION IN REFORM.

DR. HOWARD CROSBY's argument in favor of opening beer saloons for two hours on Sunday, for the sale of beer on draught, is surely a backward step for a reform advocate; and must necessarily nullify the whole measure of Sunday-closing, should his concession be permitted. No good result is ever achieved by temporizing with error.

C.

ANGELIC HEALING.

AROUND Bethesda's healing bower,
Waiting to hear the rustling wing,
Which spoke the angel nigh, whose power
Gave virtue to that holy spring,
With patience, and with hope endued,
Were seen the gathering multitude.

Had they who watched and waited there
Been conscious of the passing thought,
With what unceasing, anxious care
Would they that quick'ning flood have sought,—
And with what fervency of Soul,—
The Power Divine, to make them whole.

SUPERSTITION is to religion what astrology is to astronomy, a very foolish daughter of a very wise mother.

VOLTAIRE.

MRS. POST'S OFFENCE.

UNDER the strong title, *The Liberties of the People Imperilled*, O. Flower, in the *American Spectator*, calls attention to the legal crime of trying to prevent the practice of the healing art according to the methods of Christian Science. He cites the case of Mrs. Post, of McGregor, Iowa, who was fined fifty dollars and costs for the grave offence of praying with a sick woman, with a view to healing her through mental faith.

Thus he argues :

Nothing can be more fatal to a republican government, than legislation in the interest of any class ; and every medical law passed has been framed and pushed through the Legislature by the doctors for the purpose of securing a monopoly of medical practice, and depriving the people of the right to employ whom they please. The same spirit of intolerance which inspires these laws, inspired the awful persecutions of the Dark Ages. In one instance the laws protected the regular doctors of divinity, and persecuted all liberal or Protestant theologians, compelling the people to go to the law-protected priesthood for soul-sickness, instead of following the dictates of their consciences. In the other instance the law protects the regular medical practitioners who have secured its passage, and seeks to compel all people to go to them for remedial aid, instead of following the dictates of common-sense.

JOHN RUSKIN.

THIS distinguished critic has stoutly denied any inclination toward the Romish Church. It should be conceded that he knows his own views in that direction better than Dame Rumor.

THE bed of flowers loosens amain ;
 The beauteous snowdrops droop o'er the plain.
 The crocus opens its glowing bud ;
 Like emeralds others, others like blood.
 With saucy gestures primroses flare ;
 And roguish violets, hidden with care ;
 And whatsoever there stirs and strives,
 The Spring's contented, it works and thrives.

GOETHE.

Economic Hints.

If anyone provideth not for his own, and especially for those of his Own House, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an unbeliever.

PAUL TO TIMOTHY.

IMPORTANT OFFER.

MR. GEORGE A. QUIMBY, son of the late Phineas P. Quimby,—over his own signature, and before a witness,—stated, in 1883, that he had in his possession at that time *all* the manuscripts written by his father. I hereby declare, to expose the falsehood of parties publicly intimating that I have appropriated matter belonging to the aforesaid Quimby, that I will pay the cost of printing and publishing the first edition of those Manuscripts, with the author's name attached :

Provided,—that I am allowed first to examine said Manuscripts, and that I find they were Mr. P. P. Quimby's own compositions, and not mine, that were left with him many years ago,—or that they have not, since his death, in 1865, been stolen from my published works ; and also, that I am given the right to bring out this one edition under copyright of the owner of said Manuscripts, and that all the money accruing from the sale of said book shall be paid to said owner. Some of Mr. Quimby's purported writings, quoted by J. A. Dresser, were my own words, as nearly as I can recollect them.

There is a great demand for my book, *Science and Health*. Hence Mr. Dresser's excuse for the delay in publishing Quimby's Manuscripts—namely, that this age is not sufficiently enlightened to be benefited by them (?)—is lost ; for if I have copied from Quimby, and my book is accepted, this acceptance creates a demand for his writings.

MARY BAKER G. EDDY.

NORMAL CLASSES.

MR. WALKER, of Leavenworth, Kansas, writes as follows :

I am a student of Mrs. H. Heathwood, who taught in Denver, Colorado. I saw her diploma, with the names of Mrs. H. P. Read and A. T. Buswell attached. She only claims that her teachers were of the Eddy School. Mrs. Heathwood is an honest and staunch expositor of Truth, as set forth by the grandest woman who has ever lived, Rev. M. B. G. Eddy.

In response to this letter, and its added request for information, Mrs. Eddy wishes it said that her students are not yet qualified to teach Normal Classes, though they are succeeding well in the Primary work.

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to be the grandest truth, the most
to health and purifying to morals, of
er presented to the people. Words
ate to express my thankfulness for
years of sickness, I am restored to
our method. An intelligent read-
books cannot fail to induce health.

MRS. JOHN HUNTLEY,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

I longed to see you, and bless you
at good wrought in my family. An
band, chronic cough and headache,
apt well for years, entirely healed,
a health and strength, all within
after I first saw your book, *Science*

MRS. M. H. PHILBRICK,
1884. *Cuba, Allegany Co., N. Y.*

Students speak in the highest terms of
of their inspired teacher. We have
to express in this brief letter our in-
to the author of Science and Health.
of that work needs no other monu-

Sincerely yours,

E. W. SPAULDING,
Chicago, Ill.

Thanks for the good received from
When I commenced reading
carrying about a very sick body.
have healed me. I am now in per-
People look at me with surprise

and say they do not understand it; but when
they see the sick ones made well they are not
always willing to believe it.

MRS. JOSEPH TILLSON,
July 5th, 1884. *South Hanson, Mass.*

It is not quite eight weeks since my at-
tention was first called to Science and Health
and I think it the most wonderful, important
and beneficial study to mankind since Christ.
Born like yourself, of Orthodox and Puritan
parents, I was ready to accept gratefully your
instructions.

MRS. LUCY B. WRIGHT,
Sept., 1884. *Munroe, Wis.*

Only He who knows all things, can fully
estimate the good you are doing humanity.

MRS. J. H. ROBB,
Feb. 26, 1885. *Jackson, Mich.*

I wish to communicate to you the case of a man
who was a drunkard, profane, and a tobacco-
eater, cured by reading your books. After a
long spell of intoxication he seemed to hear a
voice as from God,—before reading your books
he disbelieved in such a Being,—that said
"Choose to-day, life or death." He chose life,
was sobered in a moment; all desire for tobacco
or liquor left him, and has never returned. He
passes the saloon with a feeling of perfect in-
difference, so far as his appetite is concerned.
There is much more connected with this case
as seemingly miraculous; and still some people
will keep your books from being read, and say,
you cannot heal. You have made a family
every whit whole, simply by your writings. That
the combined efforts of every church in town
could not have accomplished.

MRS. M. N. PHILBRICK,
Feb. 1885. *Austin, Illinois.*

It is a great truth you are giving to the
world, and the suffering are greatly in need of
it. I have read your works with a life interest.

L. H. PHELPS, .
June 20, 1884. *Onset, Mass.*

I have been most fearfully afflicted with
neuralgia and nervousness. Have tried every
remedy and many eminent physicians with-
out any benefit. Could only obtain relief
when under the influence of morphine. The
last few months I have been treated by Mrs.
Eberman of West Lake Street, Chicago. Went
there for the purpose. I consider myself cured.
I also think (so do others of my family) that
my cure is almost miraculous. This lady has
performed other cures as remarkable, and all
from READING YOUR BOOKS; and to her praise
be it said, she works diligently for the cause
and for the glory of God, never turning the
poorest and humblest from her door, treating
all alike, with or without remuneration.

With blessings on the great cause, I am,
truly yours,
L. EBERMON,
March, 1885. *Leavenworth, Kansas.*

I would rather be the author of Science and
Health, than to wear the crown of any
Potentate on earth.

H. H. BLANDING,
Jan. 1885. *San Francisco, Cal.*

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The Normal Class is open to those who have taken the first course at this College, or to persons taught by its Normal Students; and such persons must bring certificates, from their teachers, of good health and moral character. Six daily lectures complete the course. Tuition, \$200. It is advisable to practise at least one year before entering the above Class.

The Class in Metaphysical Obstetrics includes six daily lectures, and is open only to students who have taken their Primary Course at this College. Tuition, \$100.

The Class in Theology completes the Collegiate course. This class includes six lectures on the Scriptures, and a summary of the Principle and practice of Christian Science. Tuition, \$200.

Students may graduate, who have passed through all the classes at this Institution satisfactorily.

Those sending their names in due season will receive timely notice of the commencement of each term. None but those in good health, and with good moral character, are accepted as students. All applicants are subject to examination, and may be rejected if found unprepared to enter.

Reasonable board can be obtained in the vicinity of the College. Largest discount to an indigent student, 100.00 on the Primary Course; no reduction on the other Courses. Husband and wife, if they enter together the Primary Class, pay only the one fee, of \$300.00; but entering the Class at different times, each must pay the regular tuition; and no deduction will be made to them for the subsequent courses.

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through God, to the pulling down of strongholds.—PAUL.

VOL. V.

JULY, 1887.

No. 4.

SPIRIT AND LAW.

Notes from a sermon preached in Chickering Hall, on Sunday, June 5,
Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy.]

THE preacher's text was in Paul's word to the Galatian church,—the eighteenth verse of the fifth chapter of that epistle: "But if ye be led of the Spirit, ye are not under the law."

WE are accustomed to think and to speak of gravitation as a law of matter, when every quality of matter, in and of itself, is inert, inanimate, and non-intelligent. The assertion that matter is a law, or a lawgiver, is anomalous. Wherever law is, Mind is; and the notion that Mind can be in matter is pantheism,—rank infidelity, which either excludes Mind from the universe, or includes Him in every mode and form of evil. Pantheism presupposes that God sleeps in the mineral, dreams in the animal, and wakes in wicked man.

The distinction between that which is and is not law, must be made by Mind, and as Mind. Law is either a moral or an immoral force. The law of God is the law of Spirit, the moral and spiritual force of Immortal and Divine Mind. The so-called law of matter is an immoral force, of erring

mortal mind, *alias* the minds of mortals. This so-called force, or law, at work in nature as a power, prohibition, or license, is cruel and merciless. It punishes the innocent, and repays our best deeds with sacrifice and suffering. It is a code whose modes trifle with joy, and lead to immediate or ultimate death. Our blessed Master called it "a murderer from the beginning."

Electricity, governed by this so-called law, sparkles on the cloud, and strikes down the child at prayer. Floods swallow up homes and households, and childhood, age, and manhood go down in the death-dealing wave. Earthquakes engulf cities, churches, schools, and mortals. Cyclones kill and destroy, desolating the green earth. This pitiless power smites with disease the Good Samaritan ministering to his neighbor's need. Even the chamber where the good man meets his fate is not privileged with exemption from this law. Smoothing the pillow of pain may infect you with smallpox, according to this lawless law, which dooms man to die for loving his neighbor as himself, when Christ has said, "Love is the fulfilling of the law."

Our great ensample, Jesus of Nazareth, met and abolished this unrelenting false claim of matter with the righteous scorn and power of Spirit. When, through Mind, he restored sight to the blind, he figuratively and literally spat upon matter; and by the anointing with this great Truth, that Mind is All, he demonstrated the healing power and supremacy of the law of Life and Love.

In the spiritual Genesis of Creation, all law was vested in the Lawgiver, who was a law to Himself. In Divine Science, God is One and All; and, governing Himself, He governs the spiritual universe. This is the law of Creation,—that man, through God, shall have "dominion over all the earth," and that Mind, governing itself, governs all things. On this infinite principle of freedom, God named Himself, I AM. Error, or Adam, might give names to itself, and call Mind by the name of Matter, but error could neither name nor demonstrate Spirit. His name, I AM,

licated no personality that could be paralleled with it, but did declare a mighty individuality, even the everlasting other, as infinite consciousness, everpresence, omnipotence, as all law, Life, Truth, and Love.

God's interpretation of Himself furnishes man with the only suitable or true idea of God, and the divine definition of Deity differs essentially from the human. It interprets the law of Spirit, not of matter. It explains the eternal dynamics of Being, and shows that nature and man are as harmonious today as in the beginning, when "the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

Whatever appears to be law, but partakes not of the nature of God, is not law, but is what Jesus declared it, "a law, and the father of it." God is Good, and Good is the law of Life, not of death, of health, and not of sickness, of good, and not of evil. It is this infinitude and oneness of God that silences the supposition that evil is a claimant or claim. The consciousness of Good has no consciousness of knowledge of evil; and evil is not a quality of God, to be known or eliminated by Him. "He is too pure to behold iniquity;" while iniquity, too evil to conceive of Good unlike itself, declares that God knows iniquity.

When the Lawgiver was the only law of Creation, freedom reigned, and was the heritage of man; but this freedom is the moral power of Good, not of evil. This is Divine Science, in which God is supreme, and is the only Law of Being. In this eternal harmony of Science, man is not falling; he is governed in the same rhythm that the Scripture describes, when "the Morning Stars sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for joy."

As children might, impatient of the school,
Despise the letters, longing for the songs
And stories that they catch the echoes of.
The songs are written, but first, learn to spell!
The books will keep,—but if we will not learn,
We shall not read them when the right time comes,
Or read them wrongly and confusedly.

KING.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE IN POLICE COURT.

THIS record is derived mainly from the *Fredericton Gleaner*, New Brunswick, and touches a subject of vital interest to all Christian Scientists. The *Gleaner* article is headed: *Mysteries of Healing; Emma Whitlock among the Lawyers in Court.*

It appears that Miss Whitlock roused the envy and opposition of the regular physicians of that region, who took measures to have her punished for healing through Christian Science.

The Police Courtroom was crowded on Tuesday, April 12, when the investigation of the Christian Scientist case was first taken up, before Police-Magistrate Marsh.

The Magistrate read the charge, which was made on information of Sergeant Candine, who was duly appointed by the Council of Physicians and Surgeons, against Miss Emma Whitlock, for practising physies and surgery in that city, between the first of January last and first of April, without being registered or licensed, as provided for under the New Brunswick Medical Act of 1881.

The investigation proceeded with the examination of witnesses for the prosecution, by James A. Van Wart, counsel. After one witness had been examined, the trial was postponed, Mr. Van Wart being ill.

The investigation was resumed on Thursday morning. Besides several men, a large number of ladies graced the cold, subterranean courtroom with their presence. They were not all witnesses, but their sympathy with the woman prosecuted was manifested in various ways,—by glances, smiles, and kind words.

The first witness testified to her cure by the Christian Scientist, and to presenting her benefactor with a pair of hose, which she had knit for her, by way of recompense.

Lily Dayton, of St. Mary's, was the next witness, and gave evidence as follows:

first met Miss Whitlock about the middle of January. I told of my troubles, and said I wanted to be treated by her. She said she would treat me, and would cure me, and I believed her. She then placed her hands over her face, and remained in that position a few moments. She then said she could cure me, and I answered that I believed she could; then I went away. I returned four days, by appointment. She went through with the same kind of treatment, and I offered her money,—a dollar. She said she did not want it; but I told her she must take it, and she did so. I offered her fifty cents more, but she refused it. She visited her four times afterwards, and after the fourth visit I considered myself perfectly cured. Her treatment consisted entirely in placing her hands over her face. I thought she was praying, though I did not hear a word.

When the witness was asked why she thought Miss Whitlock was praying, she replied that she (Miss Dayton) felt it for her own soul. The Counsel remarked that the Court was going into deep waters, and the witness was dismissed. After evidence by another witness, the Court adjourned until the afternoon, when, after the examination of two witnesses, there was an adjournment until Friday.

The investigation was then resumed, in the presence of a large number of spectators. The case had awakened a widespread interest, partly due to its novelty, and partly to the sympathy aroused for the Defendant. The presence of so many ladies in the Fredericton Police Court was quite a novelty in itself, and Judge Marsh witnessed a revolution he never dreamed of. Attendance at Police Court not only became popular with the fair sex, but Christian Science was discussed on street-corners and elsewhere, much after the same fashion of talking politics.

Whatever may be said of Miss Whitlock's mysterious powers, or mode of treatment, she at least succeeded in leading a good many people in Fredericton, including some of the best, to believe that she had done them good. Consequently numerous friends and sympathizers were extremely anxious for her welfare, and none of them were backward in giving expression to their feelings. The Counsel for the

Prosecution was at times subjected to manifestations of disapproval; but he evidently conducted the case in a manner to suit himself, and win it if he could, not to please particular persons.

Another witness testified to the benefit her boy had received from Christian Science, in a case of lameness.

Dr. Currie, Registrar of the Council of Physicians and Surgeons, was next called upon to give his evidence, after which Mr. Beckwith moved to have the case dismissed; but Mr. Van Wart said it would be better to hear the whole case through. Miss Whitlock, the Defendant, was then called, as the first witness for the Defence, and the following dialogue took place:

Mr. Beckwith. What is your business or occupation?

Witness. I am a Christian Scientist.

Counsel. What is a Christian Scientist?

Witness. The name explains itself.

Being told that such an answer was not satisfactory, the witness added, that she taught the Truth and the knowledge of Christ.

Counsel. To whom do you teach the Truth?

Witness. To all who come to me.

Counsel. Have you practised physics or surgery since coming to Fredericton?

Witness. I have not.

Counsel. Have you taught?

Witness. I very often refer to the Bible, and teach those who come to me, that Christ's commission to his followers was to heal the sick and preach the Gospel. I always tell those coming to me that they come to God for their health, and not to me; that I am used by Him, and that I give myself to the work.

Counsel. Do you pray?

Witness. I pray always. I know nothing, scientifically, about diseases. It matters little whether we know what the disease is, or not.

Counsel. What is your authority?

Witness. My authority is the Bible, and Mrs. Eddy's work, entitled, Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures. In

tion to praying, I will at any time stay all night with the sick, nurse them. I have repeatedly done so since coming to Fredon. I do not do it for hope of reward, and have never done. I do not make any charge, as I understand the term. I like patients to give what they please, as a thankoffering to God for health.

The cross-examination was then conducted by Mr. Van Wart, after which Court adjourned until the next Tuesday. Under this cross-examination Miss Whitlock said :

I have been in Fredericton since New Year's Eve. I resided with my brother in St. Stephen, previous to coming here. I have been an invalid since childhood. I was in Boston three years and six months, under the treatment of physicians. I came home four or five years ago last fall. I commenced the study of this Science in November last. A Christian Scientist, Miss Tyter, came to Calais, and it was from her that I first learned of the Science ; and it was from her I bought Mrs. Eddy's book. I read it and studied it, until sometime July last. I then took a course of studies of about three weeks from a Christian Scientist, who was at that time in Calais. My brothers were sick, and I tried to have them relieved through myself, and they were.

Mr. Van Wart. Explain the nature of your three weeks' course of study.

Witness. I cannot give it without the Bible. The Bible is the basis of it. The studies were in harmony with the teachings of the Bible. The instructions were, that we can control the body and the Mind, and that Mind is God. It was in this way that the various cures were wrought ; because he says, " Not I, but the Father." Because he was wholly controlled by God, he had power over all.

The witness here made a remark, in answer to the Counsel, to this effect, that if her teaching was of God it would prevail, as in Bible times ; but if not, it would fail. She expressed her willingness to have her method put to the test, and some of her sympathizers manifested their hearty approval of this by loud demonstrations of applause. When order was restored, the witness continued :

The nearer communion we have with God, the better we understand Him, and the greater is our power over evil in ourselves and in others.

We must omit, for want of room, the remainder of the cross-examination, which occupied a space of nearly three columns in *The Gleaner*.

At the opening of the Court on the next Tuesday morning, it was announced that all the evidence in the case had been taken. Mr. Beckwith asked to put in evidence a letter written by the Registrar of the Council of Physicians and Surgeons, to Miss Whitlock, and this was finally allowed.

Mr. Van Wart then offered in evidence the list of doctors registered in the Province, as published in the *Royal Gazette* of April 28, 1886.

Mr. Beckwith, in closing for the Defence, occupied the attention of the Court until the adjournment, speaking over an hour-and-a-half. He supported the grounds of objection, as previously advanced by him, for the dismissal of the case, and then proceeded to discuss the question whether or not Defendant had practised *physic*, under the interpretation of the Medical Act. He claimed that the Act was passed before the alleged offence of Christian Science was known, and therefore the Act could not extend to this method of healing. He held that Miss Whitlock's manner of treatment did not come within the broad and popular meaning of the word *physic*, and referred to various dictionaries in support of his position. He further claimed that she practised *theology*, not *physic*; and that the word *physic*, in the Act, is used only in a medical sense, and not meant to hamper theology in any way.

Mr. Beckwith further contended, that if such a prosecution were allowed in the United States, as that sought by those moving in this matter, there would arise an outcry which would end in rebellion. He blamed the Fredericton doctors, and them alone, for this prosecution. If they were not alone responsible, why were not actions taken against Christian Scientists practising in other parts of the Province?

In conclusion, he referred to the presence of the ladies during the examination, and stated that the Court had treated them courteously; but he would not say the same for the prosecuting Counsel, who had reprimanded one lady for interfering with witness.

The Christian Scientist case was concluded at five o'clock Tuesday week, James A. Van Wart, Counsel for the Prosecution, occupying over two-and-a-half hours in his closing speech.

He thought the Court must be convinced that Miss Whitlock was practising the healing art, in curing diseases of the kind, upon the very same theory as that practised by the regular practitioner.

When the time arrived for opening the Police Court the next Monday, the place was thronged with spectators, many of whom had gathered to hear the Magistrate's rendering in the Christian Scientist case. When he had taken his seat, and order had been secured, he at once took up the Whitlock matter, stating that he would only give his own opinion on the matter, and would defer judgment to another day. As the Science was likely to be practised in all parts of the Province, he would like to see a judicial opinion in the matter, and was willing to render any assistance to obtain the utterance of such an opinion. The question which called for decision was: Did Defendant practise physic, as charged in information? The Magistrate had no doubt, if the Science she professed to teach was that of physic, that she clearly did it for hire, gain, or hope of reward. Was it *physic*? or was it something else? Was it what is meant in the statutes by *physic*? In construing penal statutes, the rule was to construe them strictly.

His Honor here cited dictionary authorities for the meaning of the term, quoting Worcester's, Webster's, and Wright's definitions. From them it appeared that the word *physic* meant the art of healing by remedies or medicine. The meaning of medicine, as given, was: "Any substance that cures or mitigates disease, or is used for that purpose."

From such definitions, he was of the opinion that to practise physic, in the ordinary or general meaning of the word, was to practise the art of healing by medical remedies; and in that sense it was used by the Legislature in passing the Act. There was no evidence before him that the Defendant in any way used medicine, or remedies of any kind. In treating her patients, she informed them that *she* could not heal them, and did not profess to do so; but that it was God who wrought the cures. Her treatment, according to the evidence, consisted in placing her hands over her face, and remaining silent, in a devotional attitude, for a few moments. This was the only means used by her, and therefore could not be a violation of the Legislative Act.

Judgment was reserved until the next Saturday, to allow Counsel, if possible, to agree upon a case which could be submitted to the Supreme Court on appeal, as a high judicial opinion would alone satisfy the public.

It has since come to our knowledge, through Miss Whitlock, that the final decision of the Supreme Court was in her favor.

For what contend the wise? For nothing less
Than that pure faith dissolve the bonds of sense;
The soul, restored to God by evidence
Of things not seen,—drawn forth from their recess,—
Rests there, and not in forms, her holiness;
That faith, which to the patriarchs did dispense,
Sure guidance, ere a ceremonial fence
Was needful round men thirsting to transgress;
That faith, more perfect still, with which the Lord
Of all, himself a Spirit, in the youth
Of Christian aspiration, deigned to fill
The temples of their hearts who, with His word
Informed, were resolute to do His will.
And worship Him in Spirit and in Truth.

WORDSWORTH.

How many people would be mute, if they were forbidden to speak well of themselves, and evil of others.

INTELLIGENT RELIGION.

E. A. B.

the history of the struggle of mankind after something which gives satisfaction, there is found nothing so potent as influence, for either good or evil, as religious belief.

This belief has been advocated by those who think it is in their own interest to have the people believe it; and in proportion as leaders succeed in imparting desires of priestly tradition, are the people led to accept these doctrines, as embodying the desires reflected by the originators of the doctrines. If the progenitor of a doctrine anticipates pleasure in his plan, he imparts a sense of his own anticipation; and the people are led to attribute to the doctrines the merit of a sense of anticipation reflected from him.

If the desire of the originators of a doctrine is for power and domination, this idea becomes their God; and as they impart their sense of God, they inspire in mankind a love for what they teach, as containing good. If the doctrine teaches a sense of Justice, then Justice surely becomes the peculiar attribute of their God, and nothing is pleasurable to them which is not in accordance with their ideas of Justice. In proportion as a sense of good is imparted in connection with their ideas of Justice, are men led to believe this sense derived from the idea; and so they become converts to the sense, when they think it is the merit of the *idea* which converted them.

Mercy is the idea conveyed, the good, of which they are sensible, witnesses to the idea of Mercy, and men think they become the converts of Mercy.

It is even with a god of wood or stone. The advocates of that god impart their sense of anticipation to the people, and are thus led to believe that the god imparts a sense, which in reality only comes from human anticipations.

Now anticipation is an effort to locate good in some particular time, place, or thing. The more remote the time

and place, and the scarcer the thing, the greater the anticipated good. In regard to ideas, the oldest idea receives the greatest veneration; but the latest is used to excite the greatest anticipation.

When an anticipation of certain good in a certain station in life is prevalent with the people, there is a strife for that station, which men believe desirable. If the people believe that wealth gives them pleasure, then the strife is for its possession. If the admiration of the world is regarded as bringing the most pleasure, men vie with each other in trying to win public favor.

If there is an ideal supremacy, which only one can gain, there is a constant strife among the converts, for that supremacy. They are like animals, retarding each other's progress, or trying to outstrip each other, in order to win the prize which one must obtain, if at all, at the expense of his fellows.

The results, in discord and confusion, are enough to satisfy the candid thinker as to the error of following a false belief of good in the station to which men aspire, — enough to show the error of following an idea of God, Good, which can only be attained by a limited number.

From these explanations it will be seen, that converts to a religious belief which limits God, are converts only to the beliefs or desires which animate their teachers. If there is one desire which is unintelligent, that desire has had its influence in determining the acceptance of a doctrine. This desire is the spirit which beareth witness to the letter, and by which the letter is understood.

Hence we understand why converts sometimes return to their former beliefs. The desires of the teacher, under whom they were converted, were like their own, or pupils could not have accepted the doctrine, without the change in desire which should accompany it. Because the teacher professes what he does not believe, his followers are led to do likewise. Becoming tired of hypocrisy, they throw off the mask of profession which he has given them.

in a church which does not base its faith on creeds, but on spirit, this order is reversed; and if anyone leaves the ritual church, he descends thereby from an understanding of an unlimited God, to a belief in a limited Deity.

Whoever undertakes to heal cannot extend the reflection of Good, while he himself limits God. If the patient seems to improve, it is only for a time, while stimulated by participation of limited good, which does not satisfy. This explains all successes and failures.

The desire is the Spirit which beareth witness; and be the desire intelligent or unintelligent, its fruits will appear. Unintelligent desires are the tares, which are sown by him who attempts to profit at the expense of his fellow-man, not knowing that he is teaching the same thought which condemns himself, and little realizing that the thought will bear against him.

What then, is the question, can man follow as an ideal of God, which will convey a desire that will never afterwards bear against him? Jesus taught us peace and good-will towards men. Peace and good-will cannot exist with a limited sense of God,—Good. They require freedom from limitations, — spiritual good.

No man ever felt good-will towards another, whom he thought had it in his power to limit his capacities or acts. No man ever loved a God whom he expected to ultimately destroy him. He may have loved the sense of anticipation, which he has received from one who had a selfish object in making him believe the limited sense of good, he himself experienced, as coming from thoughts of bliss in the future, which could only be reached through the gates of death, or dissolution. Now this is deceit! Nay, it is crime! It is as much murder to deceive a man into the belief that death is necessary to his eternal happiness, and thus encourage him to pass that ordeal, as it is to sever his head from his body: the motive of the one act is no better than the motive of the other. I refer to those who do these things knowingly. Those who do them ignorantly cannot be blamed.

The wilful deceiver will hesitate, when he finds the deceit he imparts rising up in judgment against himself.

The demand of the world today is for a more intelligent religion. It is found in the understanding that nothing but Spirit should be taught. Those who undertake to teach the letter do so only because they think the letter necessary to the conveyance of the Spirit; and the letter is understood from the Spirit in which it is taught.

If we cease to look to the spirit of indifference or ambition, in which we were educated, to understand these words, and take the Spirit of the teacher of spiritual truths, we shall understand; but it is impossible for a love with a thought of envy, jealousy, or greed, to understand the Spirit of Love. Spirit is the only language that conveys an idea. Words are empty and vain. If we ever learn anything, it is Spirit we learn.

Those who aspire to Fame, can only inspire desires for Fame; and, as all cannot attain wordly fame, the effect is to excite mankind to envy, jealousy, and strife.

How carefully then should the choice of teacher or preacher be made. It is better to have none than to have one who implants desires which result in discord.

The teachings of Jesus have been advocated for ages; but this advocacy has been witnessed by thoughts of ambition or selfishness. Had this not been the case, the Spirit of Love would be universal today. Wars and tumults have followed in the path of those who have tried to make the letter of Jesus' teaching subservient to the unintelligent spirit of greed; until at last the spirit of greed, by themselves inspired, rose up against them, and was their judge and executioner, — their rockahead.

A consideration of what we are teaching, whether Spirit or letter, and the understanding that the thoughts we teach will surely rise up and bless or curse us, will go far toward making us carry out Jesus' plan of an intelligent and spiritual religion.

All who are animated by Love and good-will are the firm

ward-bearers of intelligent religion. Then advance, ye
ward-bearers! and may the Spirit you implant judge
for weal, not woe. The God of Intelligence, Truth,
Love, will secure to you harmony and peace; as
roads of ignorance, lust, hatred, and hypocrisy ensure to
certain discord and defeat.

These results will not be brought about by a supernatural
power, but through the secret desires we impart, rising up
to bless or curse us.

CHRISTIANITY AND HEALTH.

H. P. S.

The world has about recovered from the first shock occa-
sioned by the proclamation of the Gospel of Mental Healing.
Birth-throes have been prolonged by the false claims laid
upon it. The craze and curiosity of the frivolous are finding
Christian Science to be beyond their reach. The fears of
sober-minded are fast subsiding, and their thoughts are
resting upon a surer foundation.

The attitude of the church reminds one of a certain digni-
fied lady, who had her gravity unsettled by being badly
jerked about in a crowd, and then began to rearrange her
features, smoothe back her hair, and put on a serene
countenance. What a long spiritual distance the church is
from the hidden meaning of the Bible; yet this hidden
meaning is what gives it Life.

Christian Science is the mightiest Christianizing power
since the days of the Apostles. The triumph of Christian
Science is grander than that of Evangelicism. When
the light is quickened, and the condition of holy inspiration
is effected, we are made capable of becoming all that is
best, loftiest, purest, in Christian character, thought, and
action. Christian Science is scientifically certain, Scriptur-
evident, and philosophically true.

We feel that our School is sending forth to the world

better men and women. With broader spiritual culture, they are morally and intellectually endowed for active service, because they have been students in our particular institution. We feel that Christian Science is the ultimatum of man's highest aspiration, and thoroughly in harmony with his best interests; and that we possess the best means of promoting the greatest good of mankind.

Why should Christendom look to material aids and conditions, or to inherited constitutions, for the health of our people? Christian Science demonstrates that only in the right conception of man's relation to God is health to be found. As the dazzle of wealth and prosperity may cause a church to retrograde, so will dependence on material aid make us succumb to bodily suffering.

We may more surely trace a broken-down constitution to broken moral precepts, than to disobedience to the laws of health. The best recipe for sleepless nights and dyspepsia, is a generous heart. Feel inspired with lofty ideas, fix the thought firmly on a noble purpose, keep the atmosphere fragrant with kindness and charity, and the body will thrive with robust health. Such a moral condition lifts mortal mind to higher planes of being, brings out celestial beauty, and develops all that is deep and rich in character,—raising us to higher and mightier supremacy.

It is that victorious and transforming power which alone overcomes the world, vanquishes diseases, wins the sinner from his ways. It is the divine illumination, by spiritual effulgence, which breaks gloriously forth in boundless and ceaseless power.

Christian Science is nursed into development under the tenderest sympathies of a woman. In her honor—in whose presence we delight to linger, whose serenity and virtue are a joy to us, from whose life we have imbibed courage and inspiration—we would pour out beatific treasures, which her teachings have enriched within us. The world may extol a departed master; but as for me, I prefer the living embodiment of the Truth, in our own age.

Questions Answered.

BY REV. MARY B. G. EDDY.

A MAN hath joy by the Answer of the mouth.

PROVERBS.

What course should Christian Scientists take in regard to aiding persons brought before the courts for violation of medical statutes?

BEWARE of joining any medical league which in any way obliges you to assist — because they chance to be under arrest — vendors of patent pills, mesmerists, occultists, sellers of impure literature, and authors of dangerous works on mind-cure. By entering error such a service, you lose much more than can be gained by mere unity on the single issue of opposition to unjust medical laws.

A certain paper has agents, advocating a league which obligates members to give their money and influence in support and defence of medical charlatans in general, and possibly to aid individual rights in a wrong direction, — which Christian Science shews. Anybody and everybody, who will fight the Medical monopoly, can join this league. It is better to be friendly with cultured and conscientious medical men, who leave Christian Science to rise or fall on its own merit or demerit, than to affiliate with a class of people who have already done what they could do to disgrace the cause of Mind-healing.

Unconstitutional and unjust coercive legislation and laws, invading individual rights, must be "of few days and full of trouble." The *vox populi*, through the providence of God, promotes and impels all true reform; and, at the best time, will redress wrongs and rectify injustice. Tyranny can thrive but feebly under a free government. God reigns, and "will turn and overturn" until Right is found supreme.

In a certain sense we should commiserate the lot of regular doctors, who have planted and sown and reaped, for centuries, in the fields of what they deem pathology, hygiene, and therapeutics, but are now elbowed by a New School of practitioners, outdoing the value of the Old. The Old will not patronize the New School, and do not understand its medical system.

Christian Science Mind-healing rests demonstrably on the broad and sure foundation of Science; and this is not the basis of *Materia Medica*, as some of the most skillful and scholarly physicians openly admit.

To prevent all unpleasant and unchristian action — as we drift, by the right of God's dear Love, into more spiritual lines of Life — let each society of practitioners, the Matter-physicians and the Meta-physicians, agree to disagree, and then patiently wait on God to decide — as surely He will, which is the best system of medicine.

Agates.

AND I will make thy windows of Agates.

ISAIAH.

THE astronomer thinks of the stars, the naturalist of nature,
the philosopher of himself.

FONTANELLE.

BUT the Vine standeth stripped and desolate,
Having given all ; and now its own dark time
Is come, and no man payeth back to it
'The comfort and the glory of its gift.

KING.

GREECE, so much praised for her wisdom, never produced but
seven wise men. Judge of the number of fools !

GRECOURT.

ALAS ! we make a ladder of our thoughts, where angels step,
But sleep ourselves at the foot. Our high resolves
Look down upon our slumbering acts.

AMMIAN.

THE first point of wisdom is to discern that which is false ; the
second, to know that which is true.

LACTANTIUS.

HAVE love of every sweet and noble thing,
Though farther off than the far side of death.

KING.

As surely as God is good ; so surely is there no such thing as
necessary evil.

SOUTHEY.

Is it not God's own very finger-tips,
Laid on thee in a tender steadfastness ?

KING.

A MAN'S life does not consist in what he *does*, but in what he
is. His capacity of enjoyment is in what he does to increase the
enjoyment of others.

CONTEMPT is frequently regulated by fashion.

ZIMMERMAN.

Letters.

WORD spoken in due season, how good it is! PROVERB.

SCHOLARLY PRAISE AND INQUIRY.

W. MARY B. G. EDDY, — Dear Madam: I have just finished your work entitled *Science and Health*. I need not tell you that it is a revelation to me. Orthodox interpretations of the Bible have for many years seemed so unsatisfactory, and—in the language of Bacon, in condemning the Aristotelian philosophy—borne so little *fruit*, that I drifted first into Materialism, afterwards into Agnosticism, preferring to acknowledge my ignorance, rather than clothe it with pedantry.

Brought from childhood to regard the so-called miracles of the Bible as suspensions of law, I soon came to believe (with Hume) in the fallibility of human testimony, rather than the mutability of law. I rejected human testimony, when brought in opposition to the unbroken experience of the sequence of nature.

From the same time, I have often had strong drawings to the Ideal Philosophy of Bishop Berkeley. Your teachings have brought me to a point where I can, without violence to reason, acknowledge the works of Christ, regarded as the exercise of Truth in dispelling error.

I should like to write you at length, informing you what Christ-Science has done for me, mainly (as yet) in the acquisition of new thought and affections. After three weeks' treatment, an acute cystitis still lingers, notwithstanding my own conviction that it is an illusion of mortal mind.

Will you permit me to question your derivation of the word *polis*, from the Greek word *po-lis* (a city), as stated on page 225 according to Skeat's Etymological Dictionary it is derived from Latin *polire* (to make glossy). Webster gives a like derivation. A recent contributor to the New York Nation calls James Russell Lowell to account for a similar mistake, in his recent address at Harvard College, upon the occasion of President Ireland's visit to Cambridge.

I am, with great respect,

—, A. M.

A REJOINDER.

THE passage in *Science and Health*, referred to by our respected correspondent, is the following :

In it [a city] are the most eloquent preachers and the most benevolent institutions, the miracles of architectural grandeur, . . . and wonderful provisions for public convenience, like extensive aqueducts and well-ordered streets. So largely is this true, that one can easily believe that our word *polish* is derived from *po-lis*, the Greek word for *city*.

It is noticeable that the author does not assert the word *polish* to be positively so derived, but that the theory is easily believable. This derivation has been ably advocated, in company with other derivations: such as *urbanity*, or *courtesy*, from *urbs*, or *city*. — a metaphorical use of *urbane*, which Dean Trench finds to have been first used by the Latin poet Terence; *pagan*, from *paganus*, or *peasant*; *villain*, from *villa*, or *village*; *barbarian*, from *barba*, or *beard*; *savage*, from *silva*, or *forest*; *heathen*, from *heath* (*country*), or from the Greek *eth-nos* (*flock, swarm, or nation*).

It is dangerous to assert absolutely that an English word is derived from a particular word in Latin, Greek, or any other language; for often, as Max Muller shows, we find ourselves led astray by a mere resemblance.

Nevertheless, this theory of the derivation of *polish* (though not original in *Science and Health*, and one for which that book is not responsible) is far from absurd, as may be seen from the following considerations.

Mr. ——— is mainly correct in his statements about the words *polish*, *po-lis*, and *polire*, and yet not wholly so. It is true that *polish* comes directly from *polio*, to *smooth* or *furbish*, as may be seen by consulting Andrews and Stoddard's Latin Lexicon; but this is not the end of the story.

Whence came the word *polio*, — or *polire*, its infinitive? Our word *polite* comes from the Latin *politus*. Other Latin words, suggestive of their English descendants, are the adverb *po-li-te* (in three syllables) meaning, *elegantly*; *politia* and *politicus*, whence come *politic*, *politics*, *political*, *politician*; besides *politio* and *politura*. Each of these words involves the idea of *polishing*, *furbishing*, *improving*, *adorning*, *decorating*.

Politicus, "belonging to civil polity, or to the State," is from the Greek *po-li-ti-kos*, which is certainly formed from *po-lis*, or *city*.

Webster derives *polity* and *policy* from the Greek *po-li-tei-a*, *politics* from the Greek *po-li-ti-ke*; yet *policy* and *police* both come into the English language by way of the Latin *politia*, and *politics* has the French *politique* for an immediate ancestor.

Now let us look a little deeper. *Politia* is Latin; yet the dictionary marks *politia* with a dagger (†) and explains that it is from the Greek *po-li-tei-a*, (with the accent on the third syllable,) a word meaning *State*, and constituting the title of one of Plato's works.

The fact is, Greek is older than Latin, and many a Latin word is itself derived from the Greek. Often, when the English word goes back to the Latin to find its progenitor, it might go farther back, to the Greek; just as a man is descended not only from his grandfather, but from his great-grandfather, and from his great-great-grandfather too.

As near relatives of *polish*, Webster names not only *polio*, Latin; *polir*, French; *pulire*, Italian; *pulir*, Spanish; *polerer*, Polish; *polera*, Swedish; *poliruyu*, Russian; *caboli*, Welsh; but the Arabic equivalent (*chafula*) suggests a relationship between *polish* and *file*.

Open now a Greek dictionary, and you will find *po-lis* set down as akin to *po-le-o*, *pe-lo-mai*, and *po-le-mos*, — words which have reference to *tumult*, *agitation*, *battle*, *fighting*, *quarrel*. A city, or polis, was a *war-town*, or a *walled town*.

This looks as if all these words, akin to *polish*, may have a common origin in some ancient belligerent root, and that to *polish* means primarily to *subdue*. Why not? When wood, stone, metals, men are said to be *polished*, this means that their natural roughness and dulness are *subdued*, *conquered*, *overcome*. The polished brass becomes bright, the polished granite becomes smooth.

Perhaps it is a hint in this direction which leads Webster to give *Poland* — and its adjective, *Polish* — from a Slavonic word *polje*, or *plain*; as if the level land of Poland took its name (as perhaps it did) from the suggestion that it is *levelled*, *subdued*, *smoothed*, *planed*. Not only is the fair land of Poland geographically level, but politically as well, — trodden into silence by the yoke of tyranny. Worcester does not recognize this Websterian derivation; but it may be true, all the same. All wisdom does reside in Dr. Worcester's great compilation.

If Science and Health errs in a point of etymology, it is glad to do so (Mr. ——— being the witness) in such good company as Mr. Lowell's; though the writer fails to find the passage in the address referred to by our correspondent, unless it be the following, on page 236 of Lowell's recent book:

I am not ignorant that wealth is the great fertilizer of civilization, and of the arts that beautify it. The very names of *civilization* [from *civis* and *civitas*] and *urbanity* [from *urbs*, or *city*] show that the refinement of manners, which made the arts possible, is the birth of cities, where wealth earliest accumulated, because it found itself secure.

That the arguments herein set forth are not conclusive, is very true; but they are sufficient to show that *po-lis* and *polish* may not be so far apart, after all.

WHAT IS MAN?

WITHIN a few days I have listened to an address before a company of students, the subject being, What is Man?

The essay was full of thought and suggestion; but the speaker, after making his anxious inquiry, plunged into the mire of beliefs and superstitions, and, after wallowing about for three-quarters of an hour, put his head out and reiterated the same cry, What is Man?

Had our Teacher, Mrs Eddy, been there, to have answered the question, not one of those students could have gone out into the world and made a failure. Everyone who receives Divine Science receives a Proclamation of Emancipation direct from God, releasing him from the manacles of belief, error, and superstition.

To understand in part our relation to our Father, apprehending in part our position in our Father's house, as children, with Jesus as our Elder Brother, brings release from greater bondage than mortal man has ever experienced under human law. If the joy which comes from partial understanding is so great, what can the perfect understanding be?

Christian Science does not leave us like slaves without a refuge, but sets us free, to find ourselves walking hand-in-hand with our true Father, in whose image and likeness we were created; and in His name we can give rest to the diseased, and do good as we "have opportunity unto all men," if they be but willing.

M. A. B.

GRATITUDE FROM CHICAGO.

DEAR TEACHER: As such I think of you; for what I know of Christian Science has come from your divinely inspired lips.

I have only had the pleasure of listening to you once. That occasion was one of my never-fading memories. I often recall that Sabbath afternoon in summer, when, with impassioned eye and inspired lips, you pressed home the words of Truth. A power going forth to sow, some of the scattered grain fell on good ground; and if the harvest is surely but slowly ripening, it is due to you, and to none other.

Please excuse me for intruding upon your busy hours, but I feel that there is a great maelstrom of error and malice threatening to overwhelm you as the representative of the Truth; and I do wish that some little word or thought of mine might help uphold your hands, until the Truth shall entirely prevail, and crush out the legions of falsehood, leagued in vain against you.

In your care and keeping is all this wonderful Truth, and nobly and gloriously have you held aloft the beautiful and unsullied banner, at once the symbol and trophy of your aspirations and knowledge. Were this the whole of your record, you would have no peer on the scroll of immortal renown, which is now yours. Down all the ages of coming time, the Divine Light and Life must appear to have been incarnated in you.

I can promise myself no higher treat in the near future than that of sitting at your feet, and listening to the words, eloquent in melody, and thrilling with such pitying tenderness as the archangels must feel; such as we know the Christ felt, when he talked — on the mountain, at the seaside, or in the Garden of Gethsemane — to those astray midst the clouds of error.

Now I know, my dear Mrs. Eddy, that while the moon sees many brooks, the brook can see but one moon; and that, in what I think and say, I am only a unit among the thousands and tens of thousands who love and adore you. For all that, it is an unutterable satisfaction to be such a unit.

I have strung out my words so long, I fear I shall vex your patience; but please forgive me, when you recall my motive, — to bring to your mind, in the midst of the battle, that legions upon legions are loyal to you under all circumstances.

W. P. PHELON, M. D.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

VERY recently a doctor, in good standing in his community, related a piece of his experience. Among his patients, two were so ill with pneumonia that he knew there was no hope of recovery. So believing, he began to experiment upon them. He forbade medicine, and treated the patient with nothing but water, which he carried from his own home, in order to deceive both the parents and their families. These patients recovered.

Now what does this story prove?

First—That medicine is not needful for the recovery of a patient, even from a (so-called) hopeless case of pneumonia.

Second—That this doctor, by his own showing, preferred to experiment, rather than to say: "I have reached the end of my knowledge; perhaps someone else may be able to do more."

Would that doctor, think you, have been, content if the case had been reversed, and anyone had experimented with *his* child? The Golden Rule is universally acknowledged, even by those who deny Jesus to be the giver of it. Shall we entrust with the least responsible, the least conscientious persons, the lives of our dear ones or of ourselves?

Life, whose Principle is comprehended by no mortal mind; Life, which can be communicated only by the Supreme Intelligence; Life—how easily it seems to be turned, or thwarted, or ended (alas and alas!) by the ignorant, vengeful, malicious.

The stonecutter, the ironworker, the carpenter, go to their work with the careless assurance that if they ruin their materials there is no vital harm done, nor anything injured that cannot easily be replaced; but the doctor,—if he fails or ruins that whereon he works,—where shall he find Life to replace that which he has destroyed? He should approach his work with humility; with awe, and with all earnest endeavor to know the Source of all Life; rather than with insensibility to the difference between working on human life and powers, and working on wood or stone,—and with such colossal self-conceit as to overtop the aggregate intelligence of the rest of the world.

Third—This doctor, having the confidence and trust of a family, deliberately deceived them. Perhaps they took fresh courage from his words, "While there is life, there is hope," at the very time when he was, for all he knew, hastening the end of

at life. A man will end the life of another to satisfy revenge ; burglar will take life to shield him from discovery. Both the murderers, according to legal and social decisions. What of the one who comes as a helper, but knowingly and deliberately uses means which may be as fatal as the bullet ? Is he to be trusted ? It was when Cæsar saw his trusted friend among his assailants, that he covered his face from the world and died.

When physicians show so often that they really know so little, and demonstrate that medicines are not absolutely needful, is it any wonder that the mind of man seeks some other way to regain health ?

The disciples of Æsculapius seem to have made but small progress, after all these hundreds of years, if still they must experiment. Would it not be wise to turn to the Disciples of Christ now ? We have some account of the lives they lived, and the healing they effected. The teaching and the power have never been taken away ; but have been waiting to be recognized and used.

Humbly and reverentially acknowledging the Power that created the universe, and all it contains, as the Source of Life, and of all that is good and true, why not go direct to this Fountain-head for a good and true body, as well as for a good and true Mind ?

The knowledge how to live, the Science of living in the perfection of the teachings of Christ, is what Christian Scientists are investigating and exemplifying. Deceit, being evil, is in opposition to this Science ; and no real Christian Scientist can enter a circle of confiding persons and try any remedy unknown to them. What the students have already demonstrated can easily be ascertained by anyone who desires to know.

A PATIENT.

But the Vine standeth out amid the frost ;
And after all, hath only this grace left,
That it endures, in long, lone steadfastness,
The winter through ; and next year blooms again,—
Not bitter for the torment undergone,
Not barren for the fulness yielded up,—
As fair and fruitful towards the sacrifice,
As if no touch had ever come to it,
But the soft airs of heaven and dews of earth ;
And so fulfils itself in love once more.

KING.

Sermonettes.

LET thy Speech be short, comprehending much.

ECCLESIASTICS.

INWARD PEACE.

FENELON.

THE word of the Lord came unto me.—Ezekiel xxviii. 1.

So long as we dwell within ourselves, we shall be a prey to the opposition, the malignity, the injustice of men. Our temper brings us into collision with other tempers—our passions clash with those of our neighbors; our wishes are so many tender places, open to the shafts of those around. No peace is to be looked for within, when one lives at the mercy of a crowd of greedy desires, and when we can never satisfy this *me*, which is so keen and touchy as to whatever concerns it. . . . The only remedy is to come out of one's self, in order to find peace. We must renounce ourselves, and lose all self-interest, that we may no longer have anything to lose, to fear, or to contrive. Then we shall enjoy the true peace reserved for those who have no longer any will but God's, which becomes theirs. Then men will not be able to harm us; they can no longer attack us through our hopes or our fears. . . . We wish what we have; we wish nothing of what we have not. The more perfect is our self-surrender, the more perfect is our peace.

PREPARED MANSIONS.

[Selected.]

IF it were not so, I would have told you.—JOHN xiv. 2.

Do you take in the thoughtful tenderness of Jesus' words? A mother, stilling her frightened child in the dark, might speak just so. That brooding love makes room for all that we can want. He has sounded every deep of a troubled and tempted life. Who so sure as he to understand how to prepare a place where troubled and tempted lives may grow serene?

AN OLD MIRACLE.

A STUDENT.

BLESSED be the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, who hath sent an angel, and delivered His servants that trusted in Him.

DANIEL iii. 28.

THE writer has previously considered (in a Sermonette on the Uselessness of the Senses, in the JOURNAL for May, 1887, page 187) some of the reports of the senses which prove their entire unreliability. We will now pursue the same subject a little further, and in a slightly different direction.

We have seen, as the physical scientists have explained, that the sensation which we recognize by the name of *heat* is caused by vibrations in the surrounding medium. Flame is a good type of heat-producers. A certain chemical action — which stands out by itself, as a peculiar, separate, and distinct action, which is distinguishable in several ways from any other, but which need not be further particularized just now — becomes recognized in a certain way by the senses, and we call it *flame*. This action sets going, in the surrounding medium, certain motions styled *vibrations*, or *undulations*. All this may be very roughly illustrated by throwing a stone into water. When the stone falls into the water, it sends off in every direction, through the water, certain motions of the water, which on the surface, we call *waves*, but which, in the interior of the water, we call *vibrations*. The particles of water move up and down, or move about in their places; and these vibrations of the water are not in the remotest degree a part of the stone, nor are they in any way like the stone.

The comparison is somewhat rough, but the vibrations caused by the flame, in the medium surrounding it, are like those in the water, caused by the falling stone. The vibrations, which go out from the flame, are no more a part of the flame, than the vibrations in the water are a part of the stone; nor are these vibrations necessarily any more like the flame, than the motions in the water are like the stone. As well might the fishes say that the stone contained within itself the vibrations which it sets in motion in the water, and that they were a part of the stone itself, which it sent out into the water, as for us to say similar things of the flame, and the vibrations flame produces. In neither case are the vibrations any part of the object causing them. We have no more

right in the one case to say they are similar to the object from which they radiate, than we have in the other; and we know that in one case (the stone and the water) there is entire dissimilarity.

We have two distinct objects: first, the flame; second, the vibrations produced by the flame in the surrounding medium. It is essential to recognize clearly that these are entirely separate, and not to lose sight of their true relation as two objects.

These vibrations vary in velocity. When, moving at certain specified rates, they come in contact with our nerves, an effect is recognized in our sensations, which we call *heat*. Physiologists are not certain where the sensation becomes sensation, or begins to exist, as such; but this is of no importance in the matter we are considering. There is no doubt, however, that the sensation is not vibration. Indeed, it is not certain that there is not — along the nerves, between the vibration and the sensation — another and unknown object which separates the two, sensation from vibration. At all events, sensation now appears as a third, and also an entirely distinct object in the series: 1, flame; 2, vibration; 3, sensation of heat.

That these vibrations, the middle object in the series, are not really heat, is very conclusively demonstrated by the fact that, when they increase in velocity beyond a certain rate, they no longer produce in us the sensation of heat, but do produce the sensation of light; and at another point of velocity they produce neither the sensation of heat nor of light, but of sound. There is, therefore, between the sensation and the flame, something which is not either, but which is totally unlike either.

The reader who has followed the reasoning carefully thus far, must be ready to acknowledge that the sensation of heat or warmth, according to the laws of physical science, is entirely unlike the flame which we say produced it, has not an element in common with it, and does not exist as such, or in any such form, outside of our own consciousness. To follow the series backward to the starting-point: the sensation of warmth, or heat, is entirely separate and distinct from, and not a part of, vibration, or motion; vibration is equally entirely distinct from, and unlike, flame. We therefore must conclude that there is no quality in the flame which in any way resembles the sensation of warmth. The flame really is not heat; nor is it hot. Warmth, or heat, is strictly and accurately a sensation only, and does not exist except in consciousness.

As an illustration in which there are some points of similarity,

t in which all the points are not similar, let us suppose a boy strikes a ball with his bat, and the ball hits me. The action of the boy does not hit me, nor does his bat; but it is the ball which causes a sensation of pain. Now suppose I cannot see the ball or the bat, and that whenever I do see the boy, I experience a sensation of pain from the blow of the ball, should I not be as fully justified in saying that the boy was painful, as I should be in saying that the flame is hot?

"But," says one, "the flame burns me." That is solely because you believe in the evidence of your senses. You do not pretend to believe that the sun moves around the earth. Although your senses tell you every day that it thus moves, you know better. Warmth is solely a sensation, and unqualifiedly has no existence anything outside of our own consciousness. Change the consciousness, and make it in accordance with the actual fact,—realize the Truth of real existence, and throw off the realization of the unreal error,—then flame will not burn. Realize and believe God's own Truth, in the same way and as fully as you now realize and believe the error, and flame immediately becomes harmless.

Perhaps there is no story in the Bible more generally disbelieved than that of the three Hebrews who were cast into the furnace, heated with sevenfold heat, but who came out without the smell of fire on their garments; yet, in view of what is here presented, this is undoubtedly a literal fact, narrated just as it occurred.

There is, in one sense, nothing wonderful about the occurrence. It was in exact harmony with God's laws, and is only an instance of the truth of Bible history. The only wonderful thing about it was the perfect realization those three men had of the Truth. Give them that, and all the rest is as nothing! Yet why is it so wonderful that they should fully and entirely believe the Truth? Is it not rather more wonderful that the lie should be universally believed?

Considered in one sense, this is an illustration which God has given us of the working of Truth. How do we treat it, and His record of it? We simply disbelieve the whole story, and use this part of the record as an argument for the unreliability of the whole. We pervert the Truth and "believe a lie," that we may be condemned. Even this heathen king did better; for he said in his decree: "There is no other God that can deliver after this sort."

Home.

WHATSOEVER things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report.—if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise,—think on these things.

PAUL.

VALUE OF CIVILITY.

[From *The Christian at Work.*]

THERE would be fewer broken friendships, fewer unhappy unions and family quarrels, were it not so much the custom, among intimate friends and relations, to neglect the small courtesies of life, to show less and less mutual deference, as we grow more and more familiar.

It is the foundation of misery in marriage; and many a serious and life-long estrangement has begun, not from want of affection, so much, as from lack of that delicate and instinctive appreciation of the feelings of others, which makes a person shrink from saying unpleasant things or finding fault, unless absolutely obliged, and in any case to avoid wounding the offender's sense of dignity, or stirring up within him feelings of opposition and animosity; for although many persons profess to be above taking offence at honest censure, and even seem to court criticism, yet it must be very carefully administered, not to be unpalatable.

Even kind and generous actions are often so uncouthly performed as to cause the recipient more pain than pleasure; while a reproof or denial may be so sweetened by courtesy, as almost to do away with any sense of mortification or disappointment. Good breeding is always inclined to form a favorable judgment, and to give others the credit of being actuated by worthy motives. It does not wish or seem to know more about people than they themselves desire should be known; but it is always prepared, when necessary, to take an interest in the affairs of others, while self is not suffered to obtrude unduly.

IN exalting the faculties of Soul, we annihilate, in a great degree, the delusion of the senses.

MARTEN.

A DISGUISED PRINCE.

[Selected]

PLEASANT story is told of Rudolph, the Crownprince of Austria, who, while hunting in Bohemia, entered a grassy clearing, where an old woman was feeding her goats. He said to her : "God bless you, Mutterchen ! [Little Mother] How are you to-day ?"

"Oh, how can such a handsome young man speak so friendly to an old woman ! Yes, it is a hard life I live, but, God be thanked, I am healthy."

"A hard life, indeed, so hard ?" said the young forester.

"Yes, my young master ; but it would be worse without these darling goats, who support and provide for my old age."

"They are, indeed, handsome animals. I should like to buy one."

"Oh, to that I cannot consent — especially now, when I have just cut a lot of fresh grass for them."

"I pay you well, what then ?"

"Then perhaps I could let you have the old one. It would be better for me to let you have the young one."

"But it is the young one I want."

"Oh, no, impossible ! She gives me seven scidel of milk daily, and I could n't spare her ; but the other is also good, and you can have her for four gulden."

"But I will give you six gulden, and take the younger."

"That is a heap of money ! Young master is surely not a fool ! God bless you ; but will the poor goat be fed well by you ?"

"Of course !" So the bargain was made, and he handed her a ten-florin note. "Here, give me four florins change."

"Oh, dear master, you must be fond of joking. In my attic, up there in the valley, I have not ten kreutzers, much less."

"That is unlucky ; but here, take the ten-florin note, and in ten days I will come back here for the change."

"Oh no ; I could n't be responsible for so much money. Keep the note, and when you change it, bring the money to my room, or to the inn in the village."

"Here is a better offer. Keep the goat for eight days longer, feed it well, and I will pay you the four gulden change as board-money for my goat."

"Four gulden for eight days! No, no, that is too much money, young master. You are really a spendthrift. Surely, you must learn to be more careful."

"Ah, Little Mother! Here, take the note. Now expect to hear from me in eight days!" and he disappeared.

The poor goat-keeper called after him in vain. One of the retinue, who had been an unobserved witness to the scene, quieted her at last, by assuring her that the young forester would return in eight days.

And so he did,—by proxy, however; for eight days later, at the very hour of his disappearance, the Mayor of the village appeared, and informed the honest old woman that His Imperial Highness, Crownprince Rudolph, to whom she had sold her goat, desired her to use the ten florins, and begged her to keep the goat for her own, and feed it well.

Words cannot describe the old woman's joy when she learned who her strange visitor really was. Here is a lesson for all: to deal kindly with everyone, and never assume a haughty manner when thrown into the company of those who happen to be, socially, our inferiors.

PUSSY BELLRINGER.

Mrs. MARY JOHNSON, in *Our Little Ones*, tells a good story:

Purr, purr, purr! Pussy sat on the kitchen window-sill, with her eyes half-shut, and purred and purred. She looked very sleepy indeed, but she was more sly than sleepy.

She was an Angora cat, and very handsome. She had long, silky, white fur and fringed ears, and a bushy tail like a squirrel. She often curled it over her back, just as a squirrel would.

Pussy was in the kitchen a great deal, and she saw the cook making custards and puddings and cake. She wanted some. She meant to have some.

She noticed that, whenever a certain bell was rung, the cook left the kitchen, and stayed out for several minutes. The bell-cord was within her reach, if she stood up on her hind feet. It was not where the cook would see it.

Pussy slyly pulled the cord with her forepaws, and rang the bell. The cook went to see what was wanted, and Pussy devoured a custard in great haste.

Sly Pussy! When the cook came back the cat lay in a corner, and seemed fast asleep. She played this trick over and over again. But after awhile some one hid, watched while the cook was out, and saw Pussy ring the bell.

MEDICAL MEN.

THERE is much truth in the following statement, from a spicy temporary :

Doctors as a rule are fine fellows — kind, considerate, courteous, generous, charitable, influential, and deservedly so. We are all the creatures of instances and governed by our environments. Many medical men are misguided by colleges and circumstances. They honestly believe . . . medicine is a science; that medical colleges teach all there is of the healing art. . . . These schools assume this; and it is not strange their students . . . grow conceited, egotistical, and intolerant. Like school, like . . . Monopoly is the curse that works this evil.

Homopathy enforced its ponderous and poisonous doses, until Homopathy challenged and contested the right to this monopoly. Then the school flew to legislation for protection against the infamous quacks. It joins hand and glove with its former enemy and the Eclectics, against the Christian Scientists, and their more influential, subtle, and dangerous agency—Spirit.

PLAYING FOOL.

[From the *Temperance Review*.]

A industrious young shoemaker fell into the habit of spending his spare time in a saloon. One by one his customers began to desert him.

When his wife remonstrated with him, he would carelessly reply: "Oh, I've just been down a little while playing *pool*." His two-year-old boy caught the refrain, and would often ask: "Will you goin' down to play *fool*, papa?"

The father tried in vain to correct this word. The child persisted in his own pronunciation, and, day by day, he accosted his father with the same question: "Has you been playin' fool?" This made a deep impression on the shoemaker, as he realized the loss of his customers, and the growing wants of his household. He resolved again and again to quit the pool-table, but he could not, and so he allowed the passion for play to hold him a long time.

Finally he found himself out of work, out of money, and out of friends. Sitting on his bench one afternoon, idle and despondent, he was heard to exclaim: "No work again today! What I'm to do I don't know!"

"Why, papa," prattled the baby, "can't you run down and play fool some more?"

"Oh, hush, you poor child," groaned his father. "That's just my trouble. Papa has played fool too much already." But he could not resist, and he played it again, and today his home is comfortable and happy once more.

CARE OF CHILDREN.

REV. MARY B. G. EDDY.

THE daily ablution of an infant is no more natural or necessary than it would be to take a fish out of water once a day, and cover it with dirt, in order to make it thrive more vigorously thereafter in its native element. Cleanliness is next to godliness; but washing should be only for the purpose of keeping the body clean, and this can be effected without scrubbing the whole surface daily. Water is not the natural habitat of humanity.

Giving drugs to infants, noticing every symptom of flatulency, and constantly directing your mind to such signs,—that mind being laden with illusions about disease, health-laws, and death,—these actions convey your mental images to your children's bodies, and often stamp them there, making it probable that, at any time, such ills may be reproduced in the very ailments you fear.

JULY.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

[In *St. Nicholas*.]

JULY — for you the songs are sung
By birds the leafy trees among;
With merry carolings they wake
The meadows at the morning's break,
And through the day the lisp'ing breeze
Is woven with their treetop glees.
For you, the prattling, pebbly brooks
Are full of tales like story-books.
For you a fragrant incense burns
Within the garden's blossom-urns,
Which tempt the bees to hasten home
With honey for their honeycomb.
The river, like a looking-glass,
Reflects the fleecy clouds that pass,
Until it makes us almost doubt
If earth and sky are n't changed about.
July — for you, in silence deep,
The world seems fallen fast asleep;
Save on one glorious holiday,
When all our books we put away,
And every little maid and man
Is proud to be American!

Animal Magnetism.

THE land that Thou gavest unto our fathers, to eat the fruit thereof and the good thereof, behold we are servants in it; and it yieldeth much increase unto the kings whom Thou hast set over us, because of our sins. Also they have dominion over our bodies and over our cattle, at their pleasure, and we are in great distress.

NEHEMIAH.

WHEN they shall say to you:

"Inquire of their necromancers and wizards,
That peep and murmur;"

Then say ye: "Should not a people inquire of their God?
Should they inquire of the dead for the living?"

ISAIAH.

ITALIAN WITCHCRAFT.

FROM the Saturday Review are gleaned some very interesting statements on this subject, which is nearly related to Animal Magnetism.

A chief employment of an Italian witch is to *attacare* (attack) persons. A lover may pay her more for a single charm, but those who want to *attacare* somebody are her steady customers. The purpose of this spell is to render a person either incapable of action and reason, or the use of some faculty. Those who have a lawsuit, pay a witch to bind the tongue of the advocate who has to speak against them. This does not mean that he is to be struck dumb,—that would frustrate the whole design,—but merely that he is to be rendered incapable of speaking effectively.

When a man is entirely bound, he must remain in the position he happens to be in at the moment, or assume another position at command: and he loses all consciousness. After hours he awakes from his trance, and continues the movements he began before it fell upon him. To leave a man in such a position would be murder, and in due time he is always unbound,—at least in the popular stories. Whether the charm would in time lose its effect, if it were not retracted, seems rather a doubtful point. Among the believers in magic, opinions differ, and tales might be cited in support of either view.

BEWARE !

[Abstract of an extempore discourse, delivered May 22, in Chickering Hall, Boston, by Captain S. F. Linscott, of Chicago.]

BEWARE, lest men spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the traditions of men, after the rudiments of this world, and not after Christ. COLOSSIANS ii. 8.

WE cannot comprehend the value of this warning, except we put ourselves in the place of Paul, and the people he addressed. This is really the thing for us to do, with every utterance in Scripture.

Nothing purposeless has been put on record. Out of all the teachings of the Master or of Paul, but few things were written down. To understand Scripture is to be filled with the Spirit of Christ,—which controlled those who wrote the Scriptures,—and live in the scenes in which they were written.

Our mortal minds are stirred by reading the words of Washington, Lincoln, Grant, Garrison, Phillips, Mary Livermore, and Frances Willard, because we drink in the spirit of the times which stimulated these actors in civil reform.

Students in reform can see that God prepares the man for the hour, and the hour for the man.

There had been moral darkness on this planet, when Jesus was manifested to mortal sense, to sound the keynote of universal Truth, which has come ringing down to us through all these centuries. His words were like a torch in the hands of men going through the Mammoth Cave. His life was the embodiment of the Truth he taught. His death, to speak figuratively, was God's crimson seal on the charter of love to men.

The value of his life and words to the world depended on the purity of the understanding and teachings of his disciples. If the Truth at all times could be lifted up unveiled, it would be demonstrated in the hands of disciples, as we hear it stated in his word; for he told them so. Paul proved this to his students. The standard was high. It required spiritual discernment.

The great world of materialism was filled with all manner of philosophies, secret and mystic doctrines, as well as malicious thought against the new Divine Science of Being introduced by Jesus and Paul. God had placed their feet on the rock. To move away from it, was to wade through this great sea of material

ought. Not to be in this sea of mortal-mind belief, was as impossible as for us not to be daily in this atmosphere which we breathe. For them not to take in some of the mesmeric influence, was as difficult as for us not to breathe this air in which we live.

Paul drank in all the importance of the times. The welfare of the human race seemed to hinge on the stability of the men who were to preach the Master's words of Love, Truth, and Life, and thus demonstrate its power to heal sorrow, sin, and sickness. For to go back and stand in Paul's place, in such times, is to be able to analyze the text.

For us to read the history of the degeneration of men from the nature of Paul, down through the dark ages; to note the coming-of the man-made creeds of Luther, Calvin, and Wesley; to look at the mighty Propaganda of the Romish Church, knowing the intelligence of the age; seeing the Master's words set at naught, this order of demonstration of the Truth, to save from all pain and sorrow,—all this is to bring us to the hour of Christian Science, and to the words of caution from the noble apostle of Christ. So founded this Science. Beware! Beware!! Beware!!! Watch and pray, study, demonstrate Truth!

Remember! You stand, as Christian Scientists, in the same mesmeric atmosphere that existed in Paul's days; and there are many subtle philosophies, touching almost the very hem of its garment. We have Psychometry, Theosophy, Spiritualism, Theology,—all founded on the mortal-mind basis, or on the letter of the word. Among these, Christian Science stands out like a promontory in the sea, and these *isms* and *ologies* are like the washed rocks beneath it.

The age is hardly ready for Christian Science in its purity, but you belongs the duty of holding it above the dust. Think it! Live it! Preach it! Prove it! *Know* that God is all, and He is God; beside Him there is none else: "All is God and His idea." The ignorance of the world says: The objective forms are the real. The science of Being says: God is Spirit, and His ideas are spiritual. His creations are all spiritual. He thought and spoke the worlds into existence. In Him, in His Mind, all living things "live, move, and have their being."

The cause of harmony is subjective, and manifests itself objectively. All discord has subjective causation, and the remedy

must be the Truth of Life, which, when demonstrated, is peace, or salvation from all error and discord.

The hour is propitious. The Science is fraught with great promise of help for the ignorant and suffering. History is repeating itself in the opposition methods of the old times,—Crucify! Crucify!

The gentle woman who had the courage of her convictions—and hurled this great book, *Science and Health*, in the face of error and superstition—should be heard in every part of our great land, that she may be justified. Those whom she has so kindly befriended should not forget the law of kindness, in their efforts to be just. “Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s.” She has set the great world thinking on a great subject. She has been honored of God, in her struggle through poverty and disease, to help us into the Kingdom in such an hour as this. Our hearts should be filled with praise, not envy.

Like Christianity itself, Christian Science has won a name and virtue that invites many unworthy pretenders. It will live, because born of God in the thought of a saint. It is exactly the gospel our Master taught and lived. As in his day, with his disciples, this reform came not from palace or crown, but from the cross. Let us study to understand, that we may never ignorantly traduce so rich a blessing to our race.

ORANGE MEDICINE AND CHARMS.

HERE is another story about something akin to Animal Magnetism, which is copied from a contemporary periodical:

In the siege of Breda. In 1625. the garrison had the scurvy. The Prince of Orange, unable to relieve the place, sent in, by a confidential messenger, a preparation to be added to a quantity of water, and given as a specific for the epidemic. The garrison recovered its health, but it was afterwards acknowledged that the curative in question was only a little coloring matter.

Homer says that the bleeding of Ulysses was stopped by a charm. Cato wrote an incantation for the restoration of a dislocated limb. Sir Walter Scott writes, in the Lay of the Last Minstrel:

She drew the splinter from the wound,
And with a charm she stanch'd the blood.

WHATSOEVER spark
Of pure and true in any human heart
Flickered and lived, it burned itself towards Him.

INVISIBLE AGENCY AND CONTROL.

A FAMOUS magician has recently been exhibiting his powers in London. The Sunday Record prints the conversation of one of its contributors, styled The Modern Athenian, with an old Bostonian, who resided in Calcutta many years. Here are some of the things the East Indian said, which touch the teachings of this department. The journalist asked the elderly gentleman what he thought of the materialization of spirits, as shown by the necromancer; and thus he responded:

"I have watched him carefully, as I do all the jugglers of any note who visit this city. I go to all the Spiritualist exhibitions also, four-fifths of which are sheer humbug. . . . This man actually materializes certain senses, or influences, for which there is no name that will make my meaning intelligible to Americans generally.

"You have read Mr. Isaacs, the clever book by Crawford? Well then, with some pardonable exaggeration, to make these influences dramatically effective, a description of certain manifestations is given, which in no way surprises cultivated East Indians. Crawford has skilfully availed himself of these peculiar threads, to weave into the woof of his romance. He may be wrong in some of them fearlessly, for latter-day inquiry and latter-day story-tellers are bound to confirm his right.

"This prestidigitateur is too skilful to use the old tricks of stage traps, ring handcuffs, and mirrors. It is really easier for an expert to master the influences which some Hindoos have controlled in successive generations, for hundreds of years, than it is for him to work clumsy stage machinery. You doubt this power, simply because it is strange to you. Now make a note of what I say. Within thirty years its existence will be generally conceded, though its limitations may not be determined.

"The intermittent cropping up of odd manifestations is notorious, and in many cases inexplicable, upon known scientific laws. Take that extraordinary chapter in New England history, the episode of Witchcraft in Salem. Of course, there was great delusion, malice, and vile inventions of weak and wicked minds; but some manifestations, attested by men of undoubted probity, . . . have never been disproved.

"Cotton Mather, even, when conceding the delusion of the time, and his own errors, maintains that certain occurrences took place, inexplicable under known laws; which cannot be denied, without absurd assumptions of incompetency and perjury. The weight of evidence is so strong that a critical examination of it by Peleg W. Chandler, in his Criminal Trials, constrains him to concede its force. You may depend upon it, that control . . . of these unnamable influences is practicable.

But yet one thought has often stayed by me
In the night-watches, which has brought at least
The patience for the hour, and made the pain
No more a burden which I groaned to leave,
But something precious which I feared to lose.
—How shall I show it, but by parables?

Healing: Communications and Cases.

AND try Me now in this, saith Jehovah of Hosts,—
Whether I will not open to you the Windows of Heaven,
And pour out upon you a blessing. MALACHI.

DELAWARE HEALING.

DEAR MADAM: I have been a sickly person all my life, until a few months ago, and was confined to my bed every little while. It was during one of many attacks that your book, *Science and Health*, was handed me. I read it only a very short time, when I arose well, went out into the kitchen, prepared a large dinner, and ate heartily of it.

I have been up and well ever since. I am a marvel to my friends and family, and sometimes they can hardly believe it is I. I feel so grateful, I must tell you of it. I wish everybody in the world would read your book, for I know all would be benefited by it.

Gratefully yours,

ANNA M. SMITH.

KIDNEY-TROUBLE.

DEAR JOURNAL: For encouragement to all suffering with disease, I wish to give my testimony as to what Christian Science has done for me. I can not speak too highly in its praise.

To those who say they have no faith in this method of treatment, I will say that it came to me when in the same state of mind; but having been given up by physicians, on account of kidney-disease, as without hope of recovery, I finally accepted the Christian Science treatment, and was raised to good health.

I have all confidence in Miss Choate's success, judging from the benefit I and others of my household have received from her treatments. She brought me out of a severe attack of dysentery in a few days. She cured a cough of long standing in three treatments, so that I am entirely free from it. These cures were effected by absent treatments.

Miss Choate, who is engaged in this noble work, has a heart full of love for suffering humanity.

A. W. ROGERS.

Cambridgeport, Mass.

DEFAMATION AND SATISFACTION.

Mrs. EMMA D. BEHAN has been very successful in her work in Kansas City. One patient died, however, and the local physicians tried to make capital out of it, against Christian Science. A fair journal of that city publishes the following statements:

In reference to Mrs. Hannah Updyke, who died on June 8, Mrs. Behan did not give her treatments for five days previous to her death; and a physician, consulted by her husband, advised opiates.

Mrs. Garth, of 1107 Charlotte Street, a great sufferer for years, given up by the best physicians, was cured by Mrs. Behan.

LIBERTY INDEED!

AFTER months and years of almost constant suffering, from a strange and seemingly incurable disease, I caught a faint gleam of hope in hearing of the wonderful cures of Christian Science. I immediately placed myself under the care of Mrs. Emma Behan, Kansas City. After three weeks' treatment I returned to my home, feeling like a new woman. God's divine power was made manifest, and His Truth has made me free indeed. Three months ago I could do nothing; now I do just what I wish to do. I do not ride in a carriage without great discomfort. I now ride back eight miles almost every day, and it has no bad effect on me ever.

MRS. KATE PETTY.

Liberty, Mo.

LAST RESORT.

CONSIDER it a duty I owe suffering humanity to give my testimony to the efficacy of Christian Science. I have had dyspepsia and liver-complaint for years, and had tried every remedy, including electricity and Turkish baths, without any lasting benefit. I was in a very weak condition when I commenced Christian Science treatment with Miss Kate Richardson, now of Topeka, a student of Mrs. Behan's. After a week's treatment I was so much improved that I walked a mile, and am now as well as ever. Mrs. Behan has treated about five-hundred patients since she came to Kansas City, a year ago, and her works speak for themselves, for all of her cures are wonderful.

MRS. DR. A. J. BAIRD.

5 Campbell Street, Kansas City.

SICK OF THE PALSY.

DEAR JOURNAL: It is with pleasure I submit this testimonial in Truth, for it is my desire that others should know of this new (and yet old) mode of treating the ills of the flesh. For ten months I have been hobbling along on crutches, having been stricken with that dread malady, palsy, or paralysis, in leg and arm. I have been a burden to myself.

A neighbor, hearing of Mr. Filbert, the Scientist at Council Bluffs, went down to see him, and came back healed of a serious trouble, of many years' standing; so I concluded to go and see this strange man.

I was put aboard the train and came down. On the evening of April 26 I consulted Mr. Filbert, and took my first treatment. He told me to stand up. I did so, and took three steps without my crutches. I then called for them, and departed for the night.

The next morning I took my second treatment, after which Mr. Filbert again told me to walk, and insisted that I *could* walk. I stood up, and walked across the floor and back again.

I cannot express my feelings. Suffice to say, I walked without my crutches. He then told me to leave my crutches, and walk home without them. This seemed a little too much. However, made the effort, and walked to my boarding-place without any difficulty,—without even stopping, though the distance was two-and-one-half blocks.

I have never used a crutch since, and am perfectly well; and I thank the Eternal Father for the manifestation of spiritual power on earth, fraught with good to mankind. I most emphatically recommend Christian Science to all afflicted ones.

CHESTER HAYES.

Tama City, Iowa.

HAY-FEVER.

IN a recent debate on this subject, at an Allopathic medical convention, Dr. F. I. Knight, of Boston, declared that a patient of his was relieved after consultation with a Christian Scientist; and a similar case is reported from Exeter, N. H.

EYES RELIEVED.

[A letter to Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy.]

DEAR MADAM: About seven years ago, I was compelled to go to an oculist, and have an operation performed upon my eyes. He removed my eyes with glasses, which I wore for a considerable time, and removed; but the pain and difficulty returned, and I was compelled to go again to the oculist, who advised me never to take my glasses off again.

I continued wearing them for fully five years longer, until the time in last January, when, upon reading your book, *Science and Health*, I took them off. Since that time, though I have been engaged in courts reporting, and reading fine notes frequently, I have experienced no difficulty with my eyes. Very respectfully,

WILLIAM A. SMITH.

Washington, Del.

WORCESTER.

DEAR READERS OF THE JOURNAL: I would like to say a few words in favor of Christian Science. Two years ago I was suffering from nervous prostration. Miss S. M. Cowen, of 12 Congress Street, Worcester, gave me several treatments, and I consider myself entirely cured. I try to live up to the Truth.

Yours,

L. A. MARTIN.

Worcester, Mass.

HYSTERIA AMONG WOMEN.

[From *The Woman's Journal*.]

Do you not think it worth while to re-quote the following quotation from Eulenberg, a distinguished German neurologist? It is published in the *New York Medical Record*.

The predominance of hysteria among women depends ultimately far more upon the social conditions to which they are subjected, than upon the catarrh and erosions. These conditions combine to arrest energy and independence of thought in women; to suppress impartial comparison of their own individuality with external objects; to restrain conspicuously supervise all impulses to free action; and especially to obstruct and oppose an emancipation from the limits of a narrow and artificial existence. To these circumstances are due precisely the most frequent, extended, and incurable cases of hysteria.

MARY PUTNAM JACOBI, M. D.

MORPHINE AND TOBACCO.

I HAVE been cured of a morphine habit, of twenty-five years' standing, by Mrs. Lottie Salls, a Christian Scientist of this place. The morphine was injected into the system, and the habit had assumed such proportions that I required eight and ten grains daily. The desire for the drug was destroyed in four days. My case had long been considered hopeless by many physicians. My friends were in despair, and it was thought that any time the fatal overdose would be taken. The habit was acquired during the war, when I served as a drummer-boy. The treatment at the same time also destroyed a desire for tobacco, which had been established many years. I feel now like a new man.

CHARLES E. WRIGHT.

Nashua, N. H.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE HEART.

DEAR JOURNAL: During the past ten years I have had organic disease of the heart, enlargement, which at times has been so bad that I could not walk a few rods without stopping to rest. During the past two years, I have been gradually growing worse, getting relief only temporarily, by taking digitalis, so that I had given up all hope of ever being helped.

About two months ago, a friend, who was treated by a Christian Scientist, urged me to try this method. Without the least faith in Christian Science, and with no hope of getting relief from it, I consulted H. L. Dunbar, 184 Broad Street, Providence, who told me he could help me, and probably cure me.

I began to be treated, and almost immediately I could see a change for the better. After the third treatment, I could walk from the railway depot to his office, nearly a half-mile, without stopping to rest; and I have continued to gain, so that some days I have taken walks of three miles in the country, and not felt tired. I do not say I am fully cured; but I am helped, and for this I am most thankful to Christian Science. I can sincerely recommend it to all who, like me, have been seeking after health.

Very respectfully,

GEO. L. MORGAN.

Lonsdale, R. I.

Church and Association.

THE Church of the Living God, the pillar and ground of Truth.

PAUL.

A GOOD EXHORTATION.

[Selected.]

THE preparations of the heart are with the Lord. Let us beseech Him to help us in our infirmities, by His Holy Spirit, that our praise and supplications, which we offer up with one voice and one heart, may be acceptable to Him, and bring to us an answer of peace. May the Spirit of Truth come and abide evermore in our thoughts,—the Life of our lives, a fountain springing up into everlasting Life,—that we may never thirst again, and that those who are in these places, our hearts, may become like a garden of the Lord.

RECEIVING AND GIVING.

THE attention of JOURNAL readers, and friends of Christian Science everywhere, is called to the great need of earnest effort in behalf of the Church-building Fund.

As an aid toward the accomplishment of this purpose, a card has been designed and printed, and is offered for sale, by students and friends, to all desirous of assisting in the work. The appropriateness of the design will be appreciated, symbolizing, as it does, the basis of Christian Science. The lowest price for a card is ten cents, but much larger amounts will be gratefully received.

If you have placed any value on the work of Christian Science for yourselves, please remember our Cause with one-tenth of that value. From those of you who possess only mites, mites will be acceptable.

Those who wish to obtain cards can apply to the committee for them, and the cards will be supplied either singly or in quantities. This committee consists of Mrs. Clara E. Troup and Mr. William Johnson, and their address is 39 Greenwich Park, Boston. Do not delay, friends, in sending them your orders.

"Freely ye have received, freely give," should be your motto.

S. H. C.

SERVICE AT OUR CHURCH.

THE PASTOR, Mrs. Eddy, gladdened the hearts of many friends and followers, by herself preaching on the afternoon of June 5. Perhaps three or four vacant seats might have been found somewhere in Chickering Hall, but no more; and the tardy had to take the rear seats in the gallery.

The preacher considered the beginning of things, described in Genesis, as a proof that true freedom is in goodness, from the standpoint of Spirit. From this standpoint, Moses was morally free from material law, so that even the seas were cleft before him. Elijah was spiritually freed, even from the law of death. Jesus appeared to mortal sense as a babe growing into manhood; but in the spiritual sense, the Master was always the true man, dwelling perennially in the Heaven of divine and eternal spirituality. Paul was freed from the ritual law, when the everlasting Good overpowered his lower sense, and Christ was formed within him "the hope of glory."

The opening article of this number of THE JOURNAL is a full report of the Pastor's notes for this sermon.

The service ended with a hymn specially appropriate to Christian Science. It was written by Thomas Toke J. Lynch, in 1855, but is so rarely found in hymnbooks, that we reprint it.

GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would gracious be;
And, with words that help and heal,
Would Thy Life in mine reveal;
And, with actions bold and meek,
Christ's own gracious Spirit speak.

Truthful Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would truthful be;
And with wisdom kind and clear,
Let Thy Life in mine appear;
And with actions brotherly
Follow Christ's sincerity.

Mighty Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would mighty be,—
Mighty so as to prevail,
Where unaided man must fail;
Ever by a mighty hope
Pressing on and bearing up.

Holy Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would holy be;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good;
And whatever I can be,
Give to Him who gave me Thee.

WORKING GIRL'S MITE.

The following letter, to the Christian Science Publishing Society, No. 6, Tremont, Temple, Boston, speaks for itself :
 Please give the enclosed three dollars to the Building Fund of the Church of Christ (Scientist) of Boston. I am a working-girl, and wish to show my gratitude to the Leader of the Cause, through whom I and my family have received so much benefit, in the Truth demonstrated by one of Mrs. Eddy's students.
 The enclosed amount is my wages for one week, minus one dollar, and I shall endeavor to send more from time to time.

Very respectfully,

M. E. G.

CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST ASSOCIATION.

The regular monthly meeting of this Association was held on Wednesday afternoon, June 1, with a very fair attendance of members. The opening service was strictly adhered to, and much interest manifested in the work of the Association. Especially interesting were the reports presented by the various committees, and the suggestions given to assist the committees in their work. Members from the several sections of our City and State, and from adjoining States, report good work in the line of demonstrations, and many earnest seekers for this glorious Truth. L.

LIFE AND DEATH.

J. G. WHITTIER.

Oh backward-looking son of time !
 The new is old, the old is new,—
 The cycle of a change sublime
 Still sweeping through.

Take heart ! The Master builds again ;
 A charmed life old Goodness hath.
 The tares may perish, but the grain
 Is not for death.

God works in all things ; all obey
 His first propulsion from the night ;
 Ho, wake and watch ! The world is gray
 With morning light !

Editorial Outlook.

THE eternal round of Truth.	ANONYMOUS.
THE power of an endless Life.	HEBREWS.
THE care of discipline is Love.	WISDOM.
THE Spirit is Life, because of righteousness.	ROMANS.
WITHOUT rebuke, holding forth the Word of Life.	PAUL.

STRUGGLE FOR INDEPENDENCE.

A NATION's strife ; a people's life !
 Freedom at length, through holy strength !
 Soon comes the Wrong, and holdeth strong ;
 But Right comes last, and standeth fast.
 Without the Truth, from Heaven's ruth,
 Not right nor free, can mortals be.

THE CONGREGATIONALIST AND TRUE RELIGION.

WHEN this venerable paper came to the Metaphysical College recently, the President took it up and remarked : " That reminds me of my parental home and my father's household, where this periodical was a regular visitor fifty years ago." Presently she added : " I hope I have never done aught to dishonor the religion of my father !"

This is indeed a good sentiment. Theology may change ; but religion is unchangeable, under all its forms. Why ? Because its essence is ever the same, devotion to God and humanity. Moham-medans and Parsees, Baptists, Universalists, Swedenborgians, Adventists, Christian Scientists, are one in Spirit, so long as they have this inward Life. Without this Life, which is religion, their theology is irreligious and vain, call it by what name you will. Whatever changes we may undergo in opinion, we should never dishonor the *religion* of our fathers, by departure from this Christian standard, though articles of faith and creeds may vanish like dew in a July day. True and faithful progress never dishonors genuine religion. Dr. Smyth, of Andover, and Mrs. Eddy, of Boston, may meet with Dr. Hopkins and Cotton Mather, and neither be ashamed of the other, so long as they are seeking the same Truth.

THE ANDOVER REVIEW.

THIS is an admirable magazine. Among other matters, it enlightens the public as to the true condition of the much-discussed theory of Probation After Death. According to one able writer, the Andover Theory, so-called, is not that the heathen can be saved by the Light of Nature, for there is no salvation outside of knowledge of Christ; but this: Only those are lost forever who reject the Gospel. As most heathen have *not* rejected Jesus, inasmuch as they never heard of him, they will be granted the opportunity of accepting the terms of salvation in another life. In other words, the final separation between the Goats and Sheep will not take place at death, but at the Judgment, which may not come till long after death; so the heathen, who have passed on without hearing of Jesus in this world, will still have a long time in which to repent and believe on the Saviour.

From another article we learn that there are a thousand Episcopal churches in London, besides six-hundred other Protestant churches, and only fifty Roman Catholic churches. In nearly all the Established Parishes, services are held not only on Sundays, but during the week, and a vast number of charities are well maintained.

You can keep abreast of the religious times by reading the Andover Review. Houghton & Mifflin publish it; and it derives special interest from the fact that the editors are the professors in the Theological Seminary, whose Orthodoxy is now called in question, the chief editor among them being Prof. Egbert C. Smyth, who has just been voted out of the school for heresy. His removal, however, is not accomplished. He will certainly remain in office another year, and appeal will meanwhile be made, by himself and friends, to the Supreme Court, for a decision which will render valid the action of the Board of Visitors.

Orthodoxy moves; but it is a question whether it ought not to move outside of the old seminary, where the professors openly teach doctrines opposed to the theological foundation on which the institution was endowed. Andover was established to teach pure evangelicism, in opposition to the loose tenets of the Unitarians, as set forth at Cambridge; but if the Andover professors, a half-century ago, had taught and preached as many now do,—

Dr. Smyth does,—it is safe to say there would never have been Unitarian schism in the Congregational body of churches.

All honor to the new freedom and progress; but have testators no rights which inheritors are bound to respect? Because ourselves thoroughly honest in our liberal doctrines, shall we therefore take money, solemnly given for one purpose, and use it for another? Is not business integrity as important as doctrinal insight?

The late Rev. Henry Morgan declared that he left his church property not to the Methodists, though he was a Methodist, but to the Unitarians, because (as he once told the writer) they were the only people he could depend upon, if they accepted the trust, to do exactly as he specified with his Indiana Place Mission, and not put any of their own number into the place, and so sectarianize it. Deserved or not, this was high praise—praise which every sect should deserve. If a Baptist endows a professorship, what right has a Pælobaptist to fill it? If an Episcopalian does the same, why should a Congregationalist take the place? If Calvinists leave funds for the support of a seminary, specifying their theological views and wishes, by what moral right are these funds employed to aid a departure from Calvinism?

Nevertheless, we have to rejoice in the new departure!

LEND A HAND.

THIS excellent magazine tells the story of many charities. Its chief aim is to encourage that helpfulness which enables others to help themselves.

In the matter of literary style, every line might be written by the editor, Edward Everett Hale; and nearly every writer seems to imitate his objectionable features,—his jerkiness and disconnectedness, for example,—rather than his better points.

Three Men of Wallowa—three Indians, who voluntarily perished on the White Man's scaffold, to save their tribe from destruction by United States troops—is not only a pathetic story, but one which (if true) sadly condemns our Government.

In the editor's own writings, he does not appear at his best.—in Mr. Tangier's Vacation, for instance; yet there is the ring in it of this busy man's wonderful genius.

Rev. A. J. Rich tells the story of the Mignonette Mission in Fall River. Are all the reports genuine, about the Harry Wadsworth Clubs, and Ten Times One is Ten? We never feel quite sure about it.

THE PASTOR.

It is very difficult for the public to understand that Rev. Mary B. G. Eddy is very busy attending to her numerous classes and her large correspondence; and that she is not connected with any of the various so-called Christian Science publications which find their way from the pens of different people throughout the country. When writings bear her name, they are hers, but not otherwise. Even this JOURNAL, which she formerly edited, is now placed in charge of a committee.

Also, the public should understand that Mrs. Eddy is not connected with any church except the Church of Christ (Scientist) in Boston, which holds its meetings in Chickering Hall. Of this church she is the honored Pastor. Mrs. Eddy never preaches at other Scientist Churches, so-called. Indeed she is not always present at the public meetings of her own church, and is rarely able to conduct the Sunday services; though her presence is greatly desired by her friends and the public, and the announcement that she is to preach, always draws a large audience.

THE CASE OF MRS. L. E. POST.

It has been decided by the Court in her favor, and she is released. There was no dispute about the facts. She pleaded guilty, as charged; but moved the Court to arrest judgment and discharge her, and the Court sustained the motion. The grounds stated in the motion were defective information and unconstitutionality of the law.

Mrs. Post is the Christian Scientist of Dubuque, who was arrested, tried twice, convicted, and fined \$50.00 and costs, for violating the orders of a medical monopoly. The indictment charged her with "performing the act of healing upon one Mrs. George B. Freeman and others, contrary to the statute."

Certificates are refused to Christian Scientists, and others who have not practised in Iowa five years, or passed an examination satisfactory to the legally appointed examiners.

One attorney boasted that he had convicted a noble woman for following the example and obeying the commands of the Master, by curing the sick without medicine.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

INDEED, a great picture! Such masses of color! Carl Hecker, of New York,—an excellent painter himself, and the head of a large school,—pronounces it a masterpiece.

Go to Horticultural Hall and see it! There are over thirty figures in the picture,—just such a group of persons as would naturally be present at the trial of Jesus. There is the shouting fellow, saying “Crucify him!” because the rest do. There is the soldier keeping off the crowd. There is the pitiful mother, holding aloft her child, that he also may see. There is the indifferent observer, who is on hand merely because duty calls him. There is the earnest Highpriest, preferring the accusation. There is the dubious Procurator on the bench.

In the centre is the prisoner. Why arrayed in white? For artistic reasons, it is easy to see why this color is chosen; it lights up the picture, and draws the eye at once to the radiant point. But is it likely that a prisoner, dragged from Gethsemane, to an early morning hearing before the magistrate, would be so robed? There is a suggestion that Jesus was not merely a Nazarene, but a Nazarite (or Nazirite), like John the Baptist and Samson, and that they dressed in white; but Jesus was no ascetic, no Nazarite. On the contrary, he was blamed because, unlike John, he “came eating and drinking.” Moreover, scholars find that those abstainers dressed in purple as well as white.

The picture of Christ has been criticized as lacking in dignity and grandeur; and great men often disappoint by their physical appearance. As for the peculiarities of his face, the writer has met precisely such Jewish faces in the streets of Oriental cities. All Israelites are not swarthy, thick-bearded, and aquiline-nosed.

VICTORIA'S JUBILEE.

THE harmony resulting from the reign of a woman has been witnessed by the two continents. It may be said of Victoria, that she has governed well because she has governed little; but as wife, mother, and queen, the purity, integrity, and strength of her character have had an uplifting effect upon a great nation. Factional feeling aside, she has deservedly won the respect of intelligent people, in spite of political detraction, and this is something great, even for a queen to accomplish.

S. M. C.

DR. RAUCH'S PRESCRIPTION.

THE Illinois Legislature has been considering the propriety of passing a new Health Act, prepared by Dr. Rauch. The old law provides for the regulation or suppression of all healers who do not graduate at regular schools of medicine, or pass a satisfactory examination before the Medical Board.

Dr. Rauch wishes further legislation, to the effect that "any person shall be regarded as practising medicine, within the meaning of this Act, who shall treat, operate on, or prescribe for the sick or afflicted;" that a certificate of examination shall cost \$25; and that itinerant vendors of anything intended for the treatment of disease, or who in any way profess to heal disease "by any drug, nostrum, manipulation, or other expedient," shall pay a license of \$100 a month to the Board.

The Chicago Tribune takes up the subject in a jocose way, and reports interviews with Dr. G. B. Charles and Mrs. Ursula N. Gestefeld. Dr. Charles thought that the stringent law proposed would punish clergymen for praying for the recovery of the sick. Mrs. Gestefeld thought it would be time enough for the Board to examine, when its members had learned something of Christian Science.

Dr. Rauch's plan was defeated. The Tribune declares that mental healers are as thick in Chicago "as fleas in Valombrosa, or candidates for office;" and thus concludes its article:

If Rauch's plan were to prevail, every old auntie who prescribes vermifuge for an ailing infant, or peppermint for a pain under the baby's apron, would be liable to be summoned before his august Board, and be required to show a diploma from some reputable medical college, or else be fined or imprisoned for the unauthorized practice of medicine. . . . The mother who suspects constipation in the little one, and gives it a dose of castor oil, without first getting a prescription from a regular physician, would be sent to jail for thirty days.

If the established medical class can not sustain itself against Metaphysicians without the aid of legislation, it would do the best possible thing by taking up some other line of business.

SQUARE DEALING.

"I do n't think Mr. Fish is really dishonest," said Mr. Trick, "but he is the most extraordinary honest man I ever knew."

Economic Hints.

If anyone provideth not for his own, and especially for those of his Own House, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an unbeliever.

PAUL TO TIMOTHY.

VERY MUCH LIKE TO KNOW.

WE should very much like to know — what? Why so many of our JOURNALS do not reach their destination. In some cases, where the publishing agent has put packages himself into the mailbags, they have never been heard of afterward.

In other instances, the difficulty is easily understood. Addresses are given to a city only, without street or number. One gentleman came to the office to complain that a subscriber had not received her JOURNAL. The agent immediately took from his drawer the copies referred to, which had been returned from the postoffice, because not taken out by the person to whom they were sent. The imperfect direction had caused all the trouble.

The publishers are doing all they can to avoid mistakes and to rectify methods; but if, in spite of care, blunders and miscarriages occur, subscribers must be patient, and let us know promptly when any obstacle besets their JOURNALS.

Once in awhile it happens that a letter is received, containing reprimands, or even money, but with no name or definite address. If the postmark is distinct, that affords a clue; but when this is wanting, the publishers are indeed at a loss for the full and proper information.

Moral: Write carefully!

ONE SIDE ONLY.

PLEASE write only on one side of your sheet. Paper is cheap in these days, and this leaves no excuse for the annoyance which your bad habit, of writing on both sides of your paper, entails upon typesetters, editors, and proofreaders.

Neither need you crowd your words and lines so near together.

ERRATA.

On page 150, of our June issue, the signature should be Mrs. C. A. Bourne, instead of Brown.

— THE —

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE JOURNAL.

For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God, to the pulling down of strongholds.—PAUL.

VOL. V.

AUGUST, 1887.

No. 5.

THE STIR IN THE CENTURY.

IN the July number of the Century Magazine may be found a paper called "*Christian Science*" and "*Mind Cure*," from the able pen of Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, who has already published articles on Faith-healing, and on other similar topics.

The evident purpose of the article is not so much instruction as entertainment. The author means to tell a good story, and he does it. His essay is worthy of notice in this JOURNAL, however, chiefly because so much attention has been focused in other literary camps, leading to diatribes in the daily papers, some of which are by no means gifted with the wisdom of Dr. Buckley's essay, which is generally fair and discriminating. He may not always separate the wheat from the tares. The Truth is sometimes so sandwiched, that momentarily resembles the thieves crucified on either side; but this is not done with malice aforethought.

To be sure, he refers copiously to the works of W. F. Evans, Miss Sarah Grimké, Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart, Edward Arens, Miss Kate Taylor, Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Nichols, Mr. Hazzard,

Luther M. Marston ; but he nowhere confounds these writers with Rev. M. B. G. Eddy. In this he is right.

Mr. Evans does not call himself a Christian Scientist, and never did ; though he has been a Congregationalist and a Swedenborgian preacher.

Mr. Arens was a pupil of Mrs. Eddy long ago ; but there is a deep moral and legal chasm between them, and he emphatically prefers the name Old Theology (*i. e.* of Christ) for his theory.

Miss Taylor freely admits her departure from the ranks of loyal students, and voluntarily takes her place with the mal-practitioners, opposing her former preceptress.

Mr. Marston was a pupil under Mrs. Eddy ; but the Teacher long ago disowned his teachings, and tried to shield others from his influence.

Mrs. Stuart studied at Metaphysical College, but also with Mr. Arens, and no longer affiliates with the College Association ; and Miss Grimké was never in the Founder's classes.

Neither Mr. Baldwin nor Mr. Nichols was ever a student with President Eddy.

Mr. Hazzard, to be sure, calls his the New York School of Primitive and Practical Christian Science, and boasts that it is free from "eccentricity, pretension, and fanaticism ;" but the Christian Scientists in this region know him not. He was certainly never a student in Mrs. Eddy's College, and his utterances, as cited by Dr. Buckley, are decidedly mephitic. It is surely not quite fair to adduce Mr. Hazzard's extravaganza prayer "as an example of Christian Science ;" though this Dr. Buckley does, in his Section entitled Specimen Treatments. The section, however, contains but one allusion to Mrs. Eddy, and that one is comparatively unimportant. The erroneous association, however, is less the Essayist's fault than it is Mr. Hazzard's ; for the latter peremptorily grasps at the title of Christian Science, as belonging by right to himself,—as the claimant to the *primeval* forest of aboriginal notions. Be it remembered

at the Aborigines were, and are, savages, who have never been kindly to civilization; and the barbarity of Mr. Hazzard's paragraphs betrays the consanguinity.

While *The Century* is thus careful not to confound things which differ, some of the penny-a-liners — whose quills have been sharpened by his inspiration — are less cautious and exact. In one Sunday paper appeared a witty column, affecting to trace our Science to absurd ultimates; but the author joins opposites together in such a fashion as to convey the impression that "in the mind's eye" all the mind-curers grow from one stem, and that Rev. M. B. G. Eddy has staked her reputation on the "Hazzard of a die;" whereas she it is who most loudly protests against the curative agency of mortal mind, and insists that humanity must lay hold upon eternal Life and Truth, or God, to find a sure salvation from material ills.

To return to *The Century*: our author recognizes mind-re as distinct from Christian Science. He rightly pays Mrs. Eddy the compliment of opening the ball with her, and virtually concedes to her the honor of having adopted the name by which her church and associations are now known, Christian Science. Indeed, the proofs are ample, that the current use of the phrase originated with her writings.

From these writings he quotes largely. One could wish he had specified book and page; but only in one instance does he enable his readers to verify his quotations from any author, and that is when he refers to a valuable surgical anecdote recorded by Brown-Séquard and Dr. Holmes. Nevertheless he prints his extracts without doing much violence to their original connection; and he credits the author of *Science and Health* with not shrinking "from its logical consequences" when she has "adopted a theory."

Again he says:

Mrs. Eddy's theories are her religion, and her Science . . . is based upon the religious principles which she holds.

It is not easy to find Dr. Buckley's reason for classing a dozen heads under the section which he calls Practice, but his citation in every case is from Science and Health.

He states candidly her opposition to Spiritualism, Mesmerism, the Faith-cure, Clairvoyance, Animal Magnetism; but he thinks her difference from some of "those who diverge from her, is superficial," though he is candid enough to add, "Neither she nor they will admit it." It does not occur to him that *she* and *they* ought to be, and naturally would be, better judges than himself, as to the extent and importance of their mutual divergences. So long as Heaven is higher than earth, and God's thoughts above our thoughts, it cannot be truthfully said that there is only a *superficial* difference between Christian Science healing and mortal mind-cure; since one looks above, to God, while the other appeals to man below. The divergence is not simply on the surface, but penetrates the very marrow of the argument against selfishness and disease.

So well prepared is the essay in the main, that one of the author's headings is a puzzle—Tests of the Theory. In this he discusses six points: Food, Drugs, Accidents, Insanity, Perpetual Youth, Clothing. Perchance he means to say that, tried by these tests, the Founder of Christian Science really agrees with opponents, and the other authors to whom he refers; or perhaps he means that these questions test the verity of Christian Science. In either case, his argument is obscure and not well maintained.

If he hints that Scientists should not eat, providing their views are correct, he also answers his own objections, by the admission that mortal mind must live in mortal ways, and that our spiritual condition is but partially attained. He may not be so far out of the way when he says, "Surely the mind needs healing, that could invent the following absurdity," and then quotes some foolish statements of Mr. Marston about the qualities of alcohol. Nor, again, may Buckley be

astray, when he speaks of "the absolute lunacy" of certain theories, and then quotes a dog story from Mrs. Stuart.

He adds, in a note, that Mrs. Stuart "is only a little more absurd than Mrs. Eddy," and quotes what she says (page 194 of Science and Health) about horses being educated into disease; but he fails to give the closing sentence of her paragraph: "Epizootic is an evolved ailment, that no natural horse never has." Dr. Buckley infers that Mrs. Eddy means that a horse takes cold, not because he is made tender by blanketing, but because he has been trained into belief in the necessity of the blanket. This inference is only in part correct. If her theory be right, as to the origination of disease in mortal mind, then the thoughts of the owner must surely affect his horse. If you can train the horse to obey your rein, if Rarey can subdue the equine will, why should it be thought unreasonable to look for such mental influence over the steed's health? Not so *absurd* after all, it may be, Doctor!

Certain it is, that many a farmer's family takes more solid comfort with their old plug, than a millionaire with his ten purebreds. Dobbin works day by day, sleeps well, eats well, carries Rustycus to the postoffice, Mrs. Rustycus to visit her neighbors, and the young Rustycusses to Sunday-school, and lives to a white old age; while the Honorable Twentydeposit's Tantlar and Jayverbilt, Sullivan, Langtry, and Patti, never do a stroke of plebeian work, are never driven alone nor over ten miles a day, are always groomed to the nines, yet are forever ailing. They must be babied like lapdogs, and they prove their nearness to the affections of Olympus, by sinking into an early grave. "Whom the gods love, die young."

Our Essayist quotes, from page 328 of Science and Health, what is said about surgery, as the last branch of healing to be demonstrated in Christian Science, though wonderful cures are constantly occurring; but, in absolute fairness, he should have given also the preceding paragraph, which shows the good sense of its authoress:

Until the advancing age admits the efficacy and supremacy of Mind, it is better to leave the adjustment of broken bones and dislocations to the fingers of a surgeon.

The interesting account of a youth who became insane whenever the ball of his foot was touched, instead of disproving Mrs. Eddy's theories, goes far to show that dementia is not wholly dependent on diseased brains; which is precisely her view of it.

The Essayist is disturbed by the story of a crazy lady who preserved her youthful looks into old age, because she was still young in thought; and he characterizes this as "a Jules Verne style of argument." Apparently he overlooks this one little fact, that the anecdote was taken from that well-known conservative medical journal, *The London Lancet*.

He farther says: "It is said that there are hundreds of persons in Boston who believe that Mrs. Eddy will never die." It may be so; you cannot prove a negative; but the Teacher makes no such assertion in her books or classes, and the writer has never chanced to hear anybody make such a claim in her behalf. She is indeed a very young-appearing woman, in both speech and physique. When on the dais of her classroom, which is her throne, her thought is keenly on the alert, and her face sparkles with the upwelling fount of perennial youth.

Jesus told Martha emphatically, that those who believed on him should never die; yet Martha and Mary, their brother Lazarus, and even Jesus himself, all died in human thought, and out of material conditions. A preacher, especially one so fond of tales as Dr. Buckley, should have also a grain of poetry in his composition,—without which no man can understand the Prophets or the Seers.

Of course Dr. Buckley concludes that Christian Science in itself is naught; but in his Conclusion he honestly alludes to "the recoveries which undoubtedly occur when the patient is under the supervision of Christian Scientists." Moreover

are indebted to him for a series of apt quotations on the Christian Science side.

From Sir John Forbes, a regular London physician, he quotes as follows :

First, in a large proportion of the cases treated by allopathic physicians, the disease is cured by Nature, and not by them. Second, in a lesser, but still not a small proportion, the disease is cured by Nature in spite of them; in other words, their interference retarding, instead of assisting the cure. Third, in a considerable proportion of diseases, it would fare as well, or better, with patients if all remedies—at least all active remedies, especially drugs—were abandoned.

Can Christian Scientists denounce drugs in much stronger terms? Nature, in this use of it, is but another name for God, and the assertion of Dr. Forbes amounts to this, that God is the Healer.

Then our Essayist quotes Sydenham :

I often think more could be left to Nature than we are in the habit of leaving to her; to imagine that she always wants the help of art is an error, and an unlearned error, too.

He quotes Sir John Marshall, F. R. S., who in 1865, opening the session of the London University Medical School, said :

The *vis medicatrix nature* [healing power of Nature] is the agent to employ in the healing of an ulcer, or the union of a broken bone; and it is equally true that the physician or surgeon never cured a disease. He only assists the natural processes of cure, performed by the intrinsic conservative energy of the same; and this is but the expression of *the force imparted at the origination of the individual being*.

The closing words are italicized; because, though somewhat differently expressed, they are in close affinity with the teaching of Christian Science: which is, that the true man is God's man, a divine idea, which the Creator pronounced good at the creation,—that is, "at the origination of the individual being."

Buckley approves the statement of Dr. Marshall Hall, that a great proportion of infantile deaths "occur from the inappropriate or undue application of exhausting remedies."

He concedes that the Christian Science advice is beneficial,—not to talk about our ailments, and to disregard symptoms.

Lest he should be thought too complimentary, he hastens to add: "To my personal knowledge, her [Mrs. Eddy's] treatments have failed, and her predictions have not been fulfilled, the patient dying in excruciating agony;" but this assertion is enfeebled by omission to name persons, places, or dates. It is not her habit to thus prophesy relative to disease and death, but always to qualify her statements,—as her truth-telling followers can testify; and as for the statement about a "patient dying in excruciating agony," Mrs. Eddy wishes here and now to publicly deny this charge.

It is not to be denied that they [the Christian Scientists] make many cures, more than any bungler, or extremist of any school, using drugs, would expect.

Thank you, dear Doctor!

They are rather more successful than the Faith-healers.

Thanks again, Doctor; and oh! so many thanks, for the following citation, from the famous Dr. Rush:

I have frequently prescribed remedies of doubtful efficacy, in the critical stage of acute diseases, but never till I have worked up my patients into a confidence, bordering upon certainty, of their probable good effects.

Note, too, that Dr. Forbes encourages

the administration of simple, feeble, and altogether powerless non-perturbing medicines, in all cases in which drugs are prescribed *pro forma* [for form's sake], *for the satisfaction of the patient's mind*, and not with the view of producing any direct remedial effect.

Dr. John Radcliffe (1650–1714) flourished two centuries ago. He founded the Infirmary, the Observatory, and the Library at Oxford, which bear his name, and ended his life notably, being in danger from the London mob, because of his refusal to attend Queen Anne in her last illness. He was not Her Majesty's regular physician, because she disliked him for his conviviality, as well as his plain speaking,

did her father, King William the Third; yet both these sovereigns consulted Radcliffe, because of his ability. This great man is said to have "paid particular attention to the end of the patient under his care," and declared that he attributed much of his success to that habit.

Toward the end, our author gives several excellent anecdotes to show how, oftentimes, the mind only is ill. Precisely

Say *always*, instead of *often*, and this JOURNAL will see.

In his peroration he thus characterizes the relation of metaphysics to ordinary medical practice :

It emphasizes what the most philosophical physicians of all schools, have always deemed of the first importance, though many have neglected it. It teaches that medicine is but occasionally necessary. It hastens the time when patients of discrimination pay more for advice how to live, and for frank declarations that they do not need medicine, than for drugs.

When he adds that "what Christian Scientists *believe* has practically nothing to do with their success," this is saying too much; for they would not do as they do, and as he approves, were it not for this very belief. Shall we say the belief of McGwumps did not affect the election of President Cleveland? Their votes did it! but they voted, because they believed.

Though often said, let it be here again set down: Only enough demonstration can the standard of Christian Science be established.

There is a homely proverb, "The proof of the pudding is in eating." Jesus sublimated the same thought when he said: "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine." It is God's will from and to all eternity (says Christian Science) that men shall be free from evil,—mental, spiritual, and material,—because they are the offspring of the image of Deity.

Society is permeated, or compassed about, with a great cloud of witnesses," who not only try to do the Lord's will, but are proving in themselves that "God is faithful, though

every man be found a liar." It is written in God's Word that He will heal their diseases, as well as their iniquities; and Jesus has echoed the promise with divine reverberations.

A poor Catholic woman, being asked how she could believe in the eucharist, quoted the Gospel command, "Eat, this is my flesh!" and added: "Was Jesus jokin', whin he said that?" When Christian Scientists are ridiculed or persecuted for faith in the Bible promises, they may respond: Was the Spirit lying, when holy men spake as they were moved thereby, and pledged health to those who put their trust in Divinity?

Language is a poor medium of spiritual expression. In presence of the divine afflatus, our English tongue is as the water in the Cana household jars, compared with the wine into which the Messiah's touch converted it. In proportion as we become "endued with power from on high," will the water of our apprehension become the strong wine of understanding. Till then it is wellnigh useless to argue about food, with the flippant; about apparel, with the apathetic; about drugs, with the dogmatic; about insanity, with the inane; or about youth, with the yelping. Opposites do not, can not, understand each other, till they come into unity of Spirit.

After each proposition of Christian Science, as after geometric problems, should be invisibly written Q. E. D.—*quod erat demonstrandum*; which might be liberally rendered, Which must be demonstrated! Demonstration, not Debate, might be our motto.

Can Dr. Buckley, or his fellow-preachers, point to former inebriates and morphine-eaters, whose injurious appetites have been wholly taken away by the preached word? Yet such cases are not uncommon in the experience of Christian Science.

Nevertheless it is a most gratifying sign that *The Century* devotes so much space to Christian Science. A year ago the editor "returned with thanks" an article on this subject, giving as a reason for its refusal, that there was no such

me as Christian Science. Now this title heads the Century
cle.

When Metaphysical College was established, in 1881, the
sident reluctantly accepted this title, because Christian
ence was a thing unknown to legislators, and this was the
y fit name by which she could secure incorporation. Now
Massachusetts Legislature incorporates academies and
eties under this caption, and without a murmur.
The world moves Spiritward.

SHEEP, SHEPHERD, AND SHEPHERDESS.

[Sermon preached before the Church of Christ (Scientist) in
Chicago.]

REV. GEORGE B. DAY, A.M., C.S.B.

AM the Good Shepherd and know my sheep, and am known of
e. JOHN X. 14.

THE relation existing between Jesus and his disciples is
e expressed metaphorically. The figure, however, is
y apt, as applied to this leader and his followers. Never
there been, in human history, a guide of men, gifted with
h knowledge and power as Jesus possessed; and never
ore was there a body of men blessed with such an intimate
uaintance with their leaders, as the disciples had with
same Jesus. He knew his sheep, and the sheep knew
ir Shepherd.

The aptness of the figure will be seen, when the ignorance,
helplessness, the blind and lost condition of these
iples, are contrasted with the intelligence, and the power
irect, guide, and relieve, which the Master displayed.

You can not discern that Jesus had any selfish object in
ablishing this pastoral relation with those he had chosen.
sought only their welfare. It was from the darkness of
ignorance, error, and misery that this Shepherd planned
conduct his sheep; and he promised never to desert
m, till he should plant their feet in the light, upon the

mountain-top of a perfect and blessed immortality. This was his object, and this alone; and with his singleness of purpose, and the unselfishness characterizing the relation of the guide to his followers, he was able to say, without egotism, "I am the Good Shepherd."

Now men have always had leaders who professed to be shepherds. History is full of examples of those who have taken charge of groups and parties and classes of their fellow-men, instructing, guiding, and leading them; but with what results?

It is not for us to judge, and say that Jesus was the only Good Shepherd who ever lived, and to bring before you for criticism the great religious leaders of past ages,—especially those calling themselves Christians,—and assert that they were all mercenary, selfish, and corrupt shepherds of the sheep,—declaring that they became leaders from evil motives and purposes of their own, that they might secure glory from those whom they conducted whithersoever they chose. We are, however, justified in saying that, in the contrast with all other guides of men, Jesus is pre-eminently worthy to be called the Good Shepherd. Certain it is that he was thus recognized by those who followed him.

The bond of relationship which existed between Jesus and his disciples, as here figured by a shepherd and his sheep, was one of mutual love. We know that he loved them. Nowhere in biography is there to be found such an illustration of outward facts, revealing inward principle, as in this instance of the love of Jesus for those whom he had chosen. He gave himself for them; nor was his sacrifice without its natural effect.

Though at the beginning there seemed to be little on the part of the disciples which drew them to the Great Teacher, yet as the months passed, it became evident that the affection of Jesus was reciprocated. His love for them was constant,—an undying flame. Theirs for him grew stedfastly; and if ever there was a triumph of human doctrine, it is to be found in the experience of these disciples, who, in after

ars, declared that their love for the Lord Jesus Christ was the only moving power that controlled and guided them.

The relation of Jesus to his disciples seems to be personal, and to have been established upon the plane of material thought and consciousness. Its manifestations continued on this plane, as long as the necessity for them continued. Human love may sometimes typify and shadow the Eternal Love, which is the Eternal Godhead.

The love which Jesus manifested to his disciples was born of no carnal relation. It was spiritual love, and yet personally manifested. The devotion of the disciples had its root in the affection which any man may give to one who awakens his admiration. It subsequently lost all material elements, and grew into that Love which is eternal and divine.

As yet, however, we are unable to apprehend the heights and depths of the spiritual affection into which at last the Shepherd lifted his sheep. We must be content to conceive of this love as personal. While under the dominion of consciousness, we cannot follow any further than human words can make their revelation; and as far as we can trace the paths along which the Great Shepherd led his sheep, that personal mutual devotion continued to be the bond of union.

Jesus continued, even after his disappearance from the natural vision of his followers, to condescend to their lower understanding of Truth. He was the Christ; but to them he was *Jesus* the Christ, as long as he continued to come within the scope of their half-opened spiritual eyes.

The voice that replied to Saul of Tarsus, on his way to Damascus, when asked, "Who art thou Lord?" declared, "I am *Jesus*, whom thou persecutest."

I have a distinct and present Christian purpose in thus speaking of the personal relation between the Master and his disciples,—of the continuance of that relation, as founded in a love and faith which grew evermore toward the purely spiritual,—and of our present inability to follow it, even up to the point of the disappearance of human personality.

It is now becoming evident that the fidelity of the disciples to Jesus, their persistence in following him as sheep do their shepherd, depended on this bond of personal affection. He knew and loved them. They learned to know and love him. They also learned that he was the Truth (Christ), and they learned to love the Truth also. We have not yet risen to the height where we can discern the disappearance of Jesus, so that he was no longer the Christ embodied; nor was there any period in the history of the Twelve (apparent to us now) when the love of Christ (Truth) wholly supplanted the love of the personal Jesus. It was not for the sake of Truth alone that the disciples were faithful to Jesus. They were faithful to him for the love of him.

Hold this thought a moment. There is no power in the carnal mind to lay hold of spiritual Truth. Men cannot be led out of darkness into light, except Love draw them. If Jesus had not loved his disciples, they never would have found their immortality. If the disciples had not learned to love Jesus, they never would have followed him,—they would never have opened their minds and allowed his Word to become Truth to them. He loved them to the end; and their love to him so grew, that, after the separation, their human hearts yearned towards him, whom they had followed when lowly and unknown to fame.

The Good Shepherd was, for the time, the only shepherd of the sheep. His followers could have had no other leader; nor could they have separated themselves from him, so long as he believed his presence necessary to their welfare. Love held them bound to him by an invisible spell. It was not in the power of Peter or John, after months of companionship with the Leader, to break their allegiance, and yet depart and teach that Truth which they held to be of so much more value than personality. Their ministrations to others would have soon ceased to be accompanied by the demonstrations of Spirit, if they had turned their backs upon him who gave himself for them.

Note this: Truth cannot be divorced from the personality

its author, while the student continues in a consciousness the flesh.

In becoming a Teacher of his disciples, Jesus respected the beliefs which had their foundations in the sacred Scriptures. The predictions of the old seers — which, spiritually interpreted by him, became the Divine Light — had certain limitations, and Jesus regarded these limitations. He made his appearance in the world as a Jew, selected his disciples from the Jews, and declined to journey in any other land than that given to Abraham.

All this is manifestly because he would not disregard what had been written beforehand. Life and immortality must be offered to the Hebrews as the people of God ; but when they refused the light, and had crowned their folly by the crucifixion of the Messiah, the Good Shepherd transferred the truth to other nations. Paul was commissioned to preach to the Gentiles. Today, those who once were the People of God, are no longer His People ; and the nations which were not His People, have now — professedly at least — become the People of God.

In like manner the old Law made man the head and superior of the race, and woman secondary and subservient to man. Jesus seems to have respected this belief of the prophets. He selected only men as his companions. The college of the Apostles did not contain women. The Gospel was committed to twelve men ; and though they rose to the apprehension that "in Christ there is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, male nor female," yet Paul refused to allow a woman to speak in the church, and he held that to men belonged the exposition and maintenance of all that is good.

When women sought a place among the followers of Truth, they were not refused ; but they were not called. They were not among the Seventy who returned to the Shepherd, rejoicing that the spirits were subject to them through the potency of his name. They were compelled to gather the blessings of Truth at second-hand, through husbands and fathers and fathers.

The Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Christianity which today is presented and represented by Pope, cardinals, bishops, deacons, elders, and ministers (all men), is not the Gospel which once was "the power of God unto salvation." It is shorn of strength. Its vitality has disappeared. Whatsoever of life, zeal, and faith survive, are to be found in the hearts of women, who have been measurably true to the doctrines "once delivered to the saints."

If, in a glance at the Scriptures of Divine Truth, you detect the fact that the Gospel was committed to the Jews, and preached only to the Jews by Jesus,—and was taken from them because of their wilful blindness, and given to the Gentiles,—may this not be in the order of Providence, and in the line of the Divine teaching: that when men lose the Light and pervert the Truth, that the Light and Truth shall be transferred from one sex to the other?

Our masculine teachers declare that the day of miracles is passed. They smile at the unreasonable belief that Christ can or will save from disease and death. By their own declarations they stand condemned; and there is more than a suspicion, already awakened, that we are witnessing the transfer of the Gospel from male to female trust.

You do well to note the signs of the times,—of a movement,—significant and already well defined,—which has assumed proportions which must impress you. Women no longer give a silent assent to the theory that they are secondary and subordinate to men. Eighteen-hundred years ago, Paul declared that man was the head of the woman; but now, in Science and Health, it is asserted that "woman is the highest form of man."

This is indeed a reversal of things; but it is just such a reversal as that which witnessed the rise of the Gentile nations into the Mount of God, and the sinking of the Jews into a position symbolized by Paul as the cast-off branch of a fruitless tree.

It is certain that the power of Christianity has somehow

een seriously impaired, if not wholly lost, while in the hands, almost exclusively, of men.

It is equally true that the attempts of the best masculine minds, to rediscover and revive the lost power of the Gospel, have been futile. Men do not seem, in our day, to be possessed of spiritual insight. They have too little courage of conviction, too little faith.

The key to unlock the riches of Christ Jesus, and give life again to suffering humanity, is presented to the world by a woman. Christian Science claims to be the spiritual revelation of the New Testament revelation, as perceived by feminine intuition. Its apostles are mainly women. It is spreading rapidly and widely, and seems determined to stay. Its converts are mostly women. Its enemies are mostly men. The reason and intelligence of the masculine mind assail it, now with shafts of irony, now with angry denunciation; but feminine courage is proof against all these, and Christian Science steadily pushes its way, carrying with it, in every direction, such blessings as faith may bestow.

As Christian Science is the Gospel according to Woman, comparatively few men have become its advocates or heralds; and of these, but a small proportion remain faithful. This is because the masculine mind can submit with but poor grace to the loss of supremacy. It takes it ill that woman should discover, through perception, that which men must seek through knowledge is outside the pale of reason's research.

Men will never improve on Science and Health. They will be wise in not attempting to add to or take from it. They will have it with its author; and accept or reject it as Truth or falsehood, as it presents itself.

To those of my own sex I add these words: If you have accepted the New Science, as the Spirit and Truth of the Gospel, you must remain loyal to its author, and be content to consciously acknowledge that, for its blessings, you are indebted to one who is of the sex to be called no longer the maker or inferior. If you should be tempted to independent work in the new field, and declare yourself a shepherd

of a separate fold, be very sure that you are not seduced by some other motive than love for the blind and suffering. Remember, the sheep have fleeces !

We men have had our day. For eighteen-hundred years we tinkered with the truth, and moulded Christianity into forms such as we believed would adapt themselves to all classes and modes of thinking; and what a botch we have made of it ! How lifeless, spiritless, empty, useless, is the religion which we offer as the Divine Science that once saved many from sickness, sin, and death ! We act wisely in giving up our trust, in which we have failed so signally, and in submitting with patience to the transfer of revelation into the hands of our sisters. Do not scoff at their efforts to destroy sin and heal sickness, through the power of Spirit, lest "haply we be found fighting against God."

It must be confessed that the women of the century are assuming a great responsibility, such a responsibility, however, as they are competent to assume, if our prophecy prove to be the fact. They have need of great courage, to preserve their fidelity to Christian Science in the face of a growing opposition. I cannot advise them. I hesitate even to suggest that there is any possibility of harm to Truth, through want of prudence on their part.

The sinner and the sick man are quietly forsaking the doctors and clergy, and putting themselves confidently under women's care. These followers do not wholly comprehend the Science; but they accept the demonstrations, and believe "for the very works' sake."

My sisters, you will conquer, and draw all men unto you, if you are lifted up solely by Truth. Accept your new position as a divine call. Go forth to duty, in a power not your own. With your eye single, you "will be full of light." "Keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." Do not desert your Teacher, in the personal belief that you can illuminate what has been left dark. Be loyal to the Truth, and the Truth will be loyal to you.

PROFESSED CHRISTIANS AND THE LIGHT.

CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.

WHEN we who have professed to be, and thought we were, Christians, faithfully following in the footsteps of Jesus for years, first get a glimpse of the true Light, what a tumultuous commotion of thoughts contending with each other! But as we follow God's chosen, our only Leader, up the mountain of Truth, until we are able to understand the teachings of Jesus the Christ, what rapture fills our hearts, that we are at last out of the darkness, and in the Light, Life, Love, and Truth that is Good, God.

Sometimes we feel almost as though eternity would not be long enough for the expression of our gratitude to our Father, and we realize how much there is to do, to win the world to this Light,—the world of those who call themselves Christians, and yet know so little of Christ!

How little men know of Jesus, and his work or Life! They are looking to our belief about his body which was nailed to the cross on Calvary, and they call that the Christ; when Jesus only allowed his enemies to nail his body there, in order to show them, and us, that there is no death, and that Mind has perfect power over all formations and over our material beliefs.

It is a great work to turn the world to the understanding that no one could nail Jesus' real, native body to the cross,—the body which he showed to Peter, James, and John on the Mount of Transfiguration,—or confine that body, harm it, mar it, or do anything with it, because Mind held it free from the touch of error. In order to lead them to understand that Jesus' comprehension of Mind was Christ, his work must become our work. Till we work with him, we cannot enter Heaven, harmony. Jesus' blood, his sacrifice,—which we can trace in prophecy before he came into human sight, as well as throughout his earthly career,—must

become our blood; and the grape-juice which he drank, fermented or unfermented, is no full emblem of this spiritual Life. We must have his comprehension of Mind, and work our way up in Truth to where Jesus stands; for he has told us that there is no other Way, no other Truth, no other Life. Toil against error is sweet, for the reward of the faithful is sure.

The Stone of Nebuchadnezzar's dream, described in the Book of Daniel, is the Stone of Truth, cut out of the mountain of sin and idolatrous worship, in the days of the Kings of the Nations, partly weak and partly strong, whose people do not cleave one to another, even as iron and clay will not mix. The Stone of Truth will destroy all sense of error. Nothing can stay its progress; for Mind will carry it forward in spite of all opposition. Then, let us on to work. Victory is ours! It is only a short space in eternity before the success shall be accomplished.

THE TRUTH.

ANNIE B. SPEARING, OF ORONO, MAINE.

BORNE in upon my mind this restful thought,
Amid the whirl and chaos, error-wrought,
That, come what may,
In night or day,
Slowly or fast,
Nothing but Truth can last.

"But what is false?" I cried, "and what is true?"
Then came the answer back, so plain I knew:
"Naught 's true but Love!
Since God above
Is Love and Light,
Who seeks, shall find the right."

We, God's ideas, are but of Him a part,—
Are but the pulses of His all-great heart.
When we can be
At enmity
With falsehood, sin,
Shall Heaven for us begin.

Agates.

AND I will make thy windows of Agates.

ISAIAH.

YET the heart turns away
 From the grand destiny of bliss, and deems
 'T was made for its poor self, for passing dreams,
 Chasing illusions, melting day by day,
 Till, for ourselves, we read, on this world's best,
 This is not rest!

JUST in proportion as you gain a victory over the evil which you
 have become aware of in yourself, will your spiritual eyes be
 opened for a brighter perception of the Holy One.

CHANNING.

HE will not leave thee, He will not depart,
 Nor lose thee, nor forget thee; but will clasp
 Thee closer in the thrilling of His arms.

KING.

SPIRIT is revealed to the understanding through harmony, as in
 divine Science, which is the seal of Deity and has the impress of
 heaven.

M. BAKER G. EDDY, in *Science and Health*.

HE gives His angels charge of those who sleep,
 But He Himself watches with those who wake.

WHAT can we say more for ourselves, in our prayers, than He
 says for us in His promises?

LOOK not on thine own loss, but look beyond,
 And take the Cross for glory and for guide.

KING.

NEGATIVE virtue is a positive vice, if the means exist of im-
 proving it.

ZIMMERMAN.

OUR pleasant vices are made the whips to scourge us.

SHAKESPEARE.

Letters.

A WORD spoken in due season, how good it is ! PROVERB.

ONE WORD MORE.

MR. SERMOUR's timely article in the June number, we were glad to see. The book he speaks of guarantees to teach everything about healing, without the least assistance from reason, good sense, learning, or the trouble of study. By this contrivance, one may become proficient in the healing trade, just by dropping a few dollars into a box blindfolded. It appears right before him in the dark, like Hamlet's ghost.

No sensible person can deny the utility of such a system, in these days of labor-saving machines. There is no excuse why anyone should try to get along without such an outfit.

We hear that everybody is going into the *business* of healing. Why not, if we can become rich in wisdom and metaphysical lore, by just shutting our eyes? Opening the mouth, something drops into it, the very instant the gold eagles roll into the box; and this something is making us healthy, wealthy, and wise.

This idea the author referred to assures us he has been working at ever since he was a small boy. While he was leaning upon a hoe-handle in the field, and looking heavenward, it flashed upon his mind that sometime he should make some such achievement in authorship. Noble inspiration. Blessed be thou among men! How gratifying to one's vanity, to be thus honored by the gods!

Our author shows how we may get out of our senses in half a jiffy. In fact, this is the thing to do, in order to be healed.

Christian Science differs from him a trifle about this matter. To jump out of one's senses, as he insists, without letting any higher spiritual sense take the place, would make his dupes proper subjects for a madhouse.

There are many traces in this book of a bungler, who imposes upon the public a spurious article. The author makes mental healing about as plain as our view of each other in a country night, beneath a new moon.

A STUDENT.

ROCHESTER REPORTERS.

MY DEAR TEACHER: Several letters from outside, referring to an article in the Post-Express,—purporting to be an interview with me in regard to Christian Science,—have shown me that I ought, last month, to have explained in the JOURNAL, how that article came to appear in that paper.

After my experience with the reporter, I felt no justice could be expected from the Post-Express, and so decided to take no public notice of the matter; but to explain privately, to my patrons and friends here, the facts of the case, which I did effectually; but I did not consider, as I ought, the outside circulation; and certainly people abroad could only suppose that I gave the article as reported.

The truth was this: the reporters came here, and I declined to be interviewed at all, saying that I preferred my work should show what Christian Science could do. They asked how it came to existence. I said that it was the old Truth lost sight of; that it was the manner in which Jesus healed, discovered again, by Rev. Mary B. G. Eddy, of Boston, and that all was done through it that was claimed for it.

Finding they could get but little from me in regard to the healing I had myself done, they asked if I could not refer them to someone who would inform them of cures made; so I sent them to the family with whom I spent the winter. There they were told that much work had been done, and that many of the cures were wonderful.

About a week later, a reporter called again, and asked if I had not some pamphlets from which he could learn something of Christian Science, as he wished to write an article about it. I said that I could give him pamphlets containing Mrs. Eddy's own writings,—and would do so, if he would give his word that he would let me examine the article written before it was published, that I might know if it were correct. He promised faithfully to do this, and I gave him your two pamphlets: *The People's Idea of God*; and *Mind-healing, a Historical Sketch*; and also a JOURNAL, and a pamphlet by a student. The next thing I knew, that article came out, stating that I "talked freely," and in an "exalted strain;" when really I had refused to say enough to enable him to write an article. Then he quoted what he pleased from the pamphlets

furnished him, and gave them as my utterances, though I had said no such thing. He took those passages directly from the pamphlets.

Please publish this letter, that every person, into whose hands the JOURNAL falls, may know that I never did so unchristian an act as to converse in the pompous style pictured in the Post-Express, or to take from your writings—or any others—thoughts and words, and give them as my own.

Lovingly your student,

SARAH A. PINE.

TRUTH ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

[Part of a letter to Rev. M. B. G. Eddy.]

MY DEAR TEACHER: The malicious intent designed against us is uncovered on every hand. The contest appears to be a very uneven one, so few against a multitude. Trumpet-blowing calls together large classes, who desire Truth, but are misled by the bait of cheapness. Malpractitioners claim to heal everything in a few treatments.

One man speaks for his brothers, when he declares a certain healer "charmingly divine."

I have not hesitated to state the facts as I know them; but this only seems to put us all the more on the defensive, as people want to be on the popular side, even if they are humbugged.

Mr. and Mrs. Lillie stand firm, doing good work, and are awake in regard to fraudulent claims.

There will be a demand for the right kind of teaching before long, and people will be willing to pay for it. The mental condition of those who have been dabbling in mortal mind-cure so long is really pitiful.

I have no compromise to make, nor will I turn hypocrite, even if I can not succeed honestly.

We do not intend to have our voice or work stopped, and you will hear from us again.

You have taught me an infallible Principle (not *person*, as is often asserted), and I never could be otherwise than grateful for the good you have done me.

Your loving student,

SUE ELLA BRADSHAW.

610 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco.

FEAR OF THE NEW.

DEAR JOURNAL : Why are people so afraid of anything new? Is there any reason for it in the philosophy of things?

Men hate to put on new boots. The old may be worn-out. Shoes may let in the water and expose the sock. Yet the old shoe is an old friend. Be it ever so homely, it is easy to the foot. So it is with an old dressing-gown.

Perhaps ladies dread to don a spring bonnet or a new-fashioned garment; though this class of facts is not so well established to the masculine mind.

Jesting aside, there is a natural conservatism in human nature, which shows itself not less in Religion than in Medicine.

Creeds may be outworn, but still they are cherished. Many who do not believe them, tenaciously cling to them. The less men individually adhere to a doctrine, the more unwilling they are to let it be taken out of the stated Articles of Faith.

At a great convocation of Anglican Churchmen, where the Athanasian Creed was under discussion (a creed still read in the English Church service, though not in the Episcopal churches this side of the Atlantic), learned dignitaries said positively that they did not believe the peculiar points of that ancient symbol. Nevertheless, the same men urged that it be maintained as part of their divine worship, and so it was voted.

So it is in medicine. Even after certain drugs are proved useless, they still retain their hold. People will take sulphur in the springtime, though the heavens fall.

A wise old doctor used to say: "I care not whether it be witch or wizard who helps Charlie, if only he *is* helped."

Today there are such wise physicians, who acknowledge a cure when they see it. Not so with all. There is a conservative disposition, which always denies that any good *can* come out of Nazareth; yet thence came the mighty Christ, healing and saving bodies and souls.

To the testimony! This should be the cry, as of old. A natural conservatism, a disposition to cleave to the tried and steady, may be valuable, and preventive of anarchy and confusion; equally valuable is a judicious spirit of venture, without which the New World never would have been discovered, or metaphysical science introduced.

OBSERVER.

Sermonettes.

LET thy Speech be short, comprehending much.

ECCLESIASTICUS.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

A. M. CRANE.

AND he opened his mouth and taught them.—MATTHEW V. 2.

THE modern man and woman do not study the Bible as they ought. It is one of the blessings of Christian Science that it stimulates a study of the Bible as a guide and textbook, in the higher and simpler sense.

Out of the whole Bible, the New Testament is of prime importance, as the plain expositor of the Word and the Law, which were delivered through the Prophets.

Of all portions of the New Testament, the most comprehensive is the Sermon on the Mount. It certainly is a most remarkable document. Other literature contains nothing which approaches it. The language is so simple and unaffected, and still so clear, precise, comprehensive, as to come within the easy understanding of the most untutored minds. Nevertheless it deals with the most abstruse questions concerning human conduct, the deepest truths of ethics, and elaborates the only complete code of morals the world has ever seen.

Its rhetorical construction is perfect. Beginning with an opening declaration of axiomatic paradoxes,—than which nothing in any language has ever been better calculated to attract and fix the attention of the listener,—it flows naturally into a proper introduction of its subject, and an explanation of the position of the speaker. Then it goes into an exhaustive discussion of various principles, arranged under separate headings, which arrangement is natural, and is rigidly adhered to, until at last the whole is compressed and concentrated into the one single and tremendous command, such as no system of morals ever before enunciated, and which will never be excelled while human nature continues :

Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the Law and the Prophets.

and then follows the appropriate conclusion, rounded off by an illustration both pertinent and instructive. There is not a word many; there is not a word too few. Not a necessary topic is omitted; not one unnecessary is introduced.

The Master made many long addresses, which have come down to us from many occasions. They were always appropriate to the occasion and of the particular time when they were delivered,—always instructive, always complete; but this is (to us) the opening declaration of his ministry, and it is such a comprehensive exposition of what he came to teach, that it has been well said of it, that all other records of Jesus were blotted out of existence, and lost forever, the whole code of morals which he taught could be reconstructed from this single address.

It leaves nothing more to be said; and yet commentators have deluged it with explanations, which only explain it away; so clogged it with contradictory statements; so overlaid it with unnecessary verbiage, that it seems there is little of the original and beautiful incisiveness and far-reaching comprehensiveness left, to him who reads it through the glasses of theologians and commentators. But if all this can be put aside and forgotten, and the simple language taken into the mind and heart without any assistance from other sources, then, with a little contemplation and study, its wonders and divine glories will begin to appear.

It has been said of this Sermon, that it is only a series of rules for human conduct, and does not contain any of those evidences of Divine Love with which our Master's ministry was so fully interspersed; and this is, indeed, to a certain extent, true; but there is not a position in human experience untouched by these. Not an event can occur in the life of any human being who is seeking divine guidance, for which the Sermon on the Mount will not supply the needed direction; and they err who forget that it is here we are first taught that God is Our Father, who careth for even the fowls of the air, the lilies and grass of the field; and that He is more willing to give good gifts to His children than is an earthly father.

This Sermon bears within itself the full evidence of its origin. Whether considered by itself, as unconnected with anything but humanity with which it deals; or historically compared with other moral codes for human conduct; or considered simply as a literary production,—the unprejudiced mind cannot avoid the conviction of its divine origin. Nothing human is comparable to

We cease to wonder at the astonishment of the Jews; for we recognize the great fact that Jesus "taught them as one having authority."

TRUE PRAYER.

D. H. H.

Ask and it shall be given you. MATTHEW vii. 7.

HAVE you ever thought, as you sat meditating on a Sunday afternoon, of the significance of the word *prayer*?

Open your Bible and you will find, from Genesis to Revelation, exhortations to pray: "Ask and ye shall receive; knock, and it shall be opened unto you;" "Pray without ceasing."

What may at first seem a little strange is, that humanity almost universally has responded to this injunction. The lips of all Christendom are this day uttering prayers. Prayers in exalted phrase are spoken from the pulpit. Prayers by the laity are offered in public places. Men pray, women pray, and children lisp their petty wants in forms of prayer. America, Europe, Australia,—yes, Asia and darkened Africa,—echo the prayers of millions. The heathen all pray. Christians address themselves to their God. The heathen plead with their gods, symbolized to them by some image. The Christian, too, often prays to an image of the mind.

Of what avail is prayer? Are these wordy petitions always realized? Some may be shocked at the reply — Seldom!

The Scriptures afford many instances of unanswered prayer. Moses pleaded: "I pray Thee, let me go over and see the good land beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain and Lebanon;" but Moses never realized that prayer. Job exclaimed: "Oh that I might have my request, and that God would grant me the thing that I long for,—even that it would please God to destroy me;" but he was not destroyed.

Daily experience teaches that many requests are unfulfilled. The inquiring mind quotes the words, "Ask and ye shall receive;" and queries, "How can you account for this incongruity? Ministers attempt long explanations of this problem. They say: "You do not receive, because you do not ask that which is for your own good; that God, who is all-wise, sometimes sends chastisement where you had asked for reward and blessing." The preachers claim that we may ask for material things; but must not be disappointed if we do not receive them.

Such explanations may lull the mind into silence; but they do

satisfy. No wonder the skeptic sneers ; and, using in a perverted sense the words of Elijah, exclaims : " Cry aloud, for he is a god. Whether he is talking or he is pursuing, or he is on a journey ; or on adventure he sleepeth, and must be awakened."

If we go down deep into the real meaning of these words, " Ask, and ye shall receive " we shall find that neither the skeptic's sneers nor the minister's explanations are correct. That promise is based on Principle,—more immutable than the law of gravitation, and more constant than the changes of the seasons. The word *prayer* must first be understood, and the nature of God apprehended, before we can derive benefit from that Principle.

True prayer does not consist in devout words, and can not be uttered with the lips. It is the heart's deep longing for the Truth, the harmony of man with God. This kind of prayer does not see God as an almighty man, nor as a finite spirit,—pleased with praise, moved by supplication, and appeased with expiation. What is usually termed *prayer* is supplication for material things, and is based on blind faith ; but true prayer is spiritual. It has no right to do with materiality, except to dispel the illusion. It is the spiritual understanding of God. It is too holy to be expressed in words. A beautiful sentiment, that of the poet :

Fountain of Mercy, whose pervading eye
Can look within and read what passes there,
Accept my thoughts for thanks. I have no words !
My soul, o'erfraught with gratitude, rejects
The aid of language ; Lord, behold my heart !

HEARTFELT THANKFULNESS.

FRANK E. MASON.

THANK Thee, oh God, for the glorious light
That has shown us the Truth and dispelled the dark night ;
Thank Thee for Jesus, his words I would cite :
Your nets you must cast on the side of the right."

Thank Thee for her who divided the sea,
And showed me the way to be happy and free ;
For, I know that the way she is leading must be
The way I must follow, to come unto Thee.

Thank thee for wisdom, that cometh from Thee ;
In the footsteps of Jesus, the way I can see ;
Thank Thee for Life, Love, and Truth ; for these three
Each of Heaven, and the glory that's waiting for me.

LIVING AND DEAD TRUTH.

S. C. R.

TRUTH is perished, and is cut off from their mouth.

JEREMIAH vii. 28.

TRUTH is deathless! It is identical with God! How then can it perish? It can not; nor is this what the passage means.

What then does it mean? When we shut our eyes to the sun, to us there is no longer a sun, and we are in the dark. It is as if there were no sun in heaven. When we turn away from Truth, to us there is no Truth, because we dwell in error of thought, which is spiritual darkness,—or rather *unspiritual* darkness, for darkness, error, can never be *spiritual*.

Truth does not really *perish* through our blind neglect; it only perishes from our thought. When we sleep, those about us are dead to us; yet they are not dead, but living. When we are oblivious to Truth, it is we who lie dormant, not the Truth; for that is ever awake, active, eternal. "Behold, He who keepeth Israel, slumbers not, nor sleeps."

The inward meaning of the first part of the text is explained by the last. Truth is cut off from the mouth of the wicked and treacherous. A limpid stream may enfold you; but if you seal your mouth against it, what shall the water profit your thirst? Truth may be at the door; but if you bar it out, how shall it come in and sup with you?

There is a practical lesson also in the text, for it is a rebuke to those whose lips are full of falsehood. When a lie fills the mouth, Truth can not also fill it; for what concord hath deceit with candor? The very words of the liar become as the grass of the field, which perisheth. Nay, they never really existed, for they represented neither living Substance nor Soul.

To the open and devout thought, Truth is alive forevermore. It never perishes, is never absent. It is always present, in the mouth, on the lips, in the thought, in the heart,—whither it comes from the Heart of hearts.

Truth must be ever-living, like God; whose very nature is Truth; and it must be like Christ, of whom the Scripture says, "He liveth and reigneth evermore." In proportion as you have Truth, as Life of your life, you also will be in the eternal unity of Divine Love.

Home.

WHATSOEVER things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report,—if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise,—think on these things.

PAUL.

DISEASE AND DELUSION.

THE following anecdote, reprinted from the Philadelphia News, illustrates a not uncommon set of diseases. People fancy they have ailments which they have not; and when the imagination is ruled, the patient is well.

Dr. Crawford, of Baltimore, advised a patient, who fancied he was dying of liver-disease, to travel. On returning, he appeared to be quite well, but upon receiving information of the death of a twin-brother, who had actually died of a scirrhus liver, he immediately staggered, and, falling down, cried out that he was dead, and had, as he always expected, died of a liver-complaint.

Dr. Crawford, on being informed of the notion which had seized the hypochondriac, exclaimed: "Oh, yes, the gentleman is certainly dead, but it is more than probable his liver was the death of him. However, to ascertain the fact, I will hasten to cut him open, before putrefaction has taken place."

Dr. Crawford called for a carving-knife, and whetting it, like a butcher, he stepped to the patient and began to open his waistcoat. The hypochondriac became so terribly frightened that he leaped up with the agility of a cat, and, crying out, "Murder! murder! murder!" ran off with a speed which would have defied a score of doctors to catch him. After running some distance he was almost exhausted, he halted, and not finding the doctor at his heels, soon became composed. From that period, this gentleman was never known to complain of his liver.

THE FORCE OF IMAGINATION.

[Exchange.]

A MAINE man, while chopping wood, cut a big gash in his boot. Thinking he had cut a gash in his foot also, he sat down and waited for help. Assistance came, and the man, who was not able to walk, was placed on a sled and hauled home. When he reached there his boot and stocking were cut from his foot, and it was found that the foot was not cut enough to draw blood.

COCOANUTS AND DIAMONDS.

[Written specially for this Journal.]

Two children sat on the edge of the shore, near the public road. Their feet dangled over the water; but they were not afraid, for they had been used to the water all their days.

They might have found much to wonder at, had their thoughts been directed towards the sea; for this was Narragansett Bay—a body of salt water which, as every studious child knows, makes inland from the Atlantic Ocean, dividing the little State of Rhode Island, and touching a part of Southeastern Massachusetts.

The territory where they were was part of the old town of Tiverton, Rhode Island; and across the water, at the end of the Old Stone Bridge, not far away, could be seen the Island of Newport, stretching towards the south. Just then their attention was attracted by the train on the Old Colony Road, which had crossed the railroad bridge from the main land, a mile north of them, and was now speeding down towards Newport, the attractive and cool city at the southern end of the island, where so many fashionable people spend their summers.

Away over Newport Island they might have caught glimpses, now and then, of a column of smoke, rising into the air from some steamer, ploughing its way through the open and wider part of Narragansett Bay, carrying freight and passengers from Boston, Providence, Fall River, to Newport and New York.

If none of these sights moved them, it was because their thoughts were elsewhere. By the boy's side was his straw hat—torn, but still a hat, and the only one he had. From it he now and then took something—probably a pebble—which he skipped over the water.

"That was a miss!" said Rick Wrenton. "So it was!" said Phory. Phory Kreeme was his companion's name.

"There! That's a good shot," said the boy presently. "See, it skip! Five times,—yes, six!"

Phory clapped her hands for joy. "Let me try!" she pleaded.

Rick was good-natured, and for every three which he skimmed himself, he let little Phory try one.

A gentleman had quietly approached, and was leaning over the fence by the roadside, a few yards behind the children. "What pretty stones those are!" he thought to himself. "I never saw pebbles before with such brown tops and white sides. How much

all look alike! Why" — as Rick handed Phory another — "each stone is flat on the bottom, and has a perfectly round top." To his surprise, Phory did not skip her pebble over the water this time; but said shyly to Rick: "May n't I eat this one,— just *one*?" "Law, yes, if yer wants ter," said Rick; "but I'm sick 'n fed of um, they're s'awful sweet. I thought I could eat a hog-sad; but I could n't go but fifteen."

To the gentleman's amazement, the girl bit one piece out of her pebble, and then slowly and joyously ate it all up, while Rick skipped another over the water.

"Let me see one of those stones, my boy!"

Rick was startled. Evidently he disliked to comply with the request; for he recognized Mr. Dryden, a gentleman who was spending his summer vacation in town, and boarded at Mr. Landbild's, a little way up the hill. However, he did as Mr. Dryden bided. It was not a pebble which the gentleman found himself expecting, but a cocoanut-cake; and he was further surprised to find that Rick had a little pile of them in his hat.

It was nearing sunset, and Mr. Dryden told Phory that she had better run home to her mother. Off she ran, and then Mr. Dryden said: "Rick, why did n't you come up to Mr. Landbild's this afternoon? You know you promised to take that bundle to the station for me. I called at your mother's to see where you were, and she did not know. I wanted it to go to New York by the evening boat. You did n't come, and so I walked up there myself; but it was too late for the train. I had to leave the package here, for Mr. Jones to send tomorrow. In fact, I'm on my way home now. Why did n't you do as you agreed?"

Rick knew not what to say. He knew, too, that he had lost the cents by not doing Mr. Dryden's errand. Something evidently troubled him; for when Mr. Dryden repeated the question, the boy said, in a low tone: "I dunnow! Did n't want none of the money, I did n't."

By this time it was very plain to Mr. Dryden that something was wrong about Rick and those cakes. He was a wise man, and asked no further questions then; but as they walked up the hill together he said: "Rick, I'm going up to the top to make a sketch — a sunset sketch. Get my cane-chair and portfolio from my house, and come up with me."

Rick did n't smile, but he ran around into Mr. Landbild's back-yard after these articles; and presently he overtook Mr. Dryden,

who was sauntering slowly up the road, toward the fence at the border of the field, near where the old fort stood.

Mr. Dryden liked to help Rick, by giving him an occasional job ; and he felt thus for two reasons : first, because Rick was a bright boy of eleven ; and second, because Rick was the oldest child of the poor woman who did Mr. Dryden's washing. He liked to talk with Rick, and now they talked about the fort. There was not much left of it ; but you could trace the outline of grass-covered stones ; and Mr. Dryden told him why it had been built, away back a hundred years, in the Revolutionary days, when it was feared the British would send up a warship and some soldiers from Newport, and conquer the settlement.

By this time, they had reached the place. The fact was, Mr. Dryden did not care for the sketching that evening, but he wanted a chat with Rick about those cocoanut-cakes. So presently he asked if the boy had one left, which he could give him. Rick's face changed. He put his hand into his pocket. Then he suddenly remembered that while away from Mr. Dryden, getting the cane-stool, he had thrown the remaining cakes away. Mr. Dryden was sharp enough to notice Rick's embarrassment, and so he said : " Threw them away, did you ? "

Rick had to say Yes.

Mr. Dryden did not pursue the subject further just then, but he unscrewed the end of his big cane. Then the cane could easily be spread into three parts, so as to make a sort of chair, or stool, with three legs, but no seat. A broad piece of band, so arranged that it could be slipped over the three posts, made a very respectable three-cornered seat, while the upper part of the cane formed a stout support, though rather narrow for a chairback. Mr. Dryden thought he might as well sketch a little ; but soon it began to grow too dark for that, and he said to Rick : " I like those cakes, Rick, do n't you ? "

" Too sickish ! " was the boy's reply.

" Do you know what they 're made of ? "

" Sugar 'n egg. I guess."

" Nothing else ? "

" Oh, the cocoanut ! "

" Where does that come from ? "

" From the store, in boxes."

" Yes," said Mr. Dryden, " so it does ; and the baker buys it, mixes it with the sugar, bakes it into these nice cakes, and sells

em to us. That store cocoanut is already prepared for use; but where does the *real* cocoanut-meat come from?"

Rick did not know; but he had seen the big, brown, hairy coconuts at the fruitstores in Fall River, and knew that there was milk, or a sort of sweet water, inside the hard shell. He had also seen the white meat inside, next the shell.

Mr. Dryden explained to him that these large nuts, as big as small melons, grew on palmtrees; that they were hard to pull from the branches, and grew often very high from the ground; that sailors, and people where they grow, know the best way to pluck them,—not by pulling them, but by lifting them, and letting them fall again, with a peculiar knack.

"They grow in hot climates. Outside the shell is a thick green husk. Even when they are fresh from the tree, you need an axe to cut them open. Then the milk inside is very cool and refreshing, and you can scrape off the soft white pulp inside, and eat that. As the nut grows older and more dry, the milk hardens into the meat, as we see it here."

It is this meat that is used to make the cakes; but Mr. Dryden told Rick they did not chop it up, dry it, and pack it into boxes, when he was a boy.

"How did they manage?" asked Rick.

"The confectioners had to buy the cocoanuts, crack them, take out the white meat, and grate or grind it up fine for their own use. It was harder to make the cakes, but they were better than any we get now."

"Our 'n's good nuff," replied Rick.

"You said, just now, they were too sickish."

"Well, they *be*, when a feller's eaten so many on um. I should n't think cocoanuts 'd be good for much!" he hastily added, as he observed that Mr. Dryden was looking suspiciously at him.

"Oh yes! The Malays use them for many purposes, besides food and drink."

"Wha' for?"

"Well, they scrape the shells, and polish them, and so make very good cups to drink from."

"Oh yes,—I've seen cocoanut dippers."

"Out of the fibrous outside,—"

"What's fibrous?" interrupted Rick.

This was not very polite in Rick,—this interruption; but it

showed that the boy wanted to learn, and Mr. Dryden therefore answered the question, after a minute's hesitation: "*Fibrous* means stringy, or hairy. As I was saying, they make ropes and strings and cloth of it,—ropes that can be used in ships, cloth fit for some articles of clothing."

"Anything else?" asked Rick.

"Yes, oil. They press oil out of the meat, and use it to eat, and to burn in their old-fashioned lamps."

"What are they like?"

"Well, they put water into a tumbler, and then pour in the oil. Then they put a wick into the oil,—a piece of cloth or a twig. The end of it lies over the edge of the cup, and burns like a candlewick."

"Not much like *kar'sene* or gas!" said Rick.

"No! A poor light!" responded Mr. Dryden.

"Water spiles it, I reckon," said Rick.

"No!"

"Why not?"

"Because the oil is lighter than the water, and floats on the top, nearest the wick."

"What ails the light, then?"

"Well, the wicks are poor, and the oil not very rich in the qualities that make good light. Some gas is poor, you know.—Then this nut furnishes something else, that you would n't think of.—Guess!"

"Soap?"

"Well, the oil might be made into soap, and the husk is good to scrub with.—Guess again!"

"Chains, 'n carve-work, 'n such?"

"Yes! and ornamental jewelry; but what is still stranger, the cocoanut furnishes precious stones."

"Made-up ones, I spose?"

"No, real ones!"

"Not dimuns?"

"Well, they call them *diamonds*; but they are not the color of ours. They do n't look like common glass."

"What then?"

"They look like milk, and they are found embedded in the white meat of the cocoanut, on the inside of the shell. They are smooth and handsome, and shaped somewhat like a small bean or pea."

"Ever see one yerself?"

"Yes."

"Cost much?"

"Well, yes!"

Rick thought a little, and then he said: "Those dimuns is like the pearls they find in sick oysters, ain't they?"

"Yes, I'm glad you thought of that! They are like pearls in one thing. It is some imperfection in the nut, that makes these diamonds grow there in the pulp. Now, Rick! A seeming wrong sometimes wakes us to the value of right. Tell me, my boy, where did you get those cakes?"

Rick was startled, and remained silent awhile. Then he said: "Bought um of the baker, when he come along."

"How many?"

"I dunnow! A hundred or two, mebby."

"How much did they cost?"

Rick began to whimper: "A dollar."

"You did n't buy a dollar's worth?"

"Yes," added Rick, whimpering louder.

"And the baker sold them to you?"

"Yessir. I had two down to Miss Arrow's last week, 'n I wanted some more!"

Here Rick's whimpering turned into real crying, so that he could hardly speak.

"And the baker sold you a dollar's worth of cocoanut-cakes, and asked you no questions?"

"Yes, he did; but I told him as how they were for Miss Land-bild, 'cause she was goin' to have company."

"That was a falsehood! But where did you get the dollar?" Rick did n't answer, but laid his head on Mr. Dryden's knee, and cried piteously.

"Your mother, surely, did not give you a dollar for such a foolish purpose?" Still no answer! "Rick, did you steal that dollar?"

"Not zackly steal it," sobbed Rick.

"Then, where did you get it? Do n't be afraid to tell me, my boy. You know I 'm your friend."

"Yes, and that's what makes it so hard to tell. I—I—I took the dollar you give me last Wednesday night, to pay Ma for your laundry. After I'd spent the money I felt bad—cause she felt so bad about it."

"Then you told her?"

"No, I did n't. I let her think 's how you had n't paid me; 'n she said she hoped you did n't mean ter cheat her, like a dandy as was down here last year. You're always good to Ma 'n me, 'n I felt horrid to hear her say that; but I dassent tell. The cakes did n't taste no good after! So I took um out 's afternoon, and give some of um to Phory; but she did n't eat um fast 'nough. I give two or three to the little chicks ter hum; but not many, cause they 'd be askin' questions. So I begun to skip um into the water,—so 's—so 's——"

"So as to get rid of them," said Mr. Dryden, finishing the sentence; for poor Rick was now lying on the grass, face downward, gasping with sorrow.

Then Mr. Dryden showed Rick how he had told lies to the baker, to his mother, and the other children; how he had slandered Mr. Dryden, by letting it be thought he did not properly pay his debts; how Rick had wasted good food, by throwing it into the sea for the fishes; how he had been gluttonous, by eating more sweet food than he should; how he had acted deceit, as well as spoken it; how he had been ungrateful to a good, hard-working mother.

Finally, he said, earnestly: "And Rick, my boy, you've been a thief." Rick's form was convulsed; but his friend went on: "Yes, Rick! You *stole* that dollar from your mother's money, which she earns for you children. You are her oldest child. All the little you earn for yourself, she lets you use for yourself; yet you *stole* this from her."

"Do n't tell Ma, please do n't!"

"If you had shown yourself hard-hearted, I should have felt obliged to tell her; but now I shall not. I will pay her the dollar; but I dare not trust you with it yet. I shall let you do errands for me, and keep an account of them. Till you have done enough to make that stolen dollar square, I shall pay you no cash. You must always be ready to work for me, whenever I want you. If you do well, you and I alone will know about this crime. I say *crime*, for theft *is* a crime,—as much as if you went to jail for it. But remember, Rick, if you do anything like it again, I shall not only make this offence known, so that you will be pointed at as *the boy who stole from his mother*, but I will try and have you sent to the Reform School for bad boys. You have no father to direct you, and you shall not stay here and make your good mother miserable."

This is almost the end of the story. Rick worked diligently, and soon paid up his dollar; for Mr. Dryden was very lenient,

and gave him more errands, and paid him better for what the lad did, than he would have thought of doing under other circumstances. The boy was cured. His thoughts became good thoughts.

When Rick was fourteen years old, Mr. Dryden helped him to a place in a Boston wholesale store. He was trusted, and he deserved the trust. In his young manhood he was even sent by his employer on a confidential business-mission, and one which required skill, to the torrid land where cocoanuts grow.

When, under the pale flicker of cocoanut-oil lamps, an Oriental jewel-peddler knelt before him in the courtyard of a Java hotel, and offered to sell some cocoanut-diamonds from a little pouch, Richard Wrenton bought two of them. One of them was made into a breastpin for his mother, for whom he had already provided a good home. The other creamy diamond was set in a ring, and sent to his friend Mr. Dryden,—who, looking inside the ring, found graven there the words, *I remember*.

"Ah yes!" said Mr. Dryden to himself, "that was the turning-point in Richard's career."

Praise to God,— "from seeming evil still educing good." The cocoanut-diamond was like Rick's conscience,—hidden, but precious; and, like that gem, it was brought into active glory through a sharp trouble.

MOTHER'S SONG.

LYING down in pain,
Rising up in joy!
What a boon has come
To my darling boy.

Dreams of terror's night,
Fleeing from his thought;
This the blissful change,
In one hour wrought.

Whence this precious boon,
Whence this waking joy,
Which so soon have come
To this trustful boy?

From the throne they come,
Of the Power above,
Which, in living Truth,
Healeth all in Love.

Animal Magnetism.

THE land that Thou gavest unto our fathers, to eat the fruit thereof and the good thereof, behold we are servants in it; and it yieldeth much increase unto the kings whom Thou hast set over us, because of our sins. Also they have dominion over our bodies and over our cattle, at their pleasure, and we are in great distress.

NEHEMIAH.

WHEN they shall say to you:
 "Inquire of their necromancers and wizards,
 That peep and murmur;"
 Then say ye: "Should not a people inquire of their God?
 Should they inquire of the dead for the living?"

ISAIAH.

WAYS THAT ARE DARK.

THE efforts made by the originators of the so-called recent Mental Science Convention, held in Boston, were the very opposite of praiseworthy. Their dishonesty is now patent to many. Among the names of advertised speakers was one who positively declined to appear with them, Mr. George E. Ricker. The presence of one speaker, Rev. O. P. Gifford, was obtained by a falsehood, he being assured that the convention was sanctioned by Rev. Mrs. Eddy.

MULTIFARIOUS MALIGN METHODS.

THERE is one bad intent, but it finds many channels. The arguments of evil-disposed mortal mind are numerous as they are subtle.

Those who employ them, and many who are influenced by them, say: "Oh, there is nothing the matter, nothing to complain of! We meet no opposition." That is often true of wrong-doers. The world loves its own. As Jesus said to his chosen friends:

If ye were of the world, the world would love his own; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you. JOHN xv. 19.

The battle is against those who are at war with evil, and are seeking to destroy it by exposure; as the skeletons in excavated

pepi were reduced to dust, the moment the free air of heaven
bathed once more upon them.

One patient of a ringleader in malpractice says that she was
tormented day and night with the command: "Write a book!"
After her would-be healer had failed to help her, this silent
test still pursued her. She was incapable of such a literary task;
the mesmerizer was trying to persuade her to publish some-
thing on metaphysical subjects, in order to disgrace mental healing.
The temptation took this form: "You are able to write as well
as Mrs. Eddy, or even better." There were promptings, "unseen
and not unfelt," that this woman must slander our Teacher and
disparize from the Eddy writings; or else that she must start
a magazine of her own, in order to mislead the public; and
tempting thought threatened her with the fear of death, if she
did not follow these mischievous indications. Though she did not
succumb to the mental fiend, others are not strong in resistance; but
there are those who realize the source of this malign leadership
and seek to destroy it, refusing to be led by hatred so manifested.

These evil promptings are also shown by the divisions in the
ranks of practitioners who have been faithful to Truth and
our Teacher,—among those whose demonstrations, in behalf
of bringing humanity, should bring only peace and happiness within
the home-circle. The sinister trend of educated, but malicious
thought, has been at work there; but not being recognized in its
diabolical character, it was not met and subdued in time to
prevent discord.

These pernicious suggestions are felt also by those who, not
many months ago, rejected matrimonial offers,—because they
sought to be faithful to the Cause of Christian Science, which they
warmly espoused,—but who are now taking to themselves
wives and husbands.

The deleterious bias is further shown by instances in which
persons are pushed forward into positions for which they are un-
fitted, such as editing and Bible-teaching.

Indeed, the effects of Animal Magnetism are apparent in var-
ious forms of error, through which it puts forth its fang—all the
more poisonous because invisible to the physical eye.

It is worse than foolish to say that loyal Scientists have nothing
to fear. They should not be misled by the suggestion that such
effects are merely snares. We are not to fear the enemy, but to
conquer it.

It is foolish for people to declare that Animal Magnetism does
not, and can not, affect them, when all their actions prove the con-
trary. As well might a tramp, lying overnight in the gutter,
declare that he has never tasted a drop of beer.

SYMPATHETIC POWDER.

ANECDOTES are numerous, proving the power of imagination in healing. Some of them are referred to in *Science and Health*. Dr. C. L. Dodge, in *The Christian At Work*, has called attention to others. From his history of the famous Sympathetic Powder are gleaned a few facts. Does not this instance point to Animal Magnetism, as the so-called curative agent?

This powder was said to heal injuries, if applied to the blood-stained garments of a wounded person, even though the sufferer was far away. A friar, returning from the East, brought the receipt to Florence. Sir Kenelm Digby was fortunate enough to do the friar a favor, and so learned the composition of the powder.

Sir Kenelm was, at different periods of his life, an admiral, a theologian, a critic, a metaphysician, a politician, and an alchemist. Soon after his return to England, an opportunity offered itself to try the powder. Mr. J. Howel was wounded, in parting two friends who were fighting a duel. Four days afterward Sir Kenelm dipped one of Mr. Howel's garters into a solution of the powder, and immediately, it is said, the wounds, which were very painful, grew easy, although the patient had not the slightest idea what his friend was about. Mr. Howel returned home, leaving his garter in the hands of Sir Kenelm, who hung it up to dry. Soon Mr. Howel sent his servant to say that the wounds were paining him badly. The garter was therefore replaced in the solution, and the patient recovered in five or six days.

James I. was curious to know the secret of this remedy. The royal physician, Dr. Mayenne, carried the secret to France, and communicated it to the Duke of Mayenne, who not only performed cures by means of it, but taught it to his surgeon, who, after the Duke's death, sold it to many distinguished persons, by whose agency it soon ceased to be a secret.

What was this wonderful substance? Powdered blue vitriol, made to undergo processes which conferred on it such extraordinary virtue. It was thoroughly dissolved, filtered, crystallized. The crystals were to be laid in the sun during the summer, and carefully turned, so that all should be exposed. They were to be powdered, triturated, and again exposed to the sun, and then reduced to a very fine powder.

Healing: Communications and Cases.

try Me now in this, saith Jehovah of Hosts.—
 whether I will not open to you the Windows of Heaven,
 and pour out upon you a blessing.

MALACHI.

LAMENESS AND SCIATICA.

ABOUT thirty-six years ago I was kicked on my knee by a horse, and was kept in bed by the doctors about eighteen months: this made a cripple of me, the injured leg being at least three inches shorter than the other. The doctors said the trouble was osteo-swellings. Nearly two years ago I was taken down with what the doctors called bone-crysipelas; and they said I must have my leg taken off, and that this trouble would probably kill

me. I thank God that I was saved through Christian Science, demonstrated by Mr. E. W. Burnham, of Council Bluffs, Iowa. My health was never any better than it is now. The injured leg is as good as the other, and is growing longer.

When Mr. Burnham began treating me, I had what the doctors called sciatic rheumatism, and could not rest day or night; but, thank God! in three days the pain left me, and has not returned. The Truth has made me free, to anyone, wanting more information, I will gladly give all the particulars in regard to this wonderful work. Through the Father, Mr. Burnham is doing great good. The deaf hear, and lost lungs are found.

J. MALONE.

Chariton, Iowa.

LONG DREAMING.

WE hear pleasant news from a Boston Scientist. A patient of his, confined in bed for eighteen years, writes to a friend in Boston:

I am going to have some stockings and shoes, and shall go out-of-doors. You do not know how strange it seems, and how funny it looks to me as I write these words. I am going to have some stockings and shoes, for the first time in eighteen years.

God bless the Brother who has waked a patient from so long a dream as this!

SISTER STUDENT.

CASES OF CHILDREN.

MY DEAR TEACHER: Thinking it may be of interest to you to know something of my first work in Christian Science, I describe one or two demonstrations.

A little child of one of our neighbors was taken strangely ill, a few mornings since. The limbs grew cold and purple, eyes and mouth partially closed, and the child seemed indisposed to speak or move. Her mother becoming frightened, and not knowing I had studied the Science, sent to me for remedies. Instead of giving them, I realized the truth in regard to the child. The result was that she soon rallied, and ate a hearty breakfast with the family.

A few days after, I was called to see a child suffering from croup. In a half-hour, the last trace of croup had disappeared, and the child was well. What can stand against Truth?

Your loving student,

L. J. H.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

DEAR MRS. INGALLS: I take pleasure in acknowledging myself cured of Bright's Disease. Since your treatments first commenced, I have gained steadily every day. I had had the best doctors in the city for the last two years, and grew no better. I heard of you through a friend of mine in Des Moines, Iowa,—a Mrs. Snow,—and was induced to try Christian Science. After your first treatment, I was convinced there was truth in it. May God bless you and yours, is the best wish of your patient,

S. I. MONROE.

Le Mars, Iowa.

EYE-INJURY.

FOR the public good I give this instance of cure of the eye: The white had been pierced with a bean-blower, but was successfully treated in Christian Science, and no trace of injury left: and this was done, despite the protest of a physician, who declared the result would be disastrous if the eye was not submitted to surgical treatment.

M. W. M.

DROPSY OF THE HEART.

DEAR JOURNAL: I wish to write a few lines for the benefit of sick and suffering, and to let all know what Christian Science done for me.

I have been an invalid for eight years, and have suffered untold misery. Three years ago I fell and hurt my side. This filled me with suffering, and I have been growing worse ever since. My case baffled the skill of the best physicians, until I longed for death, and made preparations therefor. My friends and relatives called a council of physicians. After careful examination they pronounced my case as hopelessly beyond all medical aid, and described it as dropsy of the heart. They said both lungs were nearly affected, and that my side was nearly useless.

At this juncture I heard of Mr. Filbert, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, making some cures that seemed to me incredible; but upon the insistence of my son and friends, I consented to have them take me to Mr. Filbert. I was taken to the train, and came to Council Bluffs. When I arrived, they carried me to the house of a friend, who called the Scientist. He came to see me, and I asked him if he had any idea he could cure me. He told me, "All things are possible with God." I said, Yes, I believed that. So I took my first treatment. To my great surprise I felt easy and rested, and slept well that night. He called again the next day. During the second treatment, I felt as though something was making a circle around my heart; and then I felt as though something burst, and a liquid was trickling in the region of the heart. To my utter surprise, I had no fear when this occurred; and this is something I cannot understand to this day.

After this second treatment, I felt better than I had felt in ten years. The next morning I told my friends that I felt like a new creature. I made up my mind that I could walk alone; and so I did. My friends I was going to walk up to Mr. Filbert's house, a distance of three-quarters of a mile, and dine. The Doctor was much surprised at this feat. Suffice it to say, that I took one more treatment, and am now unspeakably happy and perfectly well.

I am sixty-three years old; am as well as I have been in my life. I owe this to God, and Christian Science.

Yours truly,

MRS. C. CHISHOLME.

North Bend, Nebraska.

ON THE KENNEBEC.

In the *Kennebec Journal*, published in the capital of Maine, appears the following paragraph :

Augusta evinces a general and hearty interest in the new method of healing known as Christian Science, now so approved and utilized in other cities. With the failure of drugs to relieve but temporarily, and the increasing number of diseases which are not reached at all by medicine, it is not surprising that suffering humanity welcomes a system which dishonors alcohol, poisonous narcotics, and stimulants, while it honors God. It is the theology of Christian Science which heals the sick; and this theology is identical with the Gospel of Jesus, which was preached to the poor by himself and his disciples, and found to have authority over all disease. The textbook, *Science and Health*, by Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy (the Founder of Christian Science, as well as its Discoverer), has been placed in the Augusta library. It contains a full exposition of Gospel healing. The *CHRISTIAN SCIENCE JOURNAL* (now in its fifth year, with a monthly issue of thousands of copies) may be found each month at the popular store of Mr. Frank Pierce.

The *Gospel Banner*, a Universalist weekly, has this to say on the same subject :

A marked interest in the healing method, as taught and practised in Christian Science, is becoming noticeable in Augusta, as in other large cities throughout the country. The Cause is gaining many new advocates from among the best thinkers and purest Christians of all religious denominations. Its theology, when studied and understood, is found to be the same as the Gospel of Jesus, which was preached to the poor, and bore healing on its wings. In meekness and unobtrusiveness do its true disciples set forth the convincing proofs that the Divine Love, comprehended, is as potent to save man from sickness as from sin. The textbook *Science and Health*, by Rev. Mary B. G. Eddy, is the standard work on the subject of mental healing, and is a practical application of the laws and promises set forth in the Bible, by the Prophets and by the Master. In her book, the Discoverer of Christian Science to this age has reduced Divine Love to human understanding, enabling the Christ-inspired to perform the self-same works as did the disciples of old.

The flower of the Vine is but a little thing,
 The least part of its life. You scarce could tell
 It ever had a flower. The fruit begins
 Almost before the flower has had its day.
 And as it grows, it is not free to heaven,
 But tied to a stake; and if its arms stretch out,
 It is but crosswise, also forced and bound;
 And so it draws out of the hard hillside,
 Fixed in its own place, its own food of Life;
 And quickens with it, breaking forth in bud,
 Joyous and green, and exquisite of form,
 Wreathed lightly into tendril, leaf, and bloom.

KING.

Church and Association.

THE Church of the Living God, the pillar and ground of Truth.

PAUL.

CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST ASSOCIATION.

THE regular monthly meeting of this Association was held on Wednesday afternoon, July 6, with a fair attendance of the members. The usual routine business was transacted punctually, and with that harmony which indicates peace and love among members. Considerable interest was manifested in the various reports of the several committees. New subjects are being brought forward at every meeting, a fact which shows that the members are ever on the watch for that which gives strength and character to our Cause.

L.

DANGEROUS BELIEF.

[From *Science and Health*, by MARY BAKER G. EDDY.]

BECAUSE matter has no Ego, its conditions are unreal, and these conditions are the source of all sickness. To believe in the existence of matter is to admit that mortality (and therefore disease) has a foundation in fact. Once let the mental physician believe in the reality of matter, and he must admit also the reality of all its conditions. Thus he will create disease with his mind, faster than medicine can formulate it through material diagnosis; and so he may become the most dangerous doctor of this period.

In proportion as matter, to human sense, loses all entity as matter, in that proportion does man become its master, entering into a diviner sense of the facts, and comprehending the theology of Jesus, as demonstrated in healing the sick, raising the dead, walking the water. All these deeds manifested Christ's control over the belief that matter is Substance, that it can be the arbiter of Life, or the constructor of any form of being.

COMMUNION SERVICE.

THERE was a large, intelligent, and attentive audience at the Communion service, June 19, which was conducted by our Pastor, Rev. M. B. G. Eddy, nearly every seat in the hall being occupied.

Her text was selected from John xxi. 5: "Children, have ye any meat? They answered him, No." She briefly commented on the incident connected with the text. Notwithstanding the privileges the disciples had enjoyed with their Master, who had qualified them to be fishers of men, they, who had been called from their nets, as soon as they had lost sight of him, relapsed, turned back to their nets, and were ensnared in them again. "They toiled all night and caught nothing." It is always darkest before dawn. The night was far spent. They had sailed forward and backward over the dark waters, vainly searching for gain,—reminding us of Job's experience, where he says: "I go forward, but He is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive Him." As they drew nigh to the shore, they heard the loving voice of their Master, saying: "Children, have ye any meat? They answered him, No." Then he directed them to cast their net on the right side of the ship.

This, said the preacher, is the important thing to understand, Which is the right side? Is it the material or the spiritual side of life and its pursuits?

They found — after they had learned by bitter experience their mistake, and yielded obedience to Christ's command — that success followed; for now, heeding his direction, they cast their net on the other side, and gathered an abundance of fish.

One who loved his Teacher was the first to recognize the stranger on the shore; and he told Peter, who immediately gathered his fisher's coat about him. Peter did not attempt to walk over the wave, as once he did, when Jesus was nearer to him, but was willing to beat against the wave; so, plunging into the water, he swam for the shore.

Upon their arrival, they found that Jesus had provided for their wants, for "they saw a fire of coals there, and fish laid thereon, and bread;" and Jesus supped with them. Whence came this supply of food, which he had prepared for them? Was it not a spiritual feast, even the "bread that cometh down from Heaven?"

After they had partaken of this — the last supper, the perpetual passover, but not a material supper — we find the disciples so enlightened and strengthened in Spirit that they never returned to their old pursuits, but were steadfast in following his teachings, proclaiming the “glad tidings of salvation.”

After the sermon there was a service of admission of new members to the Church, twenty-eight being received, including those who were received by letter. The charge given to them was very impressive. They were reminded that it is a solemn thing to offer our vows unto the Most High, and were enjoined to see to it that their lives attest the sincerity of their motives, in becoming members of this Church of Christ.

After singing a hymn, there followed the impressive Silent Communion season, in which all were invited to participate, undisturbed by the material symbols of bread and wine. These are always blessed moments, as all who are Christians, and participate in this service, can testify.

CINCINNATI PLUCK.

MY PRECIOUS TEACHER: You can do as you please concerning the money I sent you for the church,—make it known or not. I feel it the duty of all students, let them live where they may, to do and give all they can to build the Mother Church in Boston. I, for one, mean to give all in my power to help the Cause. I am willing to sacrifice; and I deem it the duty of all to think less of what we eat, drink, wear, or make a show with, beyond cleanliness, neatness and comfort. It is my intention to live for the Cause.

We must have that church built! Chicago alone has students enough, if they would take it up as Methodists would, to have it built in one year. See how many students you have in Massachusetts. It is a shame to let the enterprise drag along in the way it does. Let us all put our shoulders to the wheel and drive it ahead. Wake up! Let us be in earnest, and see what can be done.

Perhaps I am saying too much,—in other words, meddling with what is none of my business. Forgive me, if I have said too much. I do feel that it is time to be in earnest. I will send Miss Bartlett a check for fifty dollars before the first of July. To get all we can, is the way I have been educated in church affairs.

Your loving student,

MRS. A. M. HARVEY.

Editorial Outlook.

THE eternal round of Truth.	ANONYMOUS.
THE power of an endless Life.	HEBREWS.
THE care of discipline is Love.	WISDOM.
THE Spirit is Life, because of righteousness.	ROMANS.
WITHOUT rebuke, holding forth the Word of Life.	PAUL.

D O G - D A Y S.

MIDSUMMER gladness,
 In light;
 Midsummer sadness,
 In blight;
 Sadness and sorrow,
 In wrong.
 Gladness we borrow,
 And song,
 If the heart, pure in
 Itself,
 Seeks for the Truth, not
 For pelf.

HER LATEST WORK.

WHOSE? Rev. M. B. G. Eddy's, of course!

It is called Christian Science: No and Yes. It is square in shape, like Christian Science and the Bible; and, like that little book, is bound in pebbled-cloth covers. It is beautifully printed at the University Press, Cambridge, John Wilson & Son, but is published by the Author, at 571 Columbus Avenue, Boston.

In short sections, it treats such subjects as Intercessory Prayer, Sacrificial Atonement, Sin, Soul, Personal Devil and Personal God, Disease; and it discusses the question whether Christian Science is Blasphemous, Pantheistic, Earthly, Spiritualistic, or Theosophic.

This is a pamphlet all Christian Scientists will want, for it is just the thing to put into the hands of skeptical inquirers.

A CLUB OF ONE.

FROM Houghton, Mifflin & Co. comes a little volume,—beautifully printed, of antique look, and with plentiful side-headings,—bearing the above title. It purports to be made up of extracts from the notebook of an invalid, who discusses all sorts of topics—rain, doctors, pledges, cities, lawyers, life, gout, bile, hell noise—in a quaint, sometimes cynical, and often witty way. In fact, it is a running commentary on men, books, and affairs, such as now forms a feature of almost every daily paper. You can begin it anywhere and leave it anywhere, without impairing the sense.

THE MEANEST MAN IN SPRING COUNTY.

THIS is an Illinois novel, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and written by Joseph Kirkland.

The hero, Zury, highly deserves his title. Indeed he boasts of it; for he has been led into parsimony by the straits of the parental pioneer household, which his smartness lifts into affluence. The pictures of the family's development are acutely drawn, and Zury's love for his little sick sister is naturally outlined.

The later chapters are equally interesting, but in a very different way. There comes into the story a cultivated Massachusetts girl, from the Lowell Spindles and Brook Farm. Anne Sparrow has something unknown and disagreeable in her past, but she is a success in the district school. Zury admires her; and this leads to moral complications,—treated with a delicacy that would do credit to Mrs. Oliphant, and yet with a frank realism Zola might envy. Anne weds first a shiftless and foolish young fellow; and she does not become Mrs. Zury till that gentleman has attained his political longings, buried his second wife, become reasonably generous, and her twins are grown up.

The vernacular is wonderfully sustained throughout. The author has written a book in which you know not what most to admire, his literary skill or his moral fearlessness; for he sometimes treads on eggs, and has religious bigotry to depict, as well as coarse frontier humanity.

JENNIE COLLINS.

THE aroma of good deeds outlines the personality through which they are expressed. It is well to pause a moment in the busy whirl of life, when a great heart ceases to beat, to gather a lesson for the future. In how many homes was the name of Jennie Collins a blessing! How many crooked places she straightened; how many tangled lines she smoothed! Her tender and womanly nature was never taxed in vain.

Many a wavering conscience, halting on its way to sin, has she steadied and sustained. Many a hungry one has she fed, housed, and comforted. She was an institution of charity in herself, though without any badge or title, other than the high authority of the Master whose life she emulated. Against fearful odds, alone, poor, empty-handed, she began her life's mission. Right nobly, too, has she finished her earth-course. She has done her part to elevate and glorify her sex, and "her own works shall praise her in the gates."

F. T.

THE MONK'S WEDDING.

ONE of the tastiest books of the season comes from the new publishers, Cupples & Hurd,—new in this association of names, but well known in the publication business. The unique but simple binding is a device of Mr. Hurd's.

The story is by Conrad Ferdinand Meyer, and is translated from the German (wherein it made a sensation) by S. H. Adams.

There is a wheel within a wheel. The scene opens in the local Court of Verona, where the Poet Dante improvises a story which he has fitted to a Paduan epitaph. A monk is absolved from his vows, that he may perpetuate the family name by marriage. He weds however the unexpected girl, Antiope; and she is killed by his dead brother's betrothed, whom the family had selected for Astorre's bride.

From time to time Dante is interrupted in his piquant narration; and this leads to a note of the only failure in the beautiful typography of the volume,—such a singularly unsystematic omission and insertion of quotation-marks (though the type is uniform) as seriously obscures the meaning of several passages. However, this does not interfere with a romantic tale, told in a graphic and bright-colored fashion.

MRS. POST ONCE MORE.

THE complaint charged her with practising medicine contrary to Chapter 104 of the Laws of the 21st Assembly of Iowa: that, without complying with the provisions of that chapter, she performed the act of healing upon Mrs. George B. Freeman. Mrs. Post's attorneys attempted to prove that her patient was actually healed; but the special attorney for the monopoly objected to such evidence.

In the District Court, Mrs. Post's attorneys pleaded guilty for her to the charge, and then moved to discharge her, on the ground that, while the Legislature might pass a law to protect the health of the people, yet, if the law sought to punish the healing act, this was not Constitutional. The District Judge sustained this position, and discharged the prisoner. A witty writer says, the Secretary of the State Board of Health ought to keep better *Post-ed*.

THE POPULAR EDUCATOR.

SUBSTITUTE the word *education* for *government*, in Lincoln's famous saying, and it might well be used as a definition of true culture: Education *of* the people, *for* the people, and *by* the people.

In practice, if not in statement, this is the motto of the professional monthly called *The Popular Educator*. Not only is it full of good hints, but practical lessons. There is a heap of trash to be swept away from our school system, despite all our boasting and previous gain. Neither grammar, arithmetic, nor any other branch, is taught as it should be.

We send our boys to school forty weeks in the year, from the age of five to eighteen; but they come out no better fitted to cope with traffic, politics, navigation, mechanics, the professions, than were our grandfathers, who had only a winter term of free schooling in a ten-footer,—and had to pay extra for more at some Academy, if perchance they could earn money enough for the purpose.

Clearly, something is wrong. What is it? Hours upon hours are industriously wasted in the schoolroom and in home lessons. Why?

The periodical which calls out these inquiries helps to solve the problem.

Economic Hints.

If anyone provideth not for his own, and especially for those of his Own House, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an unbeliever.

PAUL TO TIMOTHY.

BREVITY THE SOUL OF WIT.

Mrs. EDDY has no time for the perusal of long letters, covering several pages. Correspondents must study brevity, if they expect her to read their communications.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE: NO AND YES.

(BY REV. MARY BAKER G. EDDY.)

THIS is an invaluable little work of fifty pages, setting forth distinctly the difference between the false and true system of teaching and practice, by Christian Science Mind-healing. Price 25 cents a copy, or \$2.50 a dozen.

DEFENCE OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

THIS pamphlet is now out of print. Its place is more than supplied, however, by the new work, entitled *Christian Science: No and Yes*, by M. B. G. Eddy.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE LITERATURE.

WE call the attention of JOURNAL readers to the pamphlet, *Christian Science and the Bible*,—by Phare Pleigh,—now in its third edition. It is so ably written that everyone who does not possess a copy should have one, and those having it should present it to others. For terms, see advertisement.

PRIVATE SCHOOL.

PARENTS desiring for their boys and girls the **personal attention** of private schools, and the **discipline** and **varied associates** of public schools, will find both combined at Chauncy Hall, 259 Boylston St., Boston.

Preparation for the **Mass. Institute of Technology** has long been a specialty; and for its thoroughness, reference is made to the **Institute Faculty**. Thorough preparation is made also for **College**, and for **Business**. All classes are open to **Special Students**.

Particular attention is invited to the **Primary and Grammar School** departments, and to the **Kindergarten**. Visitors are always welcome.

— THE —

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE JOURNAL.

For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty
through God, to the pulling down of strongholds.—PAUL.

VOL. V.

SEPTEMBER, 1887.

No. 6.

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

THE clergy of Denver, Colorado, recently discussed Christian Science, at their regular professional meeting. Rev. R. T. Cross presided, in the absence of Dean Hart, the President. Rev. W. D. Westervelt opened the discussion. He admitted that there might be cures through Christian Science, but these he attributed to the influence of mind over matter. In opposing this system he read extracts from various works, particularly from the authoritative book of Rev. M. B. G. Eddy. He endeavored to show three main defects:

1. That the system is Scientifically False, being only a reiteration of Berkeley's Idealism.
2. That the system is False in Religion, being Pantheistic in its views, and denying the Atonement, as well as the Essential Divinity of the Saviour.
3. That the system is virtually a failure, curing in a few cases, but failing in the majority.

Mr. Westervelt believed that many good people claim to

be Christian Scientists who do not hold objectionable views, because these followers are better than their system; but he warned everybody against attending any course of lectures on the subject, which would be little else than a repetition of the teachings in Mrs. Eddy's book.

A number of the pastors spoke in support of the views advanced by the essayist.

Let us consider these charges in their backward order.

In the first place Mr. Westervelt proclaims it as a new discovery (at least, so the newspaper report indicates) that the lectures given at Metaphysical College and elsewhere, by Mrs. Eddy or by her students, are but a duplication of her teachings in the textbook, *Science and Health*.

Of course they are!

The newly lamented Rev. Dr. Mark Hopkins, of Williams College, published lectures on Moral Philosophy; but his pupils heard the same lectures in his classroom. The late Rev. Dr. George R. Noyes published translations of the New Testament and the Prophets, besides various essays; yet the substance of all these publications was given to his classes in Harvard University. This is equally true of Rev. Dr. Francis Wayland, of Brown University,—of every teacher who has published an arithmetic or a grammar, of every professor who lectures on Political Economy, Christian Evidences, Surgery, Therapeutics, or the Law of Frauds.

Does Mr. Westervelt use this seriously as an argument?

The authoress has always said, that if readers could fully understand her work (*Science and Health*) they would need no further instruction on the points therein touched. This is the case with every instructor. The trouble is, that the child can not take in all the ideas of the Algebra, nor the youth all the thoughts of the treatise on Ethics; so oral instruction is needed to supplement the guidance of the textbook.

Mrs. Eddy's pupils always say: "It was all in the book, but our Teacher makes it so clear!" And the Teacher her-

self begs those who would understand her teachings to go to her book, and not depend implicitly upon anybody's teaching, however excellent, except her own.

The critic further finds that every case is not cured, and therefore he infers general failure.

Indeed! Does Allopathy never fail, or Homœopathy? Mr. Westervelt may say that these are but human systems, and so liable to failure; whereas Christian Science, being reared on a divine foundation, has no business to fail, because, to change Bulwer a little, "in the bright lexicon of *God*, there's no such word as *fail*."

True! There *is* no failure with God! But how about human interpretations of God? Like Paul, "we have this treasure in earthen vessels," liable to be shattered by mortal sin or blunder.

Doubtless these clergymen have read their Bibles, and so may recall the order of Jesus to his disciples, that if not rightly received in some places, where they were sent to preach and heal, they should straightway shake the dust from their sandals, go elsewhere, and leave the sick to heal their sick, and the dead to bury their dead.

Perhaps these reverend clergy may remember that even their Divine Master confessed himself unable to heal in certain neighborhoods, because of the prevalent unbelief, or misbelief.

Moreover Science and Health says emphatically, that the healing work may be hindered by two causes: *first*, by the interference of Animal Magnetism, which now—as in the early days, when the Apocalypse characterized it as the Great Red Dragon—waits to destroy Divine Science, or to hinder its efficacy; and *second*, by the interference of mortal belief, which entrenches itself behind a strong barrier of ignorance and error, and of faith in matter, instead of ruling by Spirit.

The Teacher insists that the great obstacle to physical healing is spiritual wrong,—that if all people could become

sinless, health would abound; because, as the Psalmist sings, "He is the health of my countenance, and my God."

If perfection prevailed, there would be no sickness, no opportunity for healing. If men were even near perfection, so that, like God's, their eyes were "too pure to behold iniquity," then, at once, sin-sick humanity would grasp the Truth, and be whole every whit.

Alas! while "the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand," even in our very midst, it is also afar off; not that God can be far from any one of us, more than He could in Paul's day; but because our belief, our thought, are far from Him. So long as this is the case, let us not wonder if mortal error and human sin sometimes hamper the healing thought of the Christian Scientist.

In the domain of Religion, the Colorado censor accuses Mrs. Eddy of three religious denials: of the Atonement; of the Deity of Christ; of the Individuality of God, as separate from His creation.

In other words, Mr. Westervelt accuses her of three cardinal errors of doctrine. He says that she teaches: 1, the possibility of Salvation from sin and sickness, without giving proper credit to the Atoning Blood of the Saviour; 2, the Humanity of Jesus; 3, Pantheism.

Let these points be considered in detail.

Pantheism. Pantheism is the doctrine of All-god-ism,—from the Greek words *pan* (all) and *theos* (god); but to teach that God is omnipresent, everywhere existent, is not to affirm that all things are God.

The propositions are very different. It makes a vast difference whether we say that God, by Whom and through Whom are all things, is "in and through you all," as the New Testament affirms; or that "all things are God," which is what Pantheism believes, but what the Bible nowhere teaches.

Paul avers emphatically, "that we live and move and have

our being" in God. Was Paul therefore a Pantheist? David declares (PSALM cxxxix.) that he can not escape God :

Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit?
Or whither shall I flee from Thy presence?
If I ascend up into Heaven, Thou art there.
If I make my bed in Hell, behold Thou art there.
If I take the wings of the morning,
And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea,
Even there shall Thy hand lead me,
And Thy right hand shall hold me.

Was the royal singer then a Pantheist?

In the poem of Job we may read (chapter xi.) :

Canst thou by searching find out God?
Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?
As high as Heaven, what canst thou do?
Deeper than Hell, what canst thou know?

Was this poet, then, a Pantheist?

The notion of Mrs. Eddy's Pantheism comes from her denial of Divine personality ; but how many times need it be said that, while denying God's personality in the lower and physical sense, she has no thought of denying the spiritual and unseen personality, or individuality, of the Almighty Creator? She teaches that all is Mind, and there is no matter ; but this is surely far from saying that matter is God.

This is what Pantheism affirms, that matter is divine,—not only created by Divinity, but a part of Divinity ; but Science and Health assumes that matter is naught, because it is neither divine, nor morally human, but a nonentity, arrayed in its own irresponsible conceit against Truth and Reality.

When Mrs. Eddy declares that God is all-in-all, she uses these words in the sense of the Apostle, when he declares that God shall "be all-in-all" (1 CORINTHIANS xv. 28) ; that the same God "worketh all-in-all" (1 CORINTHIANS xii. 6) ; and refers to "the fulness of Him that filleth all-in-all" (EPHESIANS i. 23) ; or says that "Christ is all, and in all" (COLOSSIANS iii. 11).

This is indeed a mystery. The same Apostle writes of

the mystery of "godliness which was manifested in the flesh."

When Christian Science teaches that matter is God, or is of God, then you may accuse it of being Pantheistic; but while it teaches the nothingness of matter, it is certainly not teaching Pantheism.

Spirit is God; and Spirit is more universal than the air, or wind, which is used to typify it in the New Testament. Human language is inadequate to the exact expression of nice spiritual distinctions; but this difficulty is quite as apparent in all other theological systems as it is in Christian Science, as must be plain to all theological investigators who have struggled with the dogmas which touch the Godhead, or Divine Selfhood.

Atonement. Mrs. Eddy denies it,—says Mr. Westervelt. She does indeed deny the outworn, mercantile, mechanical, trade-and-barter, physical, flesh-and-blood notion, of a substituted atonement.

Christendom—certainly, Protestant Christendom—has outgrown this theory. Andover does not teach it, nor Oxford.

Has Mrs. Eddy denied that deeper and truer theory of the atonement, of a spiritual reconciliation between God and man,—which says with Paul, "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself,"—which Jesus was born to accomplish, and did initiate?

While she teaches that true Christians can do the work of Jesus, as he promised,—work which he was able to do because of his oneness with God,—surely she proves that man can really be at one with God as the Messiah was,—to quote his own language; and that Christians become thus one with God, through the At-one-ment, wrought in and through Jesus the Christ.

Deity of Christ. The Deity of the human *Jesus*, Christian Science certainly denies; but the Divinity of the Spiritual Ideal,—of the *Christ*,—Christian Science assuredly believes.

Nor is our Teacher the first to distinguish between the Jesus and the Christ, and to assert the Divinity of the living Christ as above the mortality of the dying Jesus. This distinction has been recognized from the earliest times.

Jesus was made both Lord and Christ, says the Apostle. Jesus *the* Christ (not Jesus Christ, as if he bore these two names) is the New Testament phrase.

The physical Jesus died in thought. The spiritual Christ never died,— could not die,— because this was the everlasting Spirit, constituting him the Redeemer, by virtue of his relationship to the Father.

Christian Science proclaims the Deity of Spirit, of the Essential Christ, even more loudly than it denies the Deity of the material Jesus. So Orthodox, so Evangelical, is Christian Science, in this respect, that Unitarians and Humanitarians often find this adherence to our Lord's Divinity a stumbling-block to their acceptance of Christian Science.

Taking another line of argument, our Denver critic declares that Christian Science is Scientifically False, because it is a repetition, in a new form, of Berkeley's Idealism. Is this any argument? May not the Berkeley philosophy and Mrs. Eddy's theory be both true, even if they do happen to accord with one another? As a matter of fact, Mrs. Eddy never read Berkeley till several years after her *Science and Health* had been published.

Let us look into this matter a little deeper. Berkeley was not the first teacher of Idealism. It had been long believed. It is to be found in Hindoo metaphysics, and in the early Christian sects. What is the main tenet of Idealism? Simply this, that matter is a delusion,— that the earth-life is a dream, from which some day we may awake in the likeness of true and divine humanity. That Berkeley believed this theory, yet retained his position as a Bishop in the English Church, is a clear proof that the doctrine (right or wrong) was not considered absolutely heterodox.

Now Christian Science does not pretend that Idealism was never before believed in the world's history. On the contrary, our claim is that true Idealism was taught in Genesis, by the Prophets and by Jesus, in the Gospels and the Epistles. This very Idealism is believed, *because* taught in the Scriptures. Nobody in his senses would think of doubting that, throughout the ages, may be traced a continuous chain of expounders of this Ideal Philosophy,—that there is no matter, and that all is Mind.

What is claimed, and confidently claimed, is this: that none of these past teachers of Idealism (outside, of course, of Bible saints) ever applied their theories to the healing of disease.

Did Berkeley do this, or attempt to do this? Never!

Christian Science takes this up as a practice, evolved from a Principle,—not as a metaphysical hypothesis, without practical effect on the health and behavior of our race.

Moreover our Science rises a step higher. "Man is merely an Idea," says Berkeley. Christian Science says: "Yes, man is only an Idea, but he is *God's* Idea, reflected in a spiritual entity; and because man is a Divine Idea, reflected from perfection, he cannot be forever or really deflected from the Truth, but must be as genuine and unpoluted as the Infinite Creator, fulfilling the injunction of the Master, Be ye perfect, as your Father in Heaven is perfect." All Christians quote these words; but none, except the Christian Scientists, assign to them any absolute and practical meaning. Science says: "Yes! Be ye indeed without spot or blemish, free from sin and sickness."

The cures which our Denver critic admits, he declares to be the result of the influence of mind over matter. Indeed! What a stupendous discovery! Here is Christian Science, urging—over and over again, till one tires of the repetition—that all is Mind; that Mind is superior to matter; that evil is a hallucination of mortal mind, as distinguished from Infinite Mind; that Mind is capable of restoring man to com-

plete health, and banishing the very thought of disease; when suddenly a reverend clergyman awakes from his slumber, and exclaims: "Oh, yes! I see it all, do n't you know? These fellows *do* help disease, and I've found out how they do it. It's through the influence of mind over matter."

Yes, dear boy, that is just it! Mind heals the delusions of matter; because matter, being but an unreal illusion,—a creation of distorted mortal mind,—the Real Mind (or Royal Mind,—for the original meaning of *real* is *royal*) is superior to matter, dominates it, and subdues it to the Supreme Will and Soul.

"We have the Mind of Christ," says Paul (2 CORINTHIANS i. 16). He speaks too of "the Mind of the Lord" (ROMANS i. 34) and "the Mind of the Spirit" (ROMANS viii. 27); and he bids us let "the same Mind be also in us" (PHILIPPIANS ii. 5). "The fleshly mind" he cares not for, but rather condemns (COLOSSIANS ii. 18).

In so far as we have this Mind, we can do what the Lord Jesus Christ did,—conquer disease, death, and dishonor therewith.

You are right, Mr. Westervelt: through Mind we are healed; and "that not of ourselves, for it is the gift of God."

Summary. The religion of Christian Science is not Pantheistic; and conforms to liberal Scriptural interpretation, in its views of Christ's Nature and Atonement. Its scientific character is a question of evidence, and it is not proven false by its kinship to the Idealistic Philosophy. Its imperfections are only such as might be expected from its close connection with Christian history.

IMPATIENT for the noonday, shall we miss
The sunrise we shall never see again,
And all the tender colors of the dawn,—
The vision of the crimson clouds that hang
Above us, and the lovely Morning-Star,
That will be vanished when the sun is high?

KING.

DEALING WITH DIFFICULTIES.

A. LANG.

WHAT more vital question suggests itself to struggling man than this: How do we treat our difficulties? It stands foremost in importance, and the answer we give to it largely shapes our destiny.

Difficulties and conflicts, if wisely met, serve to develop our capacities. If we receive their harm only, better that we should never encounter them; but if we receive the blessing from conquering them, we are better prepared for future encounters.

Man can never learn his possibilities, except through difficulties and conflicts. When Napoleon was about to cross the Alps with the French army, he only inquired of his chief officer if it was possible. Receiving the answer, "Sire, it is possible," the order to cross was given. The earnest wrestler will never surrender to opposition, so long as victory is possible, and he is conscious of right motives.

Failure in the effort to be right and to do good, should be no discouragement. Failures are but waymarks in the road to success. The young man who fails in making his first public speech, and is not discouraged thereby, is morally sure of ultimate success as an orator. Who has not heard of the fame of Disraeli, England's late Premier, who sat down under the mortification of a failure, after his first effort at speechmaking in Parliament. But he won a victory there and then, when he said: "I have begun several times many things, and have succeeded in them at last. I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me."

But we need not go to Europe for examples of this kind, when our own country affords so many. Conspicuous among them is Rev. Mary B. G. Eddy. When first the higher light of Truth dawned upon her consciousness, she isolated herself from the outside world three full years (with the Bible for

her only textbook) that she might discover the Principle, the law by which creation is governed, and formulate a future course of action. She met obstacles which arose higher than the Alps; and the question came: "Can I scale their heights?" "No, not alone!" But later, fortified with the Principle of Divine Truth, and having learned that God never leads where He does not sustain, the answer was: "Yes. Jesus has met and overcome every difficulty which lies in my pathway, and I must follow in his footsteps."

What a Herculean task! But a greater than Hercules was with her. Had she shrunk from the conflict, Science and Health would not have been written, and Christian Science would not be before the world and ahead of the age today.

Her thought was: "It is possible, under the guidance of Divine Truth, that I should be the agent to proclaim this Truth to the world. Though it bring upon me contumely and ostracism, yet I will go forward." What a victory crowned that decision, and what a bound was there Heavenward, when it was made. As a consequence, thousands are rejoicing today in the hope of Eternal Life, and the healing power of Eternal Truth.

The philanthropist meets difficulties which, if not wisely considered, result in evil instead of good. Somebody may ask for material aid; and the question sometimes arises, Is it better to bestow five dollars, or give the petitioner thoughts which will help him to help himself? Material aid is the lowest kind of philanthropy. It is like a medical specific, which is administered to tide over a difficulty for the moment, but imparts no real benefit. The same process has to be repeated.

There is a true philanthropy which comes from Soul, and lifts man from the captivity of the senses, and from dependence on materiality, into the loftier heights of Infinite Mind, whence cometh all our help. The wisest succor is in helping others to help themselves, overcoming their dependence, by showing them their capacity. Give a man a dollar, and he spends it; perhaps he returns, shorn of part of his man-

hood by his misuse of the money, and asking a repetition of the charity ; but give him a thought that will lead him to a higher understanding of his capacity and self-respect,—not withholding temporary material aid, if the necessities are imperative,—and we open the door to the thought whereby he may dispel the mist of mortal error, which says : “*I can not, but you can.*”

We dwarf ourselves when we say, “*I can not.*” Though man has Divine possibilities, he will never realize them while he says “*I can’t.*” Neither will he realize them, till he meets and conquers the sum of all his difficulties. The Master, who is our example, conquered every foe, the last foe being death ; and he ascended into a realization of Divinity, leaving us the promise of a joint-heirship with him in glory. This confirms the argument for man’s divine possibilities, but they are attained only when we overcome every foe.

He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white, and I will not blot out his name out of the Book of Life. REVELATION ii. 5. To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the Tree of Life. REVELATION ii. 7.

We can not overcome error by tacitly admitting its existence. We must meet and overcome it through Love and Truth. Each victory lifts us farther above the things of time and sense, into that higher realm of thought where our spiritual intuitions become more keen, until the light of Divine Truth shall culminate, to our consciousness, in all its grandeur, where difficulties and conflicts will change into triumph, and “*Christ, who is our Life, shall appear, and we shall be like him in glory.*”

Saith the poet :

He that of such a height hath built his Mind,
And reared the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
Of his resolved powers.—nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
This settled peace, or to disturb the same,—
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey.

HUMAN PROGRESS.

J. S. B.

DAY by day is seen the onward march of Truth. They have studied deeply into the knowledge of this world, and have worked hard and long in bringing to light the hidden treasures of mortal thought, learning its capacities and its development in different directions, in art, poetry, and music, in the sciences, and the many inventions of the day,—as well as they who are engaged in the most common pursuits,—pause in their busy life. They halt before the grand and glorious Truth that reveals to them the greater possibilities of man governed by God, the Infinite Intelligence, which governs all in perfect harmony and Love.

Our Heavenly Father, in His great Love, is making Himself manifest through man as His spiritual idea, the image and likeness of the Maker. Thus Truth is working over and over all mortal thought, asserting its dominion, its superiority, its omnipotence; and Life is seen to be spiritual and eternal, not mortal and material,—because God is the Life of man, and in Him “we live, move, and have our being.”

Oh the joy, the peace, the manifold blessings, which come to one whose Life is hid with Christ in God! He is with God our Father! All things are his, because he is governed by God, the Infinite Mind. He is ever advancing into higher spiritual perceptions and attainments. He regains his God-given dominion, the liberty of the sons of God; as it is written:

“Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him; but God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit.

Now we have received, not the Spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God; that we might know the things which are freely given to us of God; which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth; comparing spiritual things with spiritual. For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

Have we thought that all that can be gained materially is but symbolic of the real,—a poor counterfeit, which is of itself of no value, and must, sooner or later, prove its own nothingness? But before it is destroyed to the senses, we see it ever changing, according to mortal belief, for it is only the result of this belief.

What man sees as *good* one day, another he sees as the opposite. That from which he derives pleasure today, may at another time be the source of pain; so that which is beautiful to his sense today, may have lost its beauty tomorrow. This is the ever-changing mortal thought, as belief, which is material in its manifestations. But is Truth changeable? No; for God, Truth, is “the same yesterday, today, and forever.”

Do not err, my beloved brethren. Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of Lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.

God is the only Creator, and all He created is good and eternal. We are to look beyond the transient and material for the Truth of Creation, and know that there is the spiritual fact behind all which appears to physical sense,—fact only to be discerned spiritually; and we see that all that is beautiful and good is veritably a joy forever, and never can be lost to us. It is only mortal belief that limits us, by saying, “Mortality is as real as Immortality, evil as Good, death as Life, matter as Spirit;” when God, Spirit, is all-in-all, infinite.

Let us learn, because “they that are in the flesh cannot please God,” and “the carnal mind is enmity against God,” that this is the evil of which our Master spoke, saying: “He abode not in the Truth, because there is no Truth in him;” for God is the only Truth.

Then let us see what is to be overcome by Truth; for all evil shall be overcome of Good; and God, Good, is proven omnipotent, all-powerful, the All-in-all.

As mortality is swallowed up in Life, is there any loss? Rather say, “We have come into the possession of our in-

itance." As man is growing into the understanding of himself as a child of God, governed by Intelligence which has no limit, he develops greater mental activities; for he is breaking over the limits of material belief, and there is seen in all things the beauty, loveliness, and might of Spirit.

HOME BLESSINGS.

M. S. M.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE, rightly understood and adhered to, satisfies all our needs. Its practical workings commend it to those matter-of-fact individuals to whom its spiritual significance is a dead letter. It seems to me that none can be so keenly appreciative of its benefits as they who have been healed by it.

To the despairing invalid — weary, beyond expression, of drugs and medical hygiene — the physical rejuvenation is but the forerunner of the spiritual awakening. The mother — unable from physical inability to perform her special duties, only staying here for the sake of her children — finds her physical renewal through Christian Science, then gains the understanding for herself, and lo! a new and more glorious dispensation dawns upon her household, and transforms it.

The remedy now for little childish ills and misfortunes, headaches and sore throats, is always at hand, and there is no more bribery to induce the little one to take some nauseous draught, against which — with more wisdom than his elders — he always rebelled. "Mother, treat me!" is the request, with the sweet faith of childhood; and how soon the little ones begin to understand and practise Christian Science themselves, taking it up so sweetly and naturally.

People begin to exclaim: "Why, how healthy your children look! I used to think them rather delicate." Mother ceases to treat them less and less often. She does not fear for them as she used to fear, and feels that she never realized her true relationship to them before.

Christian Science confers the boon of health, as nothing else can, in physical, moral, and spiritual regeneration ; and this is its usual order of healing. It is a true and complete salvation. The Bible, which was so often read in an apathetic way, or from a sense of duty, even by good, professing Christians, possesses a new charm and significance through this understanding, and every page seems luminous with light divine. The Bible, and Science and Health, are the inseparable companions, the infallible guide and counsel, of him to whom the Morning Star of Divine Science has arisen ; and his invitation to those who know it not is : " Ho, every one that thirsteth ! Come ye to the waters ! and he that hath no money ! Come ye, buy and eat ! Yea, come ! Buy wine and milk, without money and without price ! Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not ? Hearken diligently unto Me, and eat ye that which is good."

SPIRITUAL CALM.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

WHEN winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
 And billows wild contend with angry roar,
 'T is said, far down, beneath the wild commotion,
 That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noisy tempest dieth,
 And silver waves chime ever peacefully,
 And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
 Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the heart that knows Thy Love, oh Purest,
 There is a temple sacred evermore ;
 And all the babble of life's angry voices,
 Dies in hushed silence at its peaceful door.

Far, far away, the war of passion dieth,
 And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully ;
 And no more storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
 Disturbs the thought that dwells, oh Lord, in Thee.

THE REAL *versus* THE UNREAL MAN.

E. R. HARDY.

LOOKING beyond the ken of finite, erring vision, the Master says: "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world. Sanctify them in the Truth. Thy word is Truth. . . And for their sakes I sanctify myself, that they themselves also may be sanctified in Truth."

All my earth-life I have read, and heard read or repeated, the words of the Psalmist: "The entrance of Thy word giveth light; it giveth understanding to the simple." All the years of my Christian faith have been fraught with a desire to understand the mystery of Life, and salvation by faith, to understand the experience of that man who gives testimony to the illumination of Truth beyond the range of all finite apprehension,—while uttering words of Truth, which he declares to be only the windfalls from that Tree of Life of which all may eat, and so be filled with the fruit of that understanding which is wisdom.

As a humble servant of Christ I have read many times the words of the Master quoted above; but I too well knew my own heart to claim them, and felt that until I could apprehend the atonement, I was not sanctified in Truth.

More than four years ago I read as follows, in *Science and Health*: "All is Mind; there is no matter." Experience had taught me that mind held a controlling influence; but to believe that there is no matter seemed too extremely idealistic. Mind-cure urged upon my belief its claims that matter is a mental phenomenon, and the theory that mortal man (erroneously called *man*) has the power within him of realizing Life, health, and happiness, that the practice of charity, goodness, forgiveness, and abnegation of selfish pleasures, for the sake of what I believed to be Truth, would result in my being able to heal the sick, and becoming transformed into the image of Christ.

The fact of my being able to heal all manner of disease did not give me abiding rest or peace of mind; for I read: "Howbeit, rejoice not that the spirits are subject unto you; but rejoice that your names are written in Heaven." This word seemed to urge its claims for interpretation. The doubtful sincerity of many who might say, at the Judgment, "Have we not prophesied in thy name, and by thy name cast out devils, and by thy name done many mighty works?" and hear Jesus reply, "I never knew you,"—this seemed to call upon me to remember the Scripture: "Look, therefore, carefully how ye walk: not as unwise, but as wise, redeeming the time, because the days are evil. Wherefore be ye not foolish, but understand what the will of the Lord is."

Becoming more and more convinced of the omniscience of Mind, I struggled on through mazes of mental phenomena, finding all the while abundant evidence of what I then termed Mind-power, but which today finds no such definition in my thought; for it is only a philosophy of mortal mind whose highest demonstration gives not the hidden meaning of these words, "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink his blood, ye have no Life in you." All may have their interpretation of this passage; but "the entrance of Thy word giveth light." While creed may explain and philosophy elucidate to human reason, only eternal wisdom can rend the veil of the Temple, whose parted shreds admit to consciousness the righteous glory of a crucified yet living Christ.

Holding matter as a concomitant of Spirit, and Spirit as dwelling in limits, or within mortal man,—belief that mortal man has within him the germ of a spiritual existence,—these views do not constitute the understanding of God as revealed in the Master's teaching, in which is the only realization that we are not of the world, even as he is not of the world. Neither is it possible for man to impart this understanding by word. When one abandons self, relinquishes all hold on other minds than the one eternal and ever-present Intelligence,—and crucifies personality, nailing it to the cross

through demonstration,—to such a one, at a moment when he thinketh not, the Son of Man will come, and his presence will fill the consciousness with sanctifying Truth. Thus only can we be sanctified in Truth.

Right here is a point in which is concealed the most subtle belief of the adversary. Error returns to a house swept and garnished; and unless the owner is doubly guarded, he will find himself entertaining one of the seven devils, returning, and urging upon him the delusion that as Truth is impersonal and universal, it is foolish for him to think that Truth is not as free to him individually as through the teachings of Science and Health. Thou foolish reasoner! Answer your foe with the words of the Master to Nicodemus, about the wind which “bloweth where it listeth,” and is the symbol of spiritual birth. Trust to the Teacher who insists that the Truth of things contradicts the reason, prudence, wisdom, and knowledge of all persons, and denies the existence of physical man. Stand firmly upon this platform of Faith, and “the Lord shall give thee understanding in all thy doings.”

Healing is not the evidence of understanding, but it is the accompaniment of it. He who would give Pharaoh wise counsel should himself be wiser than Pharaoh. Be not deceived, for there are many today who do not apprehend Mind-healing. In their desire for personal safety they deny Truth, by honoring the Prince of the Power of this World, who stands ready with persuasive arguments, drawn both from philosophy and wonder-working, to convince the unguarded that Christ is in the inner chamber. Remember this prophecy of this very evil, and let our action be as he directs,—“Believe him not.”

It is hard to accept literally the abandonment of all for Christ; but when we do this, He shall shine upon us with the splendor of eternal glory, and we shall awake to the realization of the transformation which is changing us into the image of Him who created us in righteousness and holiness.

Agates.

AND I will make thy windows of Agates.

ISAIAH.

ALL men are not spiritual men ; but all have spiritual sensibilities which might awake. All that is wanted is to become conscious of the nearness of God. Our souls float in the immeasurable ocean of Spirit. God is around us ; at any moment we might be conscious of the contact.

W. ROBERTSON.

To hide true worth from public view,
Is burying diamonds in their mine :
All is not gold that shines, 't is true,
But all that *is* gold ought to shine.

THERE is all the difference in the world between Herod, whose terror-stricken conscience plunges him deeper into crime, and David, who, out of the mire, climbs up the ladder of bitter contrition, heartbreak, and shame, into the clean daylight once more.

WE cannot well forget the Hand that holds
And pierces us, and will not let us go,
However much we strive from under it.

KING.

MIND gives light to our mortal sense of the sun, and scatters the darkness that fleeth away. In the Eternal Mind there is no night,—no sorrow, pain, or sin.

REV. M. BAKER G. EDDY, in *Science and Health*.

BUT still the Life-blood flows, and does not fail,
All into fruitfulness, all into form.

If we should leave out of conversation scandal, gossip, commonplaces, fatuity, — what silence !

MME. BACH.

EVERY philosopher is cousin to an atheist.

DE MUSSET.

Questions Answered.

BY REV. MARY B. G. EDDY.

A MAN hath joy by the Answer of the mouth.

PROVERBS.

Do we not see, in the commonly accepted teachings of the day, the Christ Principle mingled with the teachings of John the Baptist? or, rather, Are not the last eighteen centuries but the footsteps of Truth, being baptized of John, and coming up straightway out of the ceremonial (or ritualistic) waters, to receive the benediction of an honored Father, and afterwards to go up into the wilderness, in order to overcome mortal sense, before it shall go forth into all the cities and towns of Judea, or see many of the people from beyond Jordan? Now if all this be a fair or correct view of this question, why does not John hear this voice, or see the dove; or has not Truth yet reached the shore?

STUDENT.

EVERY individual character that is like the individual John must hear the voice of one crying in the wilderness. In the desolation of human understanding, the voice of Truth utters the divine verities of Being, which deliver mortals out of the depths of ignorance and vice. This is the Father's benediction. It giveth lessons to human life, guides the understanding, peoples the mind, reconstructs and gives life to the Judean religion, and reveals God and man as the Principle and idea of Divine Science.

The understanding of this Science of Mind brings the peace symbolized by a dove, and this peace floweth as a river into a shoreless eternity, "whose breath doth wrap us round." He who knew the foretelling Truth saw the forthcoming Truth, as it came up out of the baptism of Spirit, to enlighten and redeem mortals. Such Christians as John hear and see the symbols of God, reach the sure foundations of time, stand upon the shore of eternity, and grasp and gather in all glory from him, the latchet of whose shoes they are unworthy to unloose.

THE goal of yesterday will be the starting-point of tomorrow.

CARLYLE.

Letters.

A WORD spoken in due season, how good it is ! PROVERB.

ROOTS AND ROOTLETS.

[Postscript of a letter to Rev. M. B. G. Eddy.]

You have doubtless read Darwin's last book, on the Law of Roots. To us, who are learning to read symbols, it teaches that when Truth strikes its root down, and meets a solid rock of materialistic thought or intellectualism, like that of the Atlantic Coast (where we were born, for we lived in America and Europe for more than forty years till we came to the Pacific Coast) it turns,—say westward, in the sun's course,—and may seem to fix itself in soil like that of Chicago; but, however the side roots may fix and grow strong in time, the main taproot goes straight on, seeking the open, free-soil growth of a place like California,—a mental soil without binding creeds or petrifications in it. Between the world's parent continents, Father Europe and Mother Asia, Truth strikes deep into the very foundation of the world-mind.

You can understand what we try to say, better than our words can express it, for the law is that "the greater comprehends the less."

C. M. B.

GOOD WISHES.

ESTEEMED JOURNAL: Monthly you come with glad tidings, helping to keep my "feet [understanding] shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace."

A noted pianist from New York calls. She has just had a letter from her mother, about a friend who has gone to Saratoga to look into mental healing. A clergyman and his wife, dine with us; and they speak of neighbors who believe in Science.

READER.

FROM OVER THE WATER.

[A letter to Rev. M. B. G. EDDY.]

DEAR MADAM: May I thank you for your book, Science and Health, and say how much I owe to it — almost my very life — at a most critical time. . . .

If it were not for the heat of your American summers (I had nine attacks of dysentery in the last one) and the expense, I should dearly like to learn from you personally; but must forego this, at anyrate for the present. If you would write me what the cost would be for a course on Divine Metaphysics, I would try to manage it later on.

Meanwhile, I would be grateful if you would refer me to any one in this country who is interested ~~similarly~~, for I get more kicks than halfpence

(REV.) I. G. W. BISHOP.

Hempstead,
and.

Bovingdon

FROM THE KEYSTONE STATE.

. : Will you be so kind as to inform me whether a good Scientist in Lancaster, Pennsylvania? I have inquiries, and can learn nothing; but for the sake of some ring friends there, I desire to know.

a patient of a Scientist here, Mrs. Pierce — a good and worker. I have had one chemical after another; but the day to be free. My trouble is skin-disease, or eczema. been covered with an eruption, every square inch of my body diseased. I was born with this inheritance, and have faith that I can ever be well, but still I will hope. I read over and over, but cannot understand. If I could only see Truth! I seem blind, but the good works of the prove to me that there is something in it.

Yours truly,

MARY A. GRAY.

l, Pa.

THE WORK GOES BRAVELY ON.

[From a letter to REV. M. B. G. EDDY.]

MY DEAR TEACHER: A despairing cry came from Marquette, "Come, ere our boy die." It was from a family where two had been already healed of a belief of consumption, a belief which now arose and demanded another victim. We could not go; but at our earnest request, Mrs. Otis did. In four days the young man was able to be out on the street, and is now well, I believe. Many others there have been healed, and a great interest is aroused in Christian Science.

I have lately instructed a small, but most interesting class. One of the ladies began to make a very free use of the Glossary in Science and Health. It was truly surprising, the enlarged view of the subject thus obtained. There were so many different kinds of thought suggested,—nay, exhaustively treated,—but never a confused physician of Science and Health since, and was ready to report the case, and spoke of its being you in the winter, who Sister was in Boston, and I found her stoutly and honestly Truth. Sister joins me in much love. A woman named Mrs. Anna B. Johnston is in the city while ent. She styles herself Principal of the New York Christian Science. She attacks you and your students. Indeed, that seems to be all she does; although she professes to teach and heal. If asked, "Dost thou well to be angry?" of afraid I should answer, Yea. Still, at one of her meetings in church here, after an attack on Christian Science, a number of persons rose and gave testimony to being healed by it. Verily "the wrath of man shall praise Thee."

K.

Detroit, Mich.

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INTRODUCTION TO SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

A. M. CRANE.

BLESSED are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven. Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake; for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven. Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in Heaven: for so persecuted they the Prophets which were before you. Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savor, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men. Ye are the light of the world; a city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven.

MATTHEW v. 3-16.

WE read the Bible with a different temper from that in which we read any other book. On Sunday we put on our good clothes, and listen to the preacher with a prepared condition of mind,—altogether different from that with which we go to a hall, to listen to a lecture on art or history, by the same man. So when we sit down to read the Bible, we put on a kind of Sunday attitude before we begin.

The Bible-student, in addition to this, also tries to see the meaning between the lines, which the commentators, or his particular church, have found there. The skeptic envelops himself in a spirit of combativeness. So on through all the list of readers. Each puts on something before reading the Bible, which he does not put on before reading any other book.

This may be right, but it is probably wrong. The Bible should be approached with veneration; but otherwise, not in a different spirit from that which clothes our approach to any ancient writing. We ought to search the Scriptures not to find a particular creed therein, nor material for combat, but to find what each speaker or writer meant

Then we are satisfied as to the meaning, then we may consider other things.

Approaching the Sermon on the Mount in this way,—after we find what was the meaning Jesus intended to convey,—if we next consider the historical position of his life, and the philosophy of the age and the nation to which he more immediately came, perhaps our first thought may be that this Sermon was remarkably sensational. It abounds with startling and sweeping statements, directly contradictory of all the acknowledged opinions and popular ideas of that day. None of the so-called sensational preachers of this age are half so sensational as Jesus was in this Sermon; but there is not a word placed there for mere effect. Every word and every sentence is not only a necessary part of the Sermon, but also of the moral structure Jesus was building,—an indispensable part of the great harmonious whole of himself, his life, his teaching.

With most wonderful art it is adapted to the surrounding circumstances. He had been travelling about the country, introducing himself by his marvellous works, so that the people might listen to his Gospel of the Kingdom, until the name of him had gone throughout all Syria. From great and distant cities the people had now come, to be cured of their diseases or to satisfy their curiosity. All the country around about was represented. The Twelve, newly appointed, were there also, as is explicitly stated.

His opening sentence was a paradox, a direct contradiction of all the preconceived opinions of his audience. Whatever significance we attach to the phrase *poor in spirit*; whether we call it (as some do) an equivalent of our modern phrase, *mean-spirited*; or whether we suppose (as others do) that he meant those who thought poorly of themselves in comparison with those about them,—a theory which seems to harmonize well with his other teaching; or whether we believe he intended to include those who were yielding in their nature, not self-assertive, but willing to give their own convenience for the pleasure of others,—

neither combative nor selfishly resolute, and consequently not highly prosperous in any of the affairs of this world,—any possible significance would include among the *poor in spirit* only those who were unpopular, and more or less despised by the general community. Popular opinion would not suppose this class had any blessings, but he heads his list of the blessed with them. Neither would popular opinion hold that they had many enviable possessions; but Jesus says the greatest possession of all is theirs,—nothing less than the Kingdom of Heaven.

We can well understand that his listeners were surprised. Neither Sam Jones nor Talmage ever opened a discourse with a statement which was so astonishing to his hearers as was this to Jesus' auditors. It is entirely safe to say that every curiosity-seeker in that audience, as well as every person who came honestly for instruction, opened his ears in wonder, to hear what should come next; while those on the outer edges of the crowd, who could scarcely hear, saw the expression on the faces of those next to them, and pressed forward to listen. It was a declaration to attract the entire attention of everyone. While it did this with remarkable effect, the beatitude was something more,—it was an integral and essential part of Jesus' whole religious system, as well as of this discourse.

Those who listened for the next declaration, because of the first, were not disappointed. In rapid succession came the nine paradoxical axioms with which he opened his Sermon,—similar in verbal form, similar in complete sententiousness, similar in their absolute contradiction of popular opinions, similar in their deep and true philosophy, similar in the subtle and unanswerable logic of their reasons, similar in their relations to the system which he taught, similar in the comforting assurance each conveys to those who needed it then and need it now, similar in their grand simplicity. No other address ever had such an introduction. No other structure ever had such a portico. The great Temple of Thebes, with its avenue of Sphinxes, was not approached through such grandeur.

Jesus had risen, in his very opening sentences, to the loftiest heights; and any ordinary rhetorician would at once have found himself face to face with the difficulty of coming down to practical work. Not so with Jesus. The descent, though rapid, is the most easy and natural to be conceived of. I question if there is any other orator who has ever done like.

The first eight sentences are broad, general propositions, of the widest possible application. The eighth is of exactly the same sort as those which precede it; and yet it is directly preparatory for the ninth, which is entirely personal to those who are his followers, and was probably addressed to the Twelve, who were doubtless grouped in his immediate vicinity.

To come from the general and impersonal to the particular and personal, in a single short sentence, without a shock to the sensibilities, is an oratorical achievement unsurpassed in any address. Yet this is not only done without a shock, but with a decidedly pleasing effect. Note how deftly he glides in the next sentence ("Rejoice and be exceeding glad," &c.) into what to them was highest praise,—a comparison of themselves with the venerated Prophets of their nation. Jesus is not only pleasing and fixing the attention of his followers, and those favorably disposed towards him, but he is preparing their minds to consider favorably, and afterwards adopt, the statements which he is about to enunciate.

Yet with this deft praise comes also a declaration of their duty. "Ye are the salt of the earth; but if you lose your savor, you are good for nothing." That is: You must maintain your position on the side of Truth. "Ye are the light of the world;" but you must let your light so shine, that men may glorify—not yourselves, for the glory is not thine, but—your Father which is in Heaven. You are blessed, but the glory is all your Father's. What wonderful and exact nicety, with no mistake! "You are the salt of the earth;" but you must do your duty. What a lesson is here to those who try to grasp the glory as well as the blessing, and, grasping thus, lose all! And this is what the Master would teach his disciples at the outset of his first discourse.

Home.

WHATSOEVER things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report.—if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise,—think on these things.

PAUL.

LITTLE MEN AND LITTLE WOMEN.

[From *Babyhood*.]

AFTER all, men and women are only grown-up children, and we often see people who have reached mature years behave very much as do our own little nursery folks. These men or women show plainly — by their lack of self-control and judgment, by their selfish ways and peevishness, and by numerous other traits — the fact that their early training was sadly neglected. Of course, it is not easy even to enumerate all the points at which a child's character needs watching, but one or two may be mentioned.

First, let us look out for *selfishness*. I suppose all of us — from Eve's first-born, down through the ages since — have had this to battle with. It appears in so many forms that it is sometimes not recognized, but is called by some other and less disagreeable name. There is the child who refuses to share cake, fruit, or playthings with his sister, who will not allow another to look at his toys or his books. This form of selfishness is usually struggled with by a father, mother, and relations generally, because it makes a child appear in so bad a light, and none of us like to have our children disliked.

Then there is another child, who will share his good things or his toys with anybody, and who is therefore thought to be a model of unselfishness; yet that same child will spend half his time in teasing and fretting some other little one, with no end in view except his own selfish amusement. Who has not seen him slyly, and with evident delight, knock down the tower of blocks or the sand-house which his little brother was building, and laugh in glee when he had kicked over the rolling hoop or broken the kite-string! This child is usually reproved, if at all, in the lightest possible manner, and the adoring mother often laughs at what she considers his smart devices for worrying his playmates and amusing himself.

He can't help teasing, it is born in him," is what is often said, as an excuse, when one child has, in this way, spoiled a whole morning's play for another. This is a far more deplorable phase of selfishness than the first; because it causes the child to gratify himself at the expense of the rights and feelings of others; and this, of itself, leads to all sorts of evils.

Then there is that form of selfishness which manifests itself in the strife after the easiest chair, the cosiest corner, or the biggest apple. Do let us keep a good lookout for this many-sided fault.

Next comes *rudeness*,—that entire lack of courtesy which is so common among children, and particularly among those who are members of a large family. This may be in a great measure corrected by the mother. Insist that they shall speak pleasantly to each other. Require Susie to say "If you please" to Tom, and Tom to say "Thank you" to Susie. It is a troublesome task, but patience and perseverance accomplish most things, and the result is worth striving for.

SPELLING.

It is worth remembering that rarely do we spell orally (by the mouth, that is) after we leave school. When we spell, we do it in letters, bills, and compositions.

From this it follows, that spelling should always be taught by writing. If you can spell correctly on paper, you can spell correctly with the voice, when you need to do so. Much of the time spent in this study (nay, in all our school-studies, for that matter) is wasted. Children should always spell (after they learn to write, and that should be early) with pen or pencil in hand. Every minute so spent will be so much clear gain, and the lesson can never be forgotten. James A. Page, the veteran teacher at the Dwight School, Boston, used to write the following lists of words on the blackboard, to straighten us out on the *ie* and *ei*.

IE	EI
<i>Believe</i>	<i>Perceive</i>
<i>Besiege</i>	<i>Receive</i>
<i>Relieve</i>	<i>Conceive</i>
<i>Retrieve</i>	and
<i>Reprieve</i>	<i>Deceive</i>

One, certainly, can testify that the lesson has continued in mind to this day.

HARRY'S MISHAP.

[Written expressly for THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE JOURNAL.]

It happened to Harry Epping when he was only four years old. His grandparents, the Robards, lived in a street not far away from Harry's home, which was on a steep little street, at the old North End of Boston. You would not know the street if I should name it to you ; but it pitches right down to the harbor, and there is a wharf at the end of it, where steamers used to come, whose steam-puffs Harry could hear and watch. A narrow street, and queer it was, and still is ; for there now is the brick house where Harry lived the first five years of his life, and which he would like to visit, if he only knew the folks living there.

But to come to the story.

Harry was to meet his mother at grandfather's house, and take supper with her there. So he said Goodbye to old Phebe, the servant, and walked over to the other street alone, proud as Cuffy,—to use his father's common expression,—because he could go without an older companion. It happened that his mother had not arrived, for she and her mother had not returned from shopping on Hanover Street, which was the duty that had taken them both away from home. The servant did not know when they would come, and did not specially urge Harry to come in and wait, as she ought to have done.

In fact, she was a new girl, and did not know Harry very well. Phebe, who had lived with Mr. and Mrs. Robard many years, went to Harry's home to live, when his mother began house-keeping. They thought the young couple, Mr. and Mrs. Epping, would need an experienced servant, and that Mother Robard had better attend to the new help, who must be broken into the harness.

Thus it happened that Jemima Kinkaid did not have Harry come into the house ; and his bachelor uncle and his grandfather were of course at their stores. So Harry trudged home again. What was his dismay to find the gate fastened ; and when he rang the front doorbell, nobody answered it.

Old Phebe loved and indulged Harry "to the top of his bent ;" for he was the first grandchild in the Robard family, and she set her eyes by the whole of them. If she had known Harry's plight,

she would have felt awfully about it, and hurried home to see him ; but Phebe did not know it, and Mrs. Epping had given her permission to go out visiting that afternoon, if she wanted to, as nobody would be at home to tea. So after she had helped Harry on with his little coat, and he had merrily started away, she went away herself.

However, Harry put a bold face on it, and trotted back again to the other house. This time, as luck would have it, Jemima was busy upstairs, and did not even hear the bell ring ; and grandfather's house had no gate, by which Harry could get into the backyard.

How badly he felt ! but plucking up courage, he ran back again to his own street. By the time he reached the house, he was sobbing ; for it was a cold autumn day, the weather was cloudy, and the sun went early to bed. The gate was still bolted. There was no light in the house. He could hear the bell ring, but no Phebe appeared. He thumped on the stout green panel with his little fist, but nobody heard.

Poor little fellow ! Down he sat on the steps, and began to cry piteously. He had seldom been out of the house after dark, and never alone. He saw the lamps lit in the other houses. He saw the lamplighter come along with his ladder, and light the whale-oil street-lamp, for the streets were not lighted by gas in those days. There was a lamp near the house. How often Harry had looked from the parlor or front-chamber windows, to see the man who came along every forenoon, to trim the wick and fill the tin cup with oil. Not often did Harry see the lamp lighted, because he was generally in the kitchen or sitting-room, at the back of the house, about that hour ; and if he was in the parlor, the curtains were generally down, and the wooden shutters closed, so that he could not see the street-lamps lighted.

How this lamplighter cheered Harry's heart. He forgot to cry, he was so glad to see the man, and the light he carried with him. Indeed, the lamplighter looked down from his ladder upon the little boy, as the rays fell upon him, and said "Hullo Buh !" in a kind sort of way.

As the lighter hurried away round the corner to the next lamp, Harry cried worse than before. He wept so loud that he was heard in the house across the narrow street, where old Mr. and Mrs. Bell lived.

A queer little old-fashioned house, it was. The front door was only one little step above the sidewalk. The upper half of this door was a window, covered with a lace curtain. Mrs. Bell came to the door to see where the noise came from. At first she could not see; and for a moment Harry hushed his sobs, thinking she would scold him; but he presently broke out again, for he could not hold in, and the good old lady soon discovered that a little boy was in trouble. She called her husband, and the old man came over to Harry.

"What 's the matter, little boy?"

"Nobody at home — boo — hoo!"

"Folks gone away?"

"Yes — I — guess — so — but — I — dun — know."

"Bring him over here, poor boy," called Mother Bell.

Harry had never spoken to Mrs. Bell in his life; the families were not acquainted; but the Bells knew Harry by sight. After a little urging, he went into their house. Such a little room as it was, — smaller than the rooms at home; and the street-door opened right into the keeping-room, without an entry or hallway of any sort; but there was a nice warm wood-fire in the fireplace. Boston people had not begun to burn much coal in those days, and stoves and furnaces and ranges had not come into fashion.

As the little chap grew warmer, for he was chilled through, he of course felt better, and his tongue was thawed into cheerfulness. He told the old folks all about it. He peeped now and then behind the door-curtain, to see if anybody came to the opposite house; but nobody came.

Meanwhile you may wonder why Harry's mother did not come and hunt him up, or send somebody after him. Stores kept open late in those days, and none of the menfolks had come home. It was dark when Mrs. Epping and her mother reached the Robard house. They were surprised not to find Harry there; but Jemima said nothing about his having been over, and Mrs. Epping and Mrs. Robard both concluded that Harry had gone to walk with kind old Phebe, or else had stayed at home with her, and would perhaps come over there by-and-by. But when supper-time came, and husband, father, and brother all came home, the question arose, Where is Harry? Jemima heard them asking about him, and then she remembered to say that he had been there! Then they were frightened! Uncle John and Mr. Epping

hurried out to find the lost boy. Had he been stolen? Only by kindness.

The Bell supper was ready by this time. The old folks had no little children; their boys were married and their girls gone: but they found a little highchair for Harry, for which they seldom had any use, and greatly they enjoyed seeing a child at their table once more. It took them back in memory forty years. Harry did not drink tea, so Mrs. Bell mixed him some hot *cambric tea*,—milk and water. He was used to drinking clear milk at home, but they did not have enough milk for that, and he liked this tea very well. He liked also the hot buttered toast, which he saw Mrs. Bell brown in the long iron rack, which she held before the open, crackling fire. How good it was! And there was some applesauce to eat with it! Then they offered him some cake,—hearts and rounds,—and he asked what kind of cake it was. Pound-cake, they said. Harry said his mother would let him eat cup-cake, but not pound-cake, in the evening; and as there was no poorer cake in the Bell cupboard, he went without any.

Mr. Bell kept his ears wide open. Presently he heard voices in the street. Mr. Epping and John Robard had come to the house, and were frightened when they found there no Harry and no Phebe; nor could Mr. Epping open the door with his pass-key, because Phebe had locked the door with the big key, which she had carried away in her pocket.

Such a relief when Mr. Bell opened the little glass door, and called out: "Is that you, Mr. Eppin'? Yer boy 's over here."

Did n't Harry rush out to his father, and was n't that father glad to see him!

The visit at grandfather's was upset for that night, by Harry's mishap, for the boy was too tired and disturbed to go over there at so late an hour. So Uncle John went back to tell his sister about it, and relieve her mind. In a few minutes, home she came; and grandfather came with her, to see if the dear little grandson was really safe. Yes! safe and sound! Just then Phebe came home also, with the big door-key.

"And just think of it!" said Mother Bell; "he would n't eat a mite o' poun' cake, Mis Eppen, 'cause his mother told him he mus' n't!"

Mrs. Bell always told every visitor, who saw Harry playing in the street in front of the door, what a good boy he was, to mind his mother; and when the Eppings moved away, nearer grandfather's, the next year, she missed him very much.

You see, do you not, that Harry's mishap was only in his thoughts. There was really no trouble with him. He was safe and sound all the time. He was never lost. He thought himself forgotten and forsaken by father, mother, old Phebe, everybody; but not one of these loving friends forgot him; and when this knowledge came to his thought he was happy, and the tears changed to smiles.

Animal Magnetism.

THE land that Thou gavest unto our fathers, to eat the fruit thereof and the good thereof, behold we are servants in it; and it yieldeth much increase unto the kings whom Thou hast set over us, because of our sins. Also they have dominion over our bodies and over our cattle, at their pleasure, and we are in great distress.

NEHEMIAH.

WHEN they shall say to you:
 "Inquire of their necromancers and wizards,
 That peep and murmur;"
 Then say ye: "Should not a people inquire of their God?
 Should they inquire of the dead for the living?"

ISAIAH.

ENMITY TRIUMPHANT THROUGH DISCORD.

A. F.

IN union there is strength. We are fully awakened to the fact that there is no sluiceway so fatal to the progress of Christian Science as disunion, occasioned by strife, contention, and jealousy, through malicious Animal Magnetism.

Oh, when shall we be willing to recognize self as smaller than the Cause of Truth, willing to make any concessions of self, however humbling they may be to our pride, that we may edify the Cause?

In proportion as we lose our sense of selfhood, do we overcome all jealousy and strife, and approach to oneness of Mind. We each have our identity in Truth,—each an identity in Truth's destruction of error.

Our ability to work now has been acquired by the sowing of the past. Truth finds us where error leaves us. Some are therefore qualified for a work which others could not do. Shall we bind these with cords of envy and jealousy, and thus restrain them in the work which God has assigned them? Let us do with our might what our understanding finds to do; but never, never, never entertain a thought that would hinder another in an honest motive.

On the other hand, let not him who is gifted become egotistical. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." Whence cometh the sense of rivalry and egotism? From malicious Animal

Magnetism,—which seizes the opportunity to plant the seed of jealousy, because of some neighbor's success, or the seed of egotism, because of one's own success. The work of Christ, Truth, is not self-aggrandizement, but self-immolation,—ever bearing in remembrance that "God alone giveth the increase."

Shall we be careful to follow the dictates of malicious Animal Magnetism,—careful to cherish every impression that our neighbor is in the wrong, without positive knowledge that he is wrong? Shall we not rather instantly blot out every thought that would breed disunion, and dwell in the consciousness of the One Mind, the Infinite Good?

When emulation or jealousy presents itself, we should crush it instantly, as we would a thought of sickness; for it would grow into a far more dreadful monster. Our enemy would forever hide from us the consciousness of Good, by keeping us continually absorbed in a sense of evil. Let us not foster disunion by harboring strife. Let us practise wisdom, and not be caught in the snares of the enemy.

While we dwell together in harmony and peace, each forgetting self in the effort to advance the Cause of Truth, our understanding will broaden and deepen. On the other hand, if we cling to self, our understanding will be narrow indeed. As the robber first creates a riot in the street, that he may lure his intended victim from his house, so malicious Animal Magnetism first creates strife and division. While we step out of our consciousness of the One Mind, absorbed in the thought of watching our neighbor, the enemy steals into our house, and robs us of our understanding.

When our enemy plans to scatter our forces, by dividing us into factions, shall we assist him in his efforts, by nodding assent to every mental machination? How many brawls and fights are instigated by a third party, who says to this one, "Hit him!" and then turns to the other, with the ejaculation, "I would not stand that; hit him back."

How many legal contests are originated and developed by the same counsel, who advise both sides of the case. We, as Christian Scientists, should be careful that we are not following, in a greater or less degree, a far more dangerous enemy than a schoolboy or pettifogger.

All sense of contest or variance originates in a belief of personality,—of minds many. If we lose for a moment our

consciousness of the One Mind, we open the gate for strife and contention. Who of us, therefore, is beyond the need of constant watchfulness? Who has demonstrated beyond the sense of personality?

While the enemy impresses you with the thought that your neighbor is jealous of your success,—and at the same time impresses your neighbor with the notion that you are jealous or envious,—will you blindly or thoughtlessly help to carry on this evil contest, and thus fight directly against your own interest?

Let us endeavor to be awake to every wile of the enemy. Wisdom is essential to success in Truth. Be wise as the serpent, and meet the archenemy with its own cunning devices.

TESTIMONY BEGOTTEN OF DIVINE ASSURANCE.

M. W. MUNROE.

IN view of the fact of such increasing interest in the subject of Mind as a healing agency, we are also admonished of the fatal danger of its counterfeit. Since life-issues are at stake in this consideration, the demand is imperative to "Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show My people their transgression, and the House of Jacob their sins" (ISAIAH viii. 1). The world is flooded with teaching, practice, and literature which are fatal adulterations of the Truth, yet purporting to be genuine. Their relative position is like that of the magicians of Egypt, with their enchantments, compared with Moses and Aaron, with the Rod of God in their hand.

It may well and truly be said of some,—perhaps many,—who are dealing out copiously this spurious medication, as Jesus said of one of old: "He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me" (MATTHEW xxvi. 23).

To all, without restriction, who have been taught the power of Mind, and its action from the true basis, yet who have heretofore wilfully turned therefrom,—perverting the same,—or to any still among our ranks who are possibly considering this measure, I would say: "Beware! lest, despising God's appointed leadership to this age, and forsaking the post of duty in the extremity of experience, there should follow the like enactment of Justice as marked a similar period in the early Christian history." The

Apostle Paul hath declared that "faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Today we have the same revealed and more marvellously defined as Spiritual Understanding, denominated Christian Science.

This fulness of Gospel Truth is bringing out the life and teachings of Jesus, our blessed Master, which are again demonstrated on the basis of an understood Principle, which all candid thought must allow far exceeds speculative theories, or "blind trust," misnamed Faith, and is the only safe rule to follow.

With all boldness I do here affirm, in the face of all Christendom, that Science and Health is the only spiritual textbook of the Bible, and is moreover God's gift to man, whereby the Way of Life is reopened, to establish righteousness upon the earth, and bring out the peaceable fruits of health, holiness, and immortality. It is clearly making and developing types of character, and the early experiences of the Israel of Old Testament history are being duplicated in the struggles of the Israel of today.

We find that Joseph reappears in marked conditions of thought, having also the similitude of the coat of many colors, made by his father, in a mental picture, illustrating the Truth of Divine Science. This vesture, seen through the prism of Spirit, the Holy Ghost, reveals the reflective glory and beauty of Eternal Principle, through transparencies resplendent with diversified forms of thought and living character.

Who, that has ever desired to understand in any degree the things of God, Good, whereof I have spoken, will dare to deliberately turn a deaf ear to the heavenly visitant, never testing for himself the verity of its teaching as the Life and health-giving Truth, for the saving of the nations?

The conditions are free for all who will come by way of the cross and sacrifice. "He that would come to Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me." Again it is written: "Ye shall seek Me and find Me, when ye shall search for Me with all your heart."

THEN comes the vintage, for the days are ripe.
And surely now, in its perfected bloom,
It may rejoice a little in its crown,—
Though it bend low beneath the weight of it,—
Wrought out of the long striving of its heart.
But ah! the hands are ready to tear down
The treasures of the grapes.

KING.

Healing: Communications and Cases.

AND try Me now in this, saith Jehovah of Hosts.—
 Whether I will not open to you the Windows of Heaven,
 And pour out upon you a blessing. MALACHI.

BLIND, DUMB, INSANE.

MY DEAR TEACHER: I must tell you of some demonstrations I have had lately, which I know you will be glad to hear.

A lady from Philadelphia, who has been blind and deaf for thirty years, can now thread a needle, and is improving in many ways.

A girl nineteen years old, who was dumb, and had never spoken, commenced talking after her third treatment, as if she was thinking aloud; and she has talked ever since.

I had a case, in the winter, of hemorrhage of the brain, where a girl lay in a comatose state for three weeks. In that time they had fourteen physicians, and all except one said she would never come out of that condition. She did come out of it, in three days after I took the case. She had been partially insane for some time, and had paralysis; but she soon recovered entirely. It made a stir among the doctors. Five have called to talk about the Science, and every few days I receive letters from some physician in regard to it.

MRS. LAWRENCE BROWN.

108 West 42nd St., New York City.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

[Extract from the letter of a graduate in the Obstetric Class at the Massachusetts Metaphysical College.]

My first case in the obstetric line came along last week. I was not able to carry the belief entirely painless, but nearly so. The patient sat up next day, and walked around the room. People think this a wonderful result; but how little they realize the possibilities in Christian Science. The nurse says she never, in her life, saw anything like this rapid recovery.

E. D. GREENE, C.S.B.

MARQUETTE, MICHIGAN.

Mrs. M. B. G. Eddy: I write to let you know how much Christian Science has done for me. I am cured of heart-disease, of long standing, by Miss M. Macmillan, of Detroit. Last winter my brother, a young man of twenty, contracted a severe cold, which settled on his lungs. He became worse every day. Strength failed, and he was so reduced in flesh that he could hardly be recognized. Medical skill could not help him. Father and brother had died of consumption, and we felt he was going in the same way. Our only hope now was in Christian Science. We telegraphed for Miss Macmillan, but her work was such that she could not leave, and so sent to our aid Mrs. A. M. Otis, of Stanton. At the time of her arrival, we were hourly expecting brother's death; but in six days after the treatments were commenced, he walked half-a-mile without feeling any fatigue. In three weeks every symptom of disease had disappeared. His breathing became deep and full. His appetite was good, and strength returned very rapidly.

Mrs. Otis is the only one who has demonstrated Christian Science in Marquette. Since her arrival here, seven weeks ago, she has relieved many sufferers, and brought joy to many homes.

Mother and sister unite with me in wishing God's blessing on yourself and your worthy students.

May the glad tidings spread, till all shall know Him, whom to know aright is Life Eternal.

Respectfully yours,

MAGGIE MCKINNON.

A FIRST CASE.

[Extract from the letter of a graduate of the Massachusetts Metaphysical College, in the department of Obstetrics.]

I must tell you about my first case in obstetrics. A lady at Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, sent me a despatch, asking me to treat her daughter. I did so; and received word from the husband that his wife got along "just splendidly." They had no physician at all. She had never done so well before at childbirth. I think this is pretty good for the first case, and an absent treatment.

Denver, Colorado.

G. B. WICKERSHAM.

DETROIT INTELLIGENCE.

[The writer was a member of Rev. M. B. G. Eddy's Class in Obstetrics.]

MY VERY DEAR TEACHER: At one time I had a great feeling of reticence in respect to reporting cases of healing; but as the Truth grows upon my apprehension, I feel it to be a duty to magnify God's holy name, and to declare His wonderful works,—lest, shamed by our silence, the stones cry out.

About the time our last class closed, one of the students, passing a house on her way home, heard, on more than one occasion, cries of pain, which attracted the attention of others as well as herself. On questioning a boy who stood outside, Miss — was told that the cries were from a poor sick woman, whom a number of doctors failed to cure, or even benefit. On hearing this, Miss —, overwhelmed by the conviction that this was a case for Christian Science, went to the door and offered her services, which were declined on the part of the relatives, who had never heard of Christian Science. Nothing daunted, Miss — persisted gently, but earnestly, until the matter was left to the decision of the sufferer. The poor woman eagerly grasped at the hope held out to her. She was treated at once. The fear was taken away,—and with it the pain, of course.

Miss — learned that the cause of the illness was a belief of having been thrown from a carriage, which was followed by a premature birth. Mortal mind, voiced by the physicians, declared that a portion of the placenta had not been delivered. Hence arose the beliefs of blood poisoning, of paralysis, of bed-sores in a gangrene condition, and a serious bladder-difficulty. On being turned in bed, the patient's cries distressed the neighbors greatly. These awful pictures, which I regret to present, were held up to Miss —, to show her the uselessness of attempting to heal, when several eminent physicians had failed. In the midst of this cure, however, Miss — told me she had an overwhelming sense of Divine Harmony.

To be brief, in less than a week the patient was helped from the bed, where she had lain four months, dressed, and assisted down stairs, to take dinner with the family. In a few days after, she went out riding. The medical opinion had been that a surgical operation alone would remove an abdominal enlargement, which caused the sufferer, in belief, great pain. This was said to be caused by the portion of placenta already referred to.

A few days since, the physician made an examination, and said that the operation was unnecessary, as the obstruction was all gone, and also the swelling and pain. He, however, told her, by way of comfort, that the trouble would all go to her lungs now, and carry her off in the fall; but she is doing well at present.

Before closing this already too long letter, I wish to add a line about our friend Mrs. Otis, who went to Marquette in May, at my earnest request, to treat a young man, said to be dying from belief of consumption. The doctor had declared his lungs to be entirely gone. He was confined to the bed, and the family was almost in despair, as others of their dear ones had been separated from them in the same way of belief; and although two had been healed by Christian Science, fear, at this time, held the balance of power. An older brother was obliged to leave home for four days. In leaving, he took what he believed to be a last farewell of his only remaining brother. Mrs. Otis arrived that day, and on his return, four days after, the brother met the invalid walking on the street. He has improved steadily, and is well now. I need not say how the family regard Christian Science healing!

The young man whose case was reported in March, I believe, suffering from belief of ulceration of the bowels, has improved greatly, and his former physician has most fairly and generously reported the case. His family, too, rejoice in the Truth, and what it has done for them.

Yours lovingly,

A. M. KNOTT.

SPECTACLES USELESS.

I TAKE pleasure in adding my testimony to that of others who have been healed by Christian Science. I had suffered for years with my eyes, and had long been compelled to wear glasses. A friend of mine, coming to Denver, put me under the treatment of G. B. Wickersham; though living at the time in another city, I did not know I was under treatment. My friend wrote and asked me to lay aside my glasses, without giving me the reason. I did so, and my eyes began to improve. In ten days I could not realize that I had ever needed spectacles. My eyes are now perfectly well. I have since taken a course of instruction from Mr. Wickersham, and have the satisfaction of being able to benefit others who are suffering.

Yours respectfully,

MRS. JULIA MC'CARLAND.

2326 Champo St., Denver, Colorado.

ACCIDENT FROM SCISSORS.

As AN item of experience in support of Science and Health, and its ever-glorious theories, the following testimony is respectfully submitted. A lady in one of the suburbs of Boston, through treatment by Christian Science, became deeply interested therein. Purchasing our textbook, she resolved to make its teaching of daily use in her family, so far as she could without a course of instruction. One day her little son, of about five summers, sat amusing himself, by drawing a pointed scissor-blade, (unriveted) across the string of his drum, to make music. Suddenly the string broke, causing him to jump. Throwing his hand up quickly, the sharp point entered the white of his eye. In great terror he shrieked, "Mamma, my eye is put out." Of course this brought her at once to the spot; but she said, "No darling, God loves you." Catching him up into her lap, she held him in the sense of God's embrace and protection, as best she understood from the teachings in the book, but paying no other heed to the injury, despite the child's entreaty, until the tumult had ceased, which lasted only a few moments. She then looked at the eye, which, to human sense, was badly bloodshot; but as she calmly reassured her thought in the sense of divine Love, all fear departed, and in a little while the boy was playing about as before.

There is no doubt that the mother's attitude of thought, then and there, was of untold value in the case; but to leave the matter here would be injustice to the Scientist attendant upon the lady, who saw the child later, and freely offered the benefit of her understanding, covering the needful points whereof the mother was before ignorant. Thus a noble endeavor was aided to complete success, so that in a very short time no trace of injury remained.

It is needless to question the ultimate of this injury. For the blessed unity of healing-truth here presented, there are marked conditions manifest to the world, and said to have been induced by the same or other similar causes. Investigate for yourselves! "Taste and see that the Lord is good."

M. W. M.

AND yet He does not fail
For thy impatience, but stands by thee still,
Patient, unfaltering,—till thou too shalt grow
Patient.

CATARRHAL DIFFICULTIES.

[Letter to Rev. M. B. G. Eddy.]

DEAR JOURNAL: I have been a great sufferer with chronic catarrh for fourteen years. I have tried everything in the way of medical treatment, including change of climate and visits to the most noted medical springs,—said to have cured others; but all failed in my case. The day I started for Denver I used eleven handkerchiefs within two hours. I suffered at times with a serious bronchial affection and pain in the lungs. The drum of the ear was so affected that I was obliged for eight years to wear cotton in my ear. At this time the most intense suffering was from the catarrh of the stomach. I was bloated from my head to my feet. In fact, physicians said there was great danger of blood-poisoning. I had night-sweats. Some thirteen years ago I had a sunstroke; and eleven years ago I received a hurt in my back. These injuries I was not cured of, until I met Christian Science. I knew it was only a question of time how long I could live this way. Arriving in Denver I heard of the wonderful cures that were performed under the treatments of G. B. Wickersham,—a Christian Scientist, and a Normal student under Mrs. M. B. G. Eddy. I went to him without faith; only, knowing that others were cured, why should I not be cured? The fourth treatment my ear was cured. In three weeks my stomach was healed, and a great change took place in my entire system. A year ago I was cured, and have since enjoyed perfect health.

Could language tell half that has been done for me, or express my gratitude? No! Could the wonderful cures we hear of daily be performed through mortal mind? No! But thank God for the gift to this generation,—a woman inspired with the spiritual understanding of this grand Truth, and a gift to impart this knowledge to thousands of students, in a way that thrills their very souls, and awakens them to a life-work, through the power of God, that they may help mortals from darkness into light.

MRS. W. T. CARPENTER.

Grand Junction, Colorado.

And flamed up to a heat of living faith,
And love, and love's communion,
And the joy and inspiration of self-sacrifice.

KING.

Church and Association.

THE Church of the Living God, the pillar and ground of Truth.

PAUL.

THE CRYING NEED.

THE need of a Christian Science Church is great. "There are churches enough," you may say. Yes, too many, perhaps,—all teaching something good, and each doctrine meeting the demands of some people. At the same time there are fifties, in every denomination, who, if called upon to give an honest opinion, would say: "I am spiritually starving, with the teaching I now receive."

If Christian Science demonstrates Life, Love, Truth, which is God, so clearly that you can commence where you will, and solve the problem without approaching the Red Sea, then the Scientists are keeping Divine Science from advancement, by not having a church large enough to hold all these fainting pilgrims. We need a shepherd every Sunday to cheer us on our way.

We are constantly being told that Scientists take for one of their mottoes, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and yet are constantly quarreling among themselves. This is one of our mottoes. We have undertaken to show much to the world; therefore we need a place of meeting, not for gossip, but improvement,—a place which will serve for Association meetings.

Our Protestant churches are generally locked, except on the Sunday. How delightful it would be to have a church always open, so that any passer-by could enter, and rest in thought with God. There should be always someone in attendance, to prevent lawlessness.

At first, every beginner in Science feels that it is not necessary to come out from among the people of beliefs, and join the Scientists; but what profit is it to us to listen, Sunday after Sunday, to a few sentences which we can endorse, and close our ears to the rest?

It is sometimes argued that we have just as much error as truth in the Scientist Church, excepting when the Pastor speaks. That is too true.

We believe that God is All-in-all — that He is Life, Love, Truth, Substance, Intelligence, Soul, Spirit, Divine Principle. What need have we of material essays? There is much in our Bibles we must unlearn, because it has been taught us falsely. We know too little of the spiritual meaning, and the Sunday is far too short to give us, the "sincere milk of the Word." If we are to grow in thought, we must lay aside the desire for popularity, love of kindred, worldly associations, so far as they impede our growth.

Who will assist Mrs. Eddy as Pastor? Our Teacher needs all her time for other work. Where is the individual who can stand the test of this living, glorious Gospel, and dare to come out and preach Science in advance of the time?

M. A. B.

BUILDING-FUND.

MANY encouraging letters have been received, in answer to the circulars sent to the students in different States, all expressing their deep interest in the work, and their earnest desire to see our Church established. Many have responded generously to our appeal, while others have added their mite; but to each and all who have done what they could, we should like to give the assurance that their contributions have been thankfully received.

Some of the students have not only paid us for their cards, but have also sent us the money received for them. This was very generous. All can not do this, some having recently contributed to the Cause in other ways; but all can assist in the work by selling the cards among their students, patients, and friends, returning to the committee only the profits received above the price paid for the cards, thus giving us their time and labor, which will be fully appreciated. A student in San Francisco, who has caught the idea, writes: "Cards received in perfect order, and my church-building fund is nicely started."

The committee have a book with the names of all who have ordered cards, and the number ordered, and when any profits are refunded, that is also noted; so when the list is called for, it will show how much each has contributed, either by money, or sales.

CLARA E. TROUP, }
WM. B. JOHNSON. } Committee.

39 Greenwich Park, Boston.

CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST ASSOCIATION.

THE regular monthly meeting was held on the afternoon of August 3, with a very fair attendance of members. The usual form of opening was observed, and the routine business transacted with promptness and harmony.

The Good of the Order being called for, a question was asked which furnished a subject for the presentation of thoughts of a very deep and interesting nature, several members taking part in this most attractive discussion. Many of the members expressed themselves as highly pleased that so important a subject should be brought up, and the hope that in our future meetings, topics equally interesting might be suggested. All present were greatly pleased with the harmony prevailing. L.

GENEROSITY.

FROM Mrs. Harvey comes the liberal gift of five-hundred dollars to the Church-building Fund, and from another student one thousand.

JUBILANT HYMN.

M. M.

FROM out the hideous night,
Seeking Thy perfect light,
Dear Lord, I come!
Ambushed on every side,
Dark error's foemen hide;
Oh, lead me on.

Armed with Thy Truth's sharp steel,
No fear of foes I feel,—
Strong in Thy might.
Love, crowning all with peace,
Bids strife and tumult cease,
Makes service light.

Turning from death and sin,
Thy Life to enter in,
Lord, may I prove,—
All things to us are given,
Health, hope, the joys of heaven,—
Gifts of Thy love.

Editorial Outlook.

THE eternal round of Truth.	ANONYMOUS.
THE power of an endless Life.	HEBREWS.
THE care of discipline is Love.	WISDOM.
THE Spirit is Life, because of righteousness.	ROMANS.
WITHOUT rebuke, holding forth the Word of Life.	PAUL.

FRUITAGE.

Now cometh Autumn, laden sweetly down
 With juice of hastening months and sunshine rare.
 Low bend the boughs, that man and beast may eat,
 And bird and insect, too, — enough for all.

So bendeth down the thought of God eternal,
 That humankind may take and eat thereof, —
 Nor ever one go hungry from the feast,
 Spread in the fruitage of Immortal Love.

MEDICAL PERSECUTION.

THERE has been an attempt in Illinois to prosecute a German midwife, for practising her vocation contrary to the new medical laws; whereupon J. E. Woodhead writes as follows in the Chicago Tribune:

It is an open secret that this bill was framed for the express purpose of enabling these worthy M. D.'s to put their thumb-screws on the Metaphysicians. Before undertaking this on any extensive scale, would it not be well for them to consult some of the patients of these Metaphysicians? They will find that these Metaphysicians are not only people who are above the average intelligence, but that their practice is mainly among the educated classes. As one writer says: "Their metaphysical jargon does not attract the simple and illiterate." Nor is it any sign of superiority, for the Regulars to call them hard names, make faces at them, and want to wager that they can not cure cancers or replace an amputated leg. The Regulars are too painfully aware that hundreds of women, who have been a source of constant revenue to them for years, are entirely cured of what the doctors *now* claim were imaginary ills; and yet the husbands of these women know that the regular yearly bills of the medical attendants were anything but imaginary. It is quite possible that these husbands may have something to say when these medical Don Quixotes enter upon their crusade against these women, who are so persistent in curing patients irregularly.

A DOUBTFUL PLATFORM.

As will be seen by the following letter, there has been a movement under way to hold another mental healers' convention. As it is but four months since a similar enterprise was attempted, its results must have been very weak, and unsatisfactory to its projectors; else why repeat the effort so soon?

This letter was received by a Christian Scientist, and was an attempt to beguile this Scientist into the meeting. Do Scientists need, or can they afford to mingle with, an unprincipled, chaotic gathering, not instigated for Christ's sake?

"Tray was known by the company he kept."

MY DEAR FRIEND: Will you not speak at the Convention of Mental Healers, to be held in Boston, on the 19th and 20th. The call is to be issued in behalf of *all the friends of Mental Healing*. Of course you are one, and you can certainly find standing-room on so broad a platform. Even if you are not in sympathy with the chief movers in the matter, still the chance to speak a word for the Truth is all the same. Were there even a Devil, and he and hisimps should hold a convention, the friends of God might take that opportunity of advancing the Truth. It is important that at such a convention the pure truth be given, without personality, and clothed in language plain and simple,—language which will reach the hearts and heads of an audience. You are accustomed to public speaking, and are enthusiastic for the cause. You are filled to overflowing with the truth in its purity, and have had experience in healing, and can speak from knowledge.

Will you not come? I wish I could rid you of the idea that there are in Boston a set of mind-curers who differ in principles and practice from Mrs. Eddy's teachings. Mrs. Meader and Mrs. Newman teach the Truth as it is conveyed in Mrs. Eddy's books. I have questioned Mrs. Eddy's students as to principles and treatments, and I find no difference, except that Mrs. Eddy's students teach a fear of evil, a fear of which her own book denies the reality. The Bible expressly says, "I will deliver thee from the fear of evil." There will probably be many speakers at the convention, with whom I am not in perfect sympathy; but what of that? We can all give our best words, and you know that in the reality we are all one, all of one Mind and of one I.

Hoping for a favorable answer, with love, your friend,

Belmont, Mass., August 7, 1887.

ABBIE MORTON DIAZ.

P.S. This is by order of committee, and myself personally.

REV. MR. DAY'S DISCOURSE.

ATTENTION of JOURNAL readers is called to the advertisement of the pamphlet by Rev. George B. Day, entitled *Sheep, Shepherd, and Shepherdless*. It is offered for sale to Scientists at the nominal price of \$2.00 for 100 copies,—a price which ought to give the sermon a wide distribution.

A CENTURY OF ELECTRICITY.

THIS is a useful book, and timely. In 225 pages T. C. Mendenhall tells the story of the successive inventions and discoveries which have led to the present widespread and every-day use of electricity in the form of lights, telegraphs, telephones, cables, motors. He gives an idea of the place and service of each helper in the electric march,—Volta, Galvani, Faraday, Morse, Franklin, Edison, Dolbeare, Bell, and others. The facts are set forth clearly and simply, so that the unscientific inquirer need not err therein, and the pictures make the text all the more intelligible.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

TRUTH WILL OUT.

IN the show-window of the Spiritualist publishing-house and Banner of Light office, on Wadsworth Street, Boston, is a photograph, with a card beside it, bearing the following inscription :

THE
LATE DR. P. P. QUIMBY,
Magnetic Physician,
OF
MAINE.

This indicates the accuracy of the claim made by the Founder of Christian Science, that Dr. P. P. Quimby was a mesmerist, and his practice consequently strongly allied to Animal Magnetism.

TWO CORRECTIONS.

WE wish to make the following corrections in the statement which appeared on page 218 of our August issue :

First. E. J. Arens was never Rev. M. B. G. Eddy's student, but went through a class taught by the late Dr. Asa G. Eddy.

Second. Mrs. Eddy has never influenced anyone to avoid Mr. L. M. Marston. She cannot disown his teachings until she knows what they are, and of this she is at present ignorant. His misrepresentations of her she seldom notices. The good which she has done him, most men could never overlook.

BLOW YE THE TRUMPET, BLOW.

WE are frequently asked the questions, What is new? and What is going on in Boston? with the hope that we shall not be forgotten away off here.

Now, friends, we do not mean to forget you, and will not, if you will remember and do the things which we tell you.

Do you subscribe for the JOURNAL? No. What! a Christian Scientist, and not a subscriber to the CHRISTIAN SCIENCE JOURNAL? How can that be? You may have access to it every month; but if that is all, then you do not have the JOURNAL. You should have it for your own, to refer to for many things,—and often as a guarantee, for people are not apt to doubt what we say, if we can show it to them in print. You want to help support the JOURNAL, and you will find it will help to support you. You can not get so much for two dollars in any other way, as by subscribing for it.

Is your card in the JOURNAL? Why, those rows of cards are the plates around our table. Do n't be alarmed! There is always room for one more! Take a seat with us, and you will not be forgotten.

As to news, and what is going on in Boston, if it is in the way of Christian Science, you will find it in the JOURNAL. That is what the JOURNAL is for. If you do not get a long letter in answer to yours, you must remember that while you have only your own letter to write, the teachers have many; and by answering your questions in the JOURNAL, all its readers will get the benefit of the reply.

Do not stop writing to us, but let us give you an idea of what we need.

As you read our columns, do you ever stop to think that it takes time and study to write those articles? Do you know that the friends who write get nothing for it? Now will you try to make yourself one of those friends, and see if an effort of yours will be acceptable? If it should be, do not forget to repeat the favor. Do not wait to be urged, when you know that you can be entertaining. If your first articles are not accepted, do not give up; for you have no idea how many manuscripts are returned to those who aspire to be literary. Whether accepted or not, you would be benefited by your endeavor, both in your practice and teaching, and in many other ways. It would be impossible not to make some advancement through such an effort.

We have had quite a number of jubilees, of one kind and another, in a few years past. Why not have a Jubilee Number for our JOURNAL? Let one and all take hold, and send in their contributions. By the good feeling which you express in them, try to make a Jubilee for your Teacher, and you may rest assured you will get a Jubilee article in return, that will more than repay you for all your efforts.

This is a good motto :

I expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there is any kindness I can show to any human fellow-being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

[Selected.]

"Help one another," the snowflakes said,
As they cuddled down in their fleecy bed.
"One of us here would not be felt,
One of us here would quickly melt;
But I'll help you and you'll help me,
And then what a big white drift we'll see."

"Help one another," the maple spray
Said to its fellow-leaves one day.
"The sun would wither me here alone,
Long enough ere the day is gone;
But I'll help you and you'll help me,
And then what a splendid shade there'll be!"

"Help one another," the dewdrop cried,
Seeing another drop close to its side.
"This warm south breeze would drive me away,
And I should be gone ere noon today;
But I'll help you and you'll help me,
And we'll make a brook and run to the sea."

"Help one another," a grain of sand
Said to another grain just at hand.
"The wind may carry me over the sea,
And then, what will become of me?
But come, my brother, give me your hand;
We'll build a mountain and there we'll stand."

AN excuse is worse and more terrible than a lie, for an excuse is a lie guarded.

POPE.

Economic Hints.

IF anyone provideth not for his own, and especially for those of his Own House, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an unbeliever.

PAUL TO TIMOTHY.

NO AND YES.

PRAISES of this pamphlet come from all quarters.

TAKE NOTICE.

OWING to the solicitations of certain students, I reluctantly consented to the limitations on teaching Christian Science. I hereby withdraw that consent, and say, as I have before said, that all should have the privilege of practising and teaching what they know of Christian Science, which is in harmony with the standard textbook, Science and Health. But let everyone be strictly conscientious in imparting his knowledge, and contribute his mite, not as the sum total of this inexhaustible subject, nor represent himself as capable of explaining it equally to the highest grade of teaching and to the Normal-class graduates. I shall give my next certificate of degrees without restrictions on teaching.

MARY BAKER G EDDY,

President.

Massachusetts Metaphysical College,
August 1, 1887.

CHRIST MY REFUGE.

THE author of the hymn bearing the above title, Rev. Mary B. G. Eddy, has arranged it for music. It is printed on large sheets, and illustrated with a handsome vignette. The harmony is tender and sweet, and the hymnal is arranged as a quartet, by the composer, I. I. Harwood, C.S.

Price 25 cents. For sale at Massachusetts Metaphysical College, 571 Columbus Avenue; at the Academy of Christian Science, 192 Dartmouth Street, Boston; and at Oliver Ditson & Co.'s Music Store, 451 Washington Street, Boston.

THOSE enterprising and popular florists, the Twombly's, have been busy during vacation days in enlarging, remodelling, and beautifying their store, to better meet the increasing demands of their business. Architect and decorators have succeeded in bringing out a unique and attractive front, and a show window where the choicest flowers will be seen to their best advantage. This is the first flower store now in the city, and patrons of this JOURNAL will do well to give them a call, at 161 Tremont street.

— THE —

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE JOURNAL.

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FOR the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God, to the pulling down of strongholds.—PAUL.

VOL. V.

OCTOBER, 1887.

No. 7.

THE NON-EXISTENCE OF SIN.

—

IF God did not create sin, then He knows no sin, and hence it does not exist as a reality.

We can only grow in divine understanding as we live by faith in the Son of God; but what is this faith? In all Jesus' teachings, his faith in the spiritual, as the only true Being, was manifest. He continually condemned those whom he taught for believing anything real but God, Spirit. If we live by faith in the Son of God, we shall never admit the reality of sin.

We can only obtain health and happiness by denying self, by crucifying the flesh, and by having the Mind that was with Jesus. To deny self, we must be able to deny the claims of mortal mind,—the claims that we are sick, or that we take real pleasure in that which is unlike God.

By self-denial Jesus certainly meant a denial of this belief of mortal mind, with all its claims, and the conviction that there is no mind or power apart from God. If we obey the command of Jesus, and deny ourselves, we shall deny the reality of sin and crucify the flesh, permitting it to have no power over us, and have the Mind that was with Jesus. He

had no disposition to attribute reality to anything except God.

Jesus said to his disciples : "The flesh profiteth nothing. The words that I speak unto you, they are Spirit and they are Life." If the flesh profiteth nothing, what is it but nothing? Jesus implied in this that the spiritual Life was the only real and substantial Life. If we deny self, crucify the flesh, and cling only to the Mind that was with Jesus, the image and likeness of God, we shall see the unreality of sin. This we can do ; for this is our rightful inheritance, given us by the Father, God.

(Christian Science has no dogmas, and is not heretical. It is the true Christianity, the understanding and demonstration of the Truth as Jesus taught it.

Christian Scientists understand that, inasmuch as God did not make sin, it is not a reality, and that God can not know an unreality. If it can be proved that God is the author of sin, then it must be reality ; but God could create nothing unlike Himself. Being omnipotent, God can know no power outside Himself ; hence He can know no sin. Could God admit for a moment the thought of sin, He would cease to be perfect.

God is unchangeable. His immensity fills all space, and He knows all things. Then what room is there for anything beside Him? Two opposites, God (Good) and evil (sin), can not occupy the same space at the same time ; therefore the logical conclusion is, There is no sin.

All praise and glory be to our Father, who knoweth all things. "He is all, and there is naught beside Him. Hence He knows only Good." It is thought that this statement in Christian Science — God knows no sin — is calculated to do harm. So long as one thinks a counterfeit coin to be real, he is deceived thereby ; but when he discovers its worthlessness, he is no longer deceived. As long as a person thinks he possesses a mind apart from God, so long is he deceived into making a reality out of nothing, and is punishing himself, heaping up wrath against the day of wrath.

We contend, as Christian Scientists, that when a man is awakened to the fact that there is nothing real but God (Good), he will cling only to the Good. Men do not cling to illusions when they believe them to be illusions. It is because men believe in the reality of sin and sickness, that they cling to them.

If the truth could be proclaimed from our pulpits, that there is nothing real but God, and His perfect idea (man), then would man turn to the ever-present light, the light which lighteth every man who cometh into the world. Then would he listen to the still voice, the voice that is noiseless; for it is this voice which awakened him,—the voice of our Father. Jesus said, “No man cometh unto me, except the Father draw him.” Listening to the Father’s voice, following this light, man will come to the understanding of Christ; for man has never really fallen.

It is said that “Jesus and Paul call this fallen belief the flesh (or body) of sin;” and we agree with Jesus and Paul. If this is so, then the reverse also is true, the flesh (or body) of sin is a “fallen belief;” and it can not be a reality, or a belief of anything real. Belief is not reality. The very fact of belief in a fallen manhood stamps itself as an illusion. They who are in the flesh can not please God.

Paul, through the whole of the same chapter (Romans viii.), preaches the indwelling Christ. This passage evidently means, that those who are making the flesh a reality can not please God, or realize their harmony with Good.

It is said that Christian Scientists teach that man can get away from God, or sin constantly in His presence. This is a false assertion; for Christian Scientists understand that man can neither leave God, nor sin in His presence.

“God is too pure to behold iniquity.” This passage is thus explained, by one who has departed from his teaching: “That because of the holiness, or purity of His eyes, He will not look upon sin, or allow it in His presence. Hence sin separates the sinner from God, and casts him out from His presence.” But Christian Scientists understand that God is

absolute purity, and therefore He absolutely can not behold iniquity.

Man, believing he has a mind apart from God, separates himself from God in belief; but he is no more separated from God, than a ray of light is separated from the sun because of intervening clouds.

One opponent affirms, that those who accept the teachings of Christian Science will soon be able to "lie, cheat, steal, with impunity;" but, as before stated, man does not cling to illusions after he knows them to be illusions. Man clings to the belief of sin because he thinks it is something, and that he can gain something by it. Let him once understand that God is All, and he will turn from his illusions.

This opponent conveys the idea that it is necessary for a man to fear punishment, in order to come to God; but no one ever came to God through fear. Love brings us to God.

Our opponent also states, that Christian Scientists deny that Christ came in the flesh. Christ—Truth, the divine nature manifested in Jesus—is the foundation of this Science; and we understand that Christ is the Way, Truth, and Life.

Jesus endeavored to teach people their true Being, in the image and likeness of God. Christ being that true image, unobscured by mortal beliefs, exhorted the people to come unto himself. Did Jesus not mean by this, that they should come to the understanding of Truth as he understood it,—that the spiritual is the real Life?

Again, our opponent asks: "If God knew nothing of sin, or man's bondage, how could He send a Saviour?" The divine nature of Jesus, and the manner in which he came to earth, are made very plain in Christian Science. Mary was sufficiently spiritual to conceive the perfect idea of God, and bring it forth in the man Jesus; and thus did God send him to be our Saviour. He came representing the True Being, the perfect Saviour. Christ is here for us to accept; for he hath said, "Lo, I am with you always."

We earnestly pray that our brother will not shrink from declaring the whole Truth, which makes a man free from sin, sickness, and death.

THE WANDERINGS OF ABRAHAM.

F. E. MASON.

[Part of a sermon delivered in Chickering Hall, September 4, 1887, and now published by request.]

IN calling Abraham the Lord said unto him, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, into a land that I will show thee."

What were Abraham's country, his kindred, and his father's house? His *country* was mortal mind; his *kindred*, the thoughts that are akin to mortal mind, the aggregate of which compose mortal mind, such as envy, jealousy, malice, hate, selfishness, and the desire for worldly things.

His *father's house* was the false belief in material existence, belief that his origin was material instead of spiritual. These were the things God called Abraham to forsake; and God calls us to do likewise, and come into the land He will show us.

According to Science and Health, the word Abraham signifies *fidelity*,—faith in the Divine Life and Eternal Principle of Being. The Hebrew word signifies *elevation*. This shows that faith in the Divine Principle of Being, which is an elevated thought, led him to follow the voice of Truth; consequently, a like exalted thought today will lead in the same direction.

How well Abraham journeyed in the way the Lord directed we shall see as we advance, and we may profit by his experience.

We must bear in mind that Abraham had no Moses to open the way across the sea of error for *him*. He went alone. Alone? Man is never alone. God is ever present with him, and his only guide; but from a material standpoint, the experience of others makes it easier for those who follow. We have the footsteps of our blessed Master to follow. His words of courage and love echo from every hill of Palestine, and summon us to our heavenly home.

We also have our beloved Teacher among us, to remove the stumbling-blocks from our path; so we must not censure the grand old Patriarch, if we find he did fall out occasionally, but thank God again and again for the example of perseverance, patience, and courage which Abraham has left for an everlasting example, to guide us on. Let us learn a lesson from his deviations, and invigorate our thought with the inspiration of Truth, which will guard us from his stumbling-blocks, and so fortify us that we shall never stray.

In answer to God's command, we find that Abraham immediately departed,—observing all the divine commands but one, as we shall presently see.

He took Sarah his wife and Lot his brother's son with him, and departed from Haran, where his father (according to the flesh) died. Passing through the land of Canaan, he went up into the Plains, where he builded an altar unto the Lord, after which God appeared to him. Thence he removed into a mountain near Bethel, where a grievous famine arose.

Now let us return, and look at this section of the narrative from its spiritual standpoint. Since there is no matter, the locations and events recorded in this narrative must be conditions of mind.

Haran means *parched*, or *dry*. Hence we are to understand that Abraham, in leaving Haran, left the dry and parched conditions of mortal mind (his country). In that mental condition—that is, Haran—he buried his earthly father, which would show that in his upward march in Truth he had lost or buried the belief of a material existence. In other words, by leaving mortal mind (Haran) he rose to the understanding that God was his Father, and the only Father he ever had. He saw through the illusion of mortal mind, and realized that his material father was a belief, and not a reality. He saw that God, the infinite and limitless Creator, could not be expressed through the finite and limited,—that there was but one source of Life, and that one Eternal; so he buried the false belief of Life in matter, and left it to its native nothingness.

Like the rock Hellgate, which obstructs the entrance to the largest harbor in America, so the rock of Animal Magnetism, or the belief of intelligent matter, obstructs the harbor of Divine Truth. On this rock, for ages, the tides of heathen mythology, empty conjecture, and superstition have rushed, and split into swirling pools and twisting eddies, bringing incessant havoc. Abraham removed this obstruction, in his discovery that matter is lifeless, and thereby he safely opened the channel which leads into the harbor of God. This obstructive rock must be removed by all of us, before we can anchor in God's harbor of peaceful rest. This rock, on which so many are wrecked, can only be removed by spiritual discernment; for nothing but the power of God can dislodge it from its stronghold in the human mind.

We find this unfolding of Truth, and the removal of this obstacle, have given Abraham an upward impetus, and he passes from Haran through Canaan, and ascends into the Plains. According to Science and Health, the word Canaan means "the testimony of what is termed material sense." The Hebrew word signifies *low*. So in passing through Canaan, and going up into the Plains, Abraham passes through, and leaves behind, the low, false testimony of the material senses, and ascends into the region of supernal sense, the Plains above Canaan, where he builds an altar unto God; that is, he sacrifices some of the false claims of error. Here the Lord appears to him, as He will reveal Himself to all when they sacrifice their worldly desires. It is only the pure in heart who see God; consequently our vision must be made pure by sacrifice.

From this altitude of thought Abraham goes still higher, into a mountain near Bethel, where he builds another altar, and sacrifices more of his earthly desires,—thereby learning more of God's creation. This advance into the Mountains of Truth has carried him almost to the very House of God,—which is the meaning of the word Bethel. Thus from Haran we find Abraham steadily rising higher and higher, as

one pure thought unfolds, and evolves another thought still higher, till he reaches the Mount of Spiritual Assurance.

But while here a grievous famine arises, and he goes down into Egypt for food. From almost the very House of God (Bethel) he went down into Egypt,—from the clear, pure atmosphere of the Mountains of Truth, down into the murky and foul air of error. Turning from the light of God's eternal day, he sought, in the midnight darkness of Egypt, that sustaining food which can be found only on the Mountains of God's Holiness.

While on his way into Egypt, Abraham says to his wife: "When the Egyptians shall see thee, tell them not, I pray thee, thou art my wife; for they will surely kill me. Say thou art my sister!" What does all this mean? What can have happened so suddenly to turn Light into darkness, and Truth into falsehood? Let us ferret out the cause of this sudden retreat of Abraham, so that we may avoid a like calamity; for the same cause is sure to turn us out of the way, as it did Abraham, four thousand years ago.

The famine signifies bareness of spiritual thought, unconsciousness of God's presence. The Hebrew name Sarah, signifies *high, love, princess*. Why should Abraham want the Egyptians to think her his sister, and not his wife? Simply for this reason. The remembrance that "all is Mind" unfolds to us the fact that, in going down to Egypt (error), Abraham was afraid to acknowledge that he was wedded to that high thought of Love of which Sarah was the type,—that thought of Love which is the highest reflection in the ascending order of divine creation, and is of the feminine gender. He wanted to make this a more distant relative than a wedded thought. Abraham feared the Egyptians would kill him; so fear shut out the light of Truth, and all was darkness.

Turning our backs upon Truth, and going down to Egypt, makes cowards of us all. It is going upward into the Mountains of Spiritual Discernment that weds us to high thoughts of Truth and Love; but when we go downward, we

realize that the relationship becomes more distant, and is only a sister, instead of a wedded thought. We are self-divorced from Truth, when we abandon and cease to support it, as a faithless husband ceases to support his wife; and our steps then are always in the direction of Egypt.

After a sojourn there of about two years, Abraham, his wife, and Lot leave Egypt, and once more take their way toward Bethel, travelling over the very same ground they had traversed before the famine. Finally they reach the same position they had formerly occupied, near Bethel, and stop at the place where Abraham had built the altar. Here, for the first time since he went into Egypt, Abraham calls on the name of Jehovah. Ascending the Mountains of Truth, we feel God's ever-present care and omnipotence, and as we near Bethel (His habitation) we call upon His name.

From this position Abraham strives to go still higher, into the elevation of God's holy habitation. He strives to enter Bethel, where God reigns supreme; but he strives in vain. He cannot advance further. Once before he had reached this very elevation; but instead of going higher, he had allowed the famine to drive him into Egypt. Something at this point again hinders his further advancement, in spite of his desires. So we can imagine the grand old man, after many futile attempts, seeking for the cause of his vain effort to press on to the land God had promised him. Suddenly he finds the cause; and the weight which hung about his neck becomes a stone of David in his hand. With the sling of Truth he goes forth to meet the giant looming before him and obstructing his progress. This giant was the thought of Lot, whom Abraham had taken with him, notwithstanding God had warned the patriarch to leave his kindred behind.

Lot signifies *veil*, or *covering*; and Lot was a veil and a covering indeed to Abraham,—covering up the spiritual realities of God's creation, veiling from his spiritual vision the Promised Land. This veil, like the veil of the Holy of Holies, must be rent, before the ever-burning lamp, the light of Truth, could give forth unceasingly its unbroken rays.

When Abraham saw the cause of the famine, and of his past detour into Egypt, he went out, like David of old, to meet the enemy before his camp. With these words of Truth he overthrew this enemy: "We must separate. Let there be no strife between us." What a world of thought is in this speech of Abraham to Lot, "We must separate."

This is the well-directed thought which stuns the giant; but this is not sufficient. When David had overthrown *his* giant, Goliath, he drew his sword and decapitated him. Simply stunning a giant is not enough; we must destroy him. Simply saying we must separate from these seemingly powerful evils that impede our progress, is only stunning the giant. When we put our resolution into execution, then the victory is ours, and the giant lies at our feet, overthrown forever. We must cast out error with the still small voice of Truth, that there be no strife between us. Let us remember this point. If we have taken Lot with us, and find that our progress in Truth is checked, we must at once separate from him. We shall then find that God will appear to us as He did to Abraham, and lead us higher up, into the firmament of Truth.

After the separation, Lot chose all the Plains of Jordan, because they were pleasant to the material eye, and fertile in the production of worldly riches. He journeyed eastward. Now we find Lot's true character, in this longing for worldly things, for what is pleasant to the senses,—in the lusts of the flesh, which Paul said were at enmity with the Spirit, and warring against it. This was the thought which blocked the wheels of Abraham's advance, and showed that although he had built two altars, and had sacrificed unto God, he had sacrificed only enough to allow him to reach a certain point, beyond which he could not go.

Even Lot journeyed East,—that is, toward the light; but where did he land? Upon the mountains where Abraham went? Oh no! but in Sodom,—that city subsequently destroyed on account of its excessive wickedness, that city which God promised to spare if ten righteous ones could be

found within its walls; but which, alas! was so given over to worldly worship that it was consumed by its own burning fires of error. In this city of Sodom we find Lot made his abode, and this shows where worldly desires will carry us.

How many there are who, to outward appearance, are still travelling East, toward the light, but whose inward thought, like Lot's, will carry them eventually into Sodom!

After separating from Lot, Abraham finds no difficulty in advancing higher; for he immediately removes to Mamre. Mamre signifies *stoutness*. This shows that his thoughts are growing stronger in Truth. Here we find three angels appearing to him, as he sits in his tent-door in the heat of the day,—that is, at noonday, under the blazing eye of Truth.

Here we leave Abraham, not intending at present to give a further spiritual interpretation of this narrative; although realizing that every point in his career would be profitable and interesting. The one dark spot of Lot hid from Abraham the strait and narrow way which led to Bethel, the House of God.

Several years ago a lighthouse stood on the coast of Florida. A pane of glass in the lantern was accidentally broken just at nightfall, too late to have it replaced. The wind was blowing strong. To keep it from putting out the light, the keeper inserted a piece of tin in place of the missing glass. The light shone over the deep, except where the tin cast a dark shadow, widening as it lay upon the distant sea, until that shadow covered many a mile. Vessels within this shadow could see no light where one ought to be; and several were wrecked upon the rocks. Though the light was burning as brightly as ever, it did not shine where it should.

Thus a single fault, or impure thought, often hides part of the light of Truth, and mankind, coming into that shadow, are wrecked. Christian Scientists, who stand as lighthouses on the shores of the Sea of Mortal Mind, should inspect their lanterns, and see that no dark screen obstructs the rays of light, so that they can not be seen by the weary, wave-tossed mariner.

NOT GUILTY.

ADDISON SCOTT.

THE usually busy city of Kearney, Nebraska, has been more or less disturbed, during the last six months, over the advent of two young Christian Scientists, graduates from Mrs. Fenn's Metaphysical Institute, located in Omaha.

Mr. and Mrs. Bunnell went there last October; but so quiet and unassuming were they in their deportment, that for some time only a very few knew of their presence. The city might have remained in blissful ignorance of their mission, but for the fact that a number of supposed incurables suddenly received help from these young folks, through Christian Science.

This unexpected knowledge, coming to the ears of the medical fraternity, caused them to take off their goggles and give them a fresh rub with their clean handannas, and take a look at them,—very much as eagles look at mice, from some lofty altitude. All went well until it became alarmingly apparent that the cries of *humbug*, *fraud*, *hoax*, only advertised the work, and something more than words must be used.

When the farmer, in the old reader-story, found that young Saucebox would not come down out of the apple-tree, when pelted with grass and turf, he tried stones. In a like spirit the Kearney doctors invoked the terrors of the law.

Accordingly Mr. F. W. Bunnell was summoned, on complaint of one of the leading physicians, to appear before B. F. East, Police-magistrate in and for the city of Kearney, Buffalo County, to then and there answer the charge of practising medicine and obstetrics, contrary to the express provisions of the statutes of Nebraska.

The first day of the trial was occupied in selecting a jury of six unprejudiced citizens; after which the Court adjourned, to meet at the Courthouse, August 2, for the better

accommodation of a large number of people of both sexes, anxious to hear and witness so novel a case.

Mr. Bunnell, the defendant, employed for counsel the well-known law-firm of Hartman & Dryden, gentlemen of large legal ability and high moral standing. They, having only to defend the Truth, were not obliged to resort to low or mean trickery, known to the legal fraternity. All that was necessary, to establish the innocence of the accused, was proven by the witnesses for the prosecution. The jury, after hearing the evidence and the law, retired, and in less than five minutes returned with a unanimous verdict of Not Guilty.

When man assumes to enter the arena, having only the dull and rusty blade of error for a weapon, his case is hopeless. Truth is sharper than any two-edged sword. The weapons of our warfare are spiritual, not carnal.

It may be well, in conclusion, to say, that the statutes of Nebraska are very explicit in their meaning, as will be seen by the following quotations from Chapter 55, Section 1 :

It shall be unlawful for any person to practise medicine, surgery, or obstetrics, or any branch thereof, in this State, without first having complied with the provisions of this act relating to registration ; and no person practising medicine, surgery, or obstetrics, or any part of the branches thereof, shall be entitled to registration, unless possessed of the necessary qualifications required by Section Four of this act.

Section Ten, of the same Act, defines the word *practitioner* as meaning only a professed physician, surgeon, or obstetrician, or one who prescribes for the sick. Now all the witnesses for the prosecution, who had been present at the times and places where Mr. Bunnell had been consulted, testified that he sat in the room with bowed head, in the attitude of prayer ; yet one of the erudite doctors testified, on oath, that though a Christian Scientist might give no word of direction, prescribe neither written nor orally, nor even put a hand upon the patient, yet the sitting in the room with bowed head would be prescribing for a case of obstetrics.

Another learned doctor testified that there was no difference in the meaning of the words *physics* and *metaphysics*. After listening to such testimony, one is obliged to say that verily this is an age of progress.

It has been some little time since the defeat of those engaged in the prosecution of the young Scientist, yet the smoke of battle still lingers over the scene of conflict. Even now are heard the mutterings of the discordant elements, growing fainter and fainter in the far distance. The rainbow of Truth still spans the heavens, giving ample assurance that the storm of persecution is fast abating.

Kearney is a beautiful little city of five-thousand inhabitants, situated geographically very near the centre of the great State of Nebraska, on the banks of the Platte River. Lightning has never visited Kearney; it is out of the line of cyclones or hail; and Kearney now looks forward, believing we shall have peace in all its fulness.

SPIRITUAL CHANGE.

F. E. MASON.

WHEN from matter I would turn,
Then Thy truths I can discern.
The things I see, reduced to thought,
Bring out their value, which is nought.

Then turn whichever way I will,
I see Thy glories round me still;
I see them shining out so clear,
That Love now takes the place of fear.

And when I see the prize is mine,
And know the crown will ever shine;
I know the Truth comes from above.
From Him, the Life and Truth and Love,

THOU hast made us for Thyself, and our heart is restless till it
resteth in Thee.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

Questions Answered.

BY REV. MARY B. G. EDDY.

A MAN hath joy by the Answer of the mouth.

PROVERBS.

Is there infinite progression with man after the destruction of mortal mind?

DENVER.

MAN is the offspring and idea of the Supreme Being, whose law is perfect and infinite. In obedience to this law, man is forever unfolding the endless beatitudes of Being; for he is the image and likeness of Infinite Life, Truth, and Love.

Infinite progression is concrete Being, which finite mortals see and comprehend only as abstract glory. As mortal mind, or the material sense of life, is put off, the spiritual sense and Science of Being is brought to light.

Mortal mind is a myth; the One Mind is immortal. A mythical or mortal sense of existence is consumed as a moth, in the treacherous glare of its own flame—the errors which devour it. Immortal Mind is God, immortal Good; in Whom, the Scripture saith, “We live, move, and have Being.” This Mind, then, is not subject to growth, change, or diminution, but is the Divine Intelligence, or Principle, of all real Being, holding man forever in the rhythmic round of unfolding bliss,—a living witness, and perpetual idea of inexhaustible Good.

In your book, Science and Health, page 181, you say: “Every sin is the author of itself, and every invalid the cause of his own suffering.” On page 182 you say: “Sickness is a growth of illusion, springing from a seed of thought,—either your own thought or another’s.” Will you please explain this seeming contradiction?

W. T. CARPENTER.

Grand Junction, Col.

No persons can accept another's belief, except it be with the consent of their own belief. If the error which knocks at the door of your own thought originated in another's mind, you are a free moral agent, to reject or to accept this error; hence, you are the arbiter of your own fate, and sin is the author of sin.

I have this day heard a statement from Mrs. Plunket, to this effect: that she had recently called upon you; that she had found you sick, and unable to go on with your class; that you had invited her to return to the fold; and that she refused your invitation, because she could not agree with you about teaching. I did not credit her statements, and wish to know the facts, over your own signature, that I may be able to deny these, and all such insinuations.

B. SHERMAN.

53 North Ada St., Chicago, Ill.

THE above letter is from a worthy Christian Scientist, a gentleman of good standing in the community, whose acquaintances value his word,—one who spurns gossip, and prefers to speak well of everybody.

The woman referred to did call on me, about the first of September, and sent up my servant with her card and a bouquet of flowers. I was in good health and spirits; and the entire substance of my conversation with her was a calm and kind rebuke of any false position taken in the name of Christian Science. The substance of her talk was a timid attempt to raise herself in my estimation. After she had left me, I remarked to my clerk: "This call was made for the purpose of subsequently misrepresenting what I had said, and you ought to have heard our conversation."

Mrs. Mary H. Plunket's report of our interview, as stated in the above letter, is an utter falsehood throughout. Nothing of the kind was said. It is not probable that I should ask a person to assist me in teaching Christian Science whom I regarded as too unsafe to be received into my Normal Class. Past experience had taught me her character; and I regret to add, that on the evening of her call I saw no improvement in her motives and aims.

She is reported as saying that she paid "three hundred dollars for her tuition at the Massachusetts Metaphysical College, and that I then required two hundred dollars more to grant her a certificate, which she refused to pay." These are the facts relative to our business transactions: When she entered the Primary Course she claimed not to have the money to pay for her tuition, and asked me to take some jewelry as part payment. I declined; but discounted one-third on her tuition, and she paid me just two hundred dollars. The only money I ever receive for certificates is twenty-five cents on each annually renewed certificate. I gave her no certificate, solely because she did not improve the oppor-

tunity she had in the class of receiving my instructions; and because I learned, with sad surprise, that only God's hand and lessons could so change her motives and morals as to make her receptive of Christian Science. My autumn term was referred to in our conversation; but I simply told her the Primary Class was postponed, to accommodate some members of the bar, who wished to enter my college, but were obliged also to attend the September term of court.

There are sometimes to be met certain adepts who compel honest people to besmirch their own pens, and to spend their time in correcting injurious falsehoods. If you converse with these masqueraders, however cautiously and kindly, they are sure to go away and belie you, and repeat (professedly) what they want people to think that you have said. This retards the cause of Christian Science. How shall we treat such defamers? If we refuse to meet them, we lose a possible chance of doing good to this class of creatures. Even if we do not grant them interviews, they will improve other chances to do us evil. Charity receives many blows; but uncharitableness in ourselves is more to be feared than the blows.

THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on!
 The night is dark, and I am far from home,—
 Lead Thou me on!
 Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to see
 The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on;
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now,
 Lead Thou me on!
 I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on;
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone;
 And with the morn those angel-faces smile,
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Aquas

Was
not
ing on

Letters.

A WORD spoken in due season, how good it is !

PROVERB.

TAUGHT IN DREAMLAND.

TO THE EDITOR CHRISTIAN SCIENCE JOURNAL: In studying Christian Science, I found quite a stumblingblock, when informed that Soul, or Spirit, was not in the body. It was so distinctly contrary to all theological teachings and Biblical knowledge, which I had been taught in Sunday-school and University. that I at once concluded that I could never make that clear to myself ; for I never could believe anything so opposite to all commentators' teachings and writings of learned scholars, ripe in traditional and Biblical lore. While pondering the subject, and endeavoring to fully understand it,—trying faithfully to cast aside old opinions which held me in bondage, and with a sincere desire that light might come to me and make all plain,—I quietly dropped into peaceful slumber, and the following dream took possession of my dormant faculties.

I was surrounded by several masked men — giants. Two of them approached me in a menacing attitude. Not a word was spoken ; but by their manners and actions I concluded that they intended harm. They came so close to me, with raised arms and clinched fists, that I involuntarily raised my hands to push them from me. To my complete amazement one hand passed entirely through one giant, and the other hand through the other. It was like thrusting one's hand through a shadow or the air.

While standing confounded at this stage of affairs, a thought came to me, and said : " Now you see and realize for yourself the entire nothingness of body. Doubt no longer ! " The giants vanished. I awoke at once, and the impressions conveyed to me were so vividly impressed upon my mind that I found no difficulty in accepting the teaching which had heretofore troubled me. Since then the experience has been of incalculable benefit to me.

Perhaps my experience may prove of some benefit to others, who find this a stubborn place to get over in Christian Science ; so I send it to you, with full liberty to consign it to the waste basket.

A STUDENT.

not only do so, but would live up to its precepts. "Be ye not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed, by the renewing of your minds." Now "a tree is known by its fruits," and I can not see any transformation or token of a renewed mind, but rather a decided conformation to the views of the world and the votaries of fashion, in their dress and address.

The admonition of Scripture, to be clothed with shamefacedness and sobriety, and not to let the adorning be the outward one of putting-on of apparel, certainly is not observed by the wearers of giraffe head-gear and dromedary wire-hunches.

Again, the Book tells us: "Be not ye called Masters; for one is your Master, even Christ." "Let your communication be Yea, Yea, Nay, Nay; for whatsoever is more, cometh of evil." Christ himself teaches his people, and leads out of all error into all Truth. He does lead us in a narrow way, but in the direct way to Eternal Life. He is the Life, Truth, Way; and if we walk not after him, we are in darkness. He is the Resurrection and the Life. Blessed and holy is he who hath a part in him; for over such the second death hath no power. Eternal Life has begun, for it is that to know the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom He has sent. We can not savingly know him, but by immediate divine revelation. "No man knoweth the Father but the Son, or the Son but the Father, and he to whomsoever He will reveal him." "It is not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord." "God is a Spirit," and they who worship Him in Spirit and in Truth are the acceptable worshippers.

None ever were, or will be, saved by imputed righteousness. It is an individual work. Each one must experience for himself the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost. As that overshadowed Mary, ere the birth of Jesus, so must it overshadow each one of us, if we ever come to know Christ within, as our only hope of glory. Everyone who doeth the will of the Father, the same was the mother of Jesus. He came to bear witness to the Truth. If we do the will of the Father, we shall not be conformed, but transformed, by the renewing of our minds, that we "may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God," in health, holiness, and Life.

With love unfeigned, farewell,

ELIZABETH S. LEEDS.

Holicong, Bucks County, Pa.

 ABOARD SHIP.

MY DEAR TEACHER: A visit from a student of mine, who has just returned from England, prompts me to write you. Her demonstrations on shipboard were truly remarkable, surprising not only the physicians, but also another Scientist, who was among the lady passengers.

The only copy of *Science and Health* on board was in her possession. From it she read and preached to the little circle of ladies about her. There, in mid-ocean, more than one conversion to the Truth was made, and persons who had never heard of it before were led to bless your name.

As to myself, I am pursuing the quiet but demonstrative path of Science, doing all the good I can to those within my reach. Much of my work continues among the deserving poor, whose appeals can not learn to resist.

E. W. PAULDEN.

Chicago.

 A LESSON FROM THE STREET.

SITTING at my window one evening, my thoughts busily contrasting the things that seem with the things that are, my attention was attracted to the passers-by on a near cross-walk. The street light being on the opposite side, I could not see beyond; but I noticed that each passer-by, going toward the light, left the shadow behind him; but in going away from it, the shadow lengthened out before him.

Brothers and sisters, let us ever keep our faces toward the Light, so that we may not only see clearly what lies before us, but leave behind the shadows of sin, sickness, and death. "Knowing these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

LYDIA G. WORTH.

You say, "Toil fatigues me." But what is this you, or me? Is it muscle, or mind? Which one is tired, and so speaks? Without mind, could the muscles be tired? Do the muscles talk, or do you talk for them? Matter is non-intelligent. Mortal mind does the talking, and that which affirms it to be tired first made it so.

REV. M. B. G. EDDY, in *Science and Health*.

Sermonettes.

LET thy Speech be short, comprehending much.

ECCLESIASTICUS.

INFINITE TRAITS IN TRUE MANHOOD.

F. J. FLUNO.

WHERE the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.—2 CORINTHIANS iii. 17.

THE Spirit of the Lord is Mind,—infinite, and therefore omnipresent. Where He is, sin, sickness, sorrow, pain, and death can never come. He is everywhere; therefore the fundamental sin is, that we are looking at these seemings, and admitting them as realities in His presence,—virtually saying that discord exists in Him. By recognizing them as real, we put ourselves in bondage to that which seemeth to be, but is not; when to know the Truth about them, is to be freed from their giant grasp, as we are freed from the bondage of the ghost, by knowing its nothingness.

“Ye shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free.” Our God-given birthright is liberty! Toward it, mankind and all things tend. Go where we will, and into whatsoever house we enter,—that of the tiniest plant or insect, or of man,—and we see written upon the face of all, in language full and clear, this one injunction, Be free!

Of all that God has made, we may not seek to fetter aught; for eternity is thereon inscribed, and progress must be everlasting. Concerning everything we see, and every statement made, there is the true and there is the false. The true *is*; but the false is *not*, and only seems to be.

From this seeming we may not strive to *make* ourselves free, but to *know* ourselves free. We need not strive to *make* ourselves better, but to *know* ourselves better,—not to *make* ourselves perfect, but to *know* ourselves perfect. We can not “add one cubit to our stature,” or make “one hair white or black.”

To know ourselves perfect, we must perfectly know ourselves; and to arrive at this, we must know perfectly our true origin. We

can not of ourselves create anything, except (it may be) error, mortality, which cannot favor us, but must be against us,—because having no foundation in the Truth, for there is no Truth in it. This must fall, and reveal its nothingness, causing us to look away from ourselves to the true Source of all. The one creative Principle is Spirit, Mind,—the embodiment of all good.

We can not have evil unless we first have good; hence good must be the primal, and from the primal, all things must proceed. Since nothing but good can come from the Substance of all good, we must therefore be “perfect, even as our Father in heaven is perfect.” As we can not realize in ourselves the opposite of what we know ourselves to be, we must grow out of the false conception of ourselves, and into the realizing sense of our true being:

Out of the false, into the true;
Out of the old, into the new;

Out of the wrong, into the right;
Out of the darkness, into the light;

Out of the cloud, into the sun;
Out of the many, into the One;

Out of the impure, into the pure;
Out of the mutable, into the sure;

Out of the sickness, into the health;
Out of the poverty, into the wealth;

Out of the matter, into the Mind;
Out of the flesh, the Spirit to find;

Out of mortality, into God.
This is the way our Master trod.

We, the children of self-existent and eternal Life, are as primal as infinity, and as lasting as eternity. “Before Abraham was, I am.” We are children of Truth. In Truth we are free moral-agents, having absolute liberty; but in error we have nothing but disappointment and bondage, and this lesson we all must learn, either through acceptance of His loving-kindness, or by being driven by terrible experience, though in confusion and shame. to Truth at last.

We are the children of Love Divine; hence the desire of all, like their Parent-principle, to love and be loved. Love is active. ’T is “the fulfilling of the law.” He who is prompted by its unselfish nature, will never be idle. Love seeks no reward and fears no punishment. Its motives are fair and perfect, and will never yield to discouragement.

We are the children of Wisdom and Intelligence; hence the tendency and desire of all to be, and to be considered, intellectual and wise.

We are children of Omnipotence; hence our tendency is to become like Him, omnipotent. Leaning upon the Infinite for strength, and knowing whence and through what avenue it comes, we must grow into companionship with Jesus, our Elder Brother; who said: "All power is given unto me, both in Heaven and in earth." We should fulfil also that other Scripture: "Nothing shall be impossible unto you."

Wisdom is Science, and all Science is divine. There is nothing that Science will not interpret. We, the children of Omniscience (omni-science), are indeed omniscient. "Nothing is hid that shall not be revealed." "We shall see as we are seen, and know as we are known." We are children of Omnipresence; hence the tendency is to grow and expand, until our influence, our character, our real selves, will be felt to earth's remotest bound,—like Jesus Christ's.

We are out on a boundless ocean. Infinity is the sea, Eternity is the haven, Life is the voyage, Principle is the ship, Spirit the sail, Truth the compass; and with the gentle breath of Love wafting our vessel onward, and Wisdom at the helm, we may not swerve to the right hand nor to the left, but press steadily forward in the way of Truth's appointing, knowing, even though it be at the fourth watch of the night, that we shall hear His voice saying to us: "It is I, be not afraid." The waves will be stilled, the adverse winds be calmed, and immediately we shall be in port.

Representing, as we do, Omnipotence, Omniscience, and Omnipresence, let us not be content with gathering up the dew upon the grass,—so inconstant and impure, at best; but let us rather dig down to the clear running water, and drink deeper draughts of the celestial fount, that "shall be in us a well of water, springing up unto everlasting Life."

Hold fast Christ's hand,
Though the nails pierce thine too! take only care
Lest one drop of the sacramental wine
Be spilled, of that which ever shall unite
Thee, soul and body, to thy living Lord!

KING.

THE PROEM OF JOHN'S GOSPEL.

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him; and without Him was not anything made that was made. In Him was Life, and the Life was the Light of men. And the Light shineth in the darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not.

JOHN 1. 1-5.

In the beginning means, that which always was; and that which always was, always will be.

The *Word* is the idea which is coexistent and coeternal with the Mind of God. It is the action of the Divine Mind, without beginning and without end,—the All of reality, that ever was or ever will be. All things were made by the action of this Divine Mind, conceiving and propagating its own ideas, according to its own self-instituted spiritual laws.

This action is Life, in which all things “live, move, and have their being.” The spiritual laws governing this action constitute the forces which hold each created thing, from the least to the greatest, to its particular office and identity.

And the Life was the Light of men. The unchangeable, and undying self-action of the Divine Mind constitutes the Light which is the intelligence, understanding, and perception of men.

And the Light shineth in the darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not. The darkness was mortal mind. Because it has no intelligence of its own, it corresponds to “chaos and old night,” having neither stability, reality, law, nor beauty. Because mortal man comprehended not the law of his own existence, nor realized aught beyond the evidence of his senses, and was governed only by the brutal instincts and changeful illusions growing out of these, therefore the Light shone in the darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not.

Paul says that Adam was a figure of him that was to come. A figure, an image, but poorly represents that living being of which it is a copy. So Adam, the representative of sinful mortal man,—driven before the fears of his own ignorance and superstition, and haunted by the voice of Divine Mind, or conscience, but dimly and fearfully comprehended,—is but a mute and dumb figure of the living, loving Truth, exemplified in the Ideal Man, the immortal Jesus.

JESUS' RELATION TO THE LAW.

A. M. CRANE.

THINK not that I am come to destroy the Law or the Prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in nowise pass from the Law, till all be fulfilled. Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called least in the Kingdom of Heaven; but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the Kingdom of Heaven. For I say unto you, that except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

MATTHEW V. 17-20.

IN our continued contemplation of this wonderful address, the sermon on the Mount, we have passed the portions which are properly introductory, and come now to a portion which deals directly with the new doctrine which Jesus came to teach; and it is proper to consider somewhat his surroundings, in order to arrive at an understanding of the proper method of interpretation.

What then was Jesus' audience? There were his disciples, not only the Twelve, probably, but others, with varying shades of belief; and besides these there were the multitudes, who had been attracted by varying motives of self-interest and curiosity.

The record says that he had been over all Galilee, speaking and healing, so that his fame had gone through all Syria; and the people had come from great distances to hear and to be healed. Beyond a doubt, this was what we should call, in these days, a mixed assembly, composed of all grades of society and all shades of opinion.

Now who was addressing this mixed assembly? In answer to this question, there will be no dispute on the following points, which are sufficient for our present purpose:

1. He had intelligence and understanding equal to, or greater, than that of any other teacher the world has seen.
2. He thoroughly understood his own doctrine, and knew what he wished to say.
3. He said what he intended to say.
4. He meant just what he said, and he said just what he meant.
5. He was not talking especially to scholars and philosophers, or to those deeply learned in the laws of Judea,—or any other country,—nor to mystics, nor to specialists of any kind, but to the mixed assembly before him.

6. He understood his audience, and he intended they should understand him. His language was adapted to the comprehension of his entire audience.

7. The record says: "The common people heard him gladly." It was the common people, the uneducated, the illiterate, the laborers, who most appreciated Jesus. To them he went for sympathy. Such he chose for his associates, and among them he found his converts and believers.

8. Then his language must have been adapted to the comprehension of such persons.

Now, if these things are true, the conclusion is inevitable, that we must take the plain language of the Master as it stands, and we must not read between the lines, to find some hidden or mystic meaning which does not lie on the surface; nor must we explain away the obvious meaning which the words convey to the unsophisticated and unprejudiced; but we should accept the plain language as it stands, without diluting it, and without warping it with any preconceived theories or assumptions. His words are the plain words of a wise teacher, addressed to the whole of the mixed assembly, and adapted to the needs and understanding of the simplest, as well as the deepest and wisest.

With the Jew, the Law and the Prophets, or the teachings of the Sacred Code and the declarations of their Prophets, were considered of primal importance and supreme authority. Therefore Jesus, as he enters upon the discussion of the things he came to teach, allays any fear they may have on this point, by the emphatic declaration, that he is not come to destroy either the Law or the Prophets, but to fulfil. Then, as if this were not enough, he adds: "The heaven and earth pass away, one jot or one tittle shall in nowise pass away from the Law, till all things be accomplished;" thus reaffirming and reestablishing, in the most solemn manner, the full authority and binding force of the Law, until the ultimate accomplishment of all things, and until heaven and earth pass away.

As if this were not enough, he goes straight on to denounce all unlimited and unqualified language, whosoever shall break the least commandment of the Law, and to promise great reward to whosoever shall do and teach obedience to the Law; and he includes himself, as well as others.—no doubt, being understood by his hearers. Indeed it is not improbable that he used this form of expression for the purpose of giving his words

additional force. Now the Scribes and Pharisees were, as we should express it in these days, the leaders of the people,—the educated, moral, law-abiding classes. They were the church-members of those days, the men who insisted upon full obedience to, and exact compliance with, the least of the laws.

Jesus ends what he has to say upon the fulfilment of the Law, by declaring that, unless their righteousness should exceed that of the Scribes and Pharisees, they should in no case enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. He has reached a climax in this illustration, and immediately leaves the subject. His language here, as always, is sweeping, comprehensive, and unqualified. He has been talking about fulfilment of the Law; but he does not say, "Unless your obedience to the Law exceeds that of the Scribes and Pharisees." He uses far more comprehensive words, including not only obedience to the Law, but also something greater and better, even the very object for which the Law was given,—the cause of the Law, or reason for the Law,—and says, "Unless your righteousness exceed that of the Scribes and Pharisees;" and the denunciation is equally comprehensive and unqualified, "Ye shall in no case enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

Words could go no further than do his words, in this branch of his subject. They leave absolutely nothing for explanation, qualification, or interpretation. The construction is not complicated; but it is so simple that it admits of no possible double meaning, and of no other interpretation than that which lies on the surface of the words. If he had already been charged with an intention to overthrow the Law, and bring in a new order of things, this denial of such an intention was most sweeping and complete, even to denouncing a penalty upon all those who did not keep the Law better than the most radical of the sticklers for obedience to the Law.

Introducing this declaration and denial, at the opening of his discourse, was a move well qualified to secure a more patient hearing on the part of those who might have heard the charge, and who have received some prejudice against him and his doctrines. He seemed satisfied, too, to let his denial rest here; or, at least, we have no account of his repeating it elsewhere.

The language seems to be restricted to the Jewish, or Mosaic Law; but the lesson of his life might give it a broader and absolutely general meaning, embracing all law. His life was an exemplifica-

tion of his doctrine; and he rendered implicit obedience to all civil law, as well as to the Law of Moses. He was always submissive to the authority which anyone attempted to exercise over him, whether rightfully or not; and regardless whether this control was within the legal forms or not. When tribute was demanded, after he had demonstrated that it could not be exacted legally, he paid it. He also submitted, with his life, to a tribunal which was illegal in both form and procedure; though he knew also that he had only to pray his Father, and He would send him more than twelve legions of angels for defence. From the beginning to the end, he taught and practised unquestioning submission to every form of legal authority. We shall see, all through this Sermon, how his doctrine, though so different from the Mosaic Law as to be justly considered a new doctrine, does not destroy the Law but fulfils it.

It would be impossible to dismiss this topic without allusion to the meaning which the Christian Scientist finds in the declaration, "Till heaven and earth pass away, one jot or one tittle shall in nowise pass away from the Law, till all things be accomplished." So long as we are resting beneath the illusions of the heavens and the earth, the Law is of full binding force, and we are under the Law, and under the highest obligations to render it obedience; but in proportion as we pass out from under this illusion, or the illusion of the reality of matter, so pass away the heavens and the earth, and we come into a realization of the spiritual, which is Truth. In this proportion do we escape from the fetters of the Law into the freedom of Love; but "Love is the fulfilment of the Law," and therefore the words of Jesus are true, and of full effect.

Is not this declaration of the eighteenth verse an implied promise that the heavens and the earth, or the illusions of matter, shall some day pass away entirely, and that we shall then be fully emancipated from the Law, which shall continue until then, and that we shall thereafter exist in the glorious freedom of Love and Truth, which are God? Thus shall come to pass the fulfilment of those other promises, that "the last enemy to be overcome is death," and that "death shall be swallowed up in victory." Then shall be the complete fulfilment, not only of the Law and the Prophets, but of the words of Jesus; and all will enter into a perfect realization of the supremacy of Love and Truth.

Home.

WHATSOEVER things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report.—if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise,—think on these things.

PAUL.

OBEYING A WIFE.

[From *The Watchman*.]

A CLERGYMAN travelling through the village of Kettle, in Fife, was called into an inn to officiate at a marriage, instead of the parish minister, who was unable to attend. While the reverend gentleman was pronouncing the admonition, and just as he had told the bridegroom to love and honor his wife, the bridegroom interjected the words *and obey*, which he thought had been omitted from oversight, though that is part of the rule laid down solely to the wife.

The minister, surprised to find a husband willing to be henpecked by anticipation, did not take advantage of the proposed amendment; on which the bridegroom again reminded him of the omission: “Ay, and obey, sir,—love, honor, and obey, ye ken!” and he seemed very seriously discomposed at finding that his hint was not taken.

Some years afterward the same clergyman was riding through this village, when the same man came out and said: “D’ ye mind, sir, yon day when ye married me, and I wad insist upon vowing to obey my wife? Weel, ye may now see that I was in the richt, whether ye was or no. I ha’e obeyed my wife; and behold I am now the only man that has a two-story house in the hale toun!”

Does not every man, who is at all conversant with public affairs, know that you are obliged to select men for office with reference to those who are to vote for them? If men were selected whose election depended as much upon the votes of women as upon the votes of men, not one bad man would be put up where there are fifty selected now. The voting of women would be the sifting of men throughout the nation.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

REALITY AND DREAMS.

IN Dr. J. R. Nichols's interesting book (called *Whence? What? Where?*) is a sketch worth repeating, for its connection with Christian Science.

In a company of friends, distinguished in the walks of literature and science, the question was asked, if it is possible to form any satisfactory conception of the nature of Spirit and the conditions of a future life, not based in emotion or sentiment. The reply was, that it is possible. In dreams we often have experiences which make clear the possibility of life without physical activity.

It once appeared to the author, in a dream, that he was travelling in France, and, with friends, had rested at a small inn. A thunder-storm arose; the thunder reverberated through the heavens, the lightning flashed, the pattering rain-drops came slowly at first, and finally the storm burst in all its fury. Looking out of the window, it was observed that a company of travelling minstrels had turned into the yard, and sought cover under a farm-wagon at hand. The water ran in the streets, the trees bent to the force of the wind. Soon the cloud passed, the sun shone in the west; a rainbow appeared in the east; the minstrels came out from their place of refuge, and played upon their instruments, under the windows of the inn. A window was opened, and a sense of delight experienced at the scene presented to view. The adjoining fields were visited, while the rain-drops still weighed down the green grass, and the light was reflected from the leaves of beautiful shrubs. Flowers and minerals were collected; and, on returning to the hotel, tea was provided.

Thus were presented some of the incidents of an actual dream; and the inquiry was raised: If this dream could continue, with its shifting scenes, during the ordinary period of human existence, or throughout eternity, would it not be equivalent to actual life? or would it not be positive existence?

The body was passive in bed, and took no part in this form of life; the spirit was awake, and did not need the body. How much more actual, or real, is this earthly existence than the incidents of a dream? A dream often presents all life's correspondence; it affords us joy, sorrow, pleasure, remorse; it gives keen participation in all the changes and events in nature; it places us in company with friends; all the phenomena of storms are observed, thunder, lightning, rain, wind, and the rainbow; music delights us, and so do flowers. We travel, eat, drink, and converse. What more does physical life present? Who has not awoken from a pleasant dream with regret?

The sole object of quoting this account, is to show how it is possible for us to conceive of a life independent of a body. With the body practically dead, we go over life's experiences with zest, and live in a world to which Mind or Spirit can alone gain access.

LIGHT IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

C. H.

[Written for the CHRISTIAN SCIENCE JOURNAL.]

ALL day long Mrs. Blake had pushed at what she called her duties. Evening found her a very weary woman, with worn-out servants.

"Mrs. Blake do fuss and scold that much, that I shall be after leavin' soon. I could never stan' many more weeks of this, Nora." So Therese complained to the cook, after being sent a dozen times to the kitchen with orders, many of which were unnecessary.

"Sure, an' she'll do her own cookin' for all me," returned Nora. "Nothin' ever plazes her. She dunnow right when she has it, that she do n't, Therese, an' it wud only serve her right for us both to lave with her expicted company, and see thin who she'll find fault wid."

A strong pull at the bell summoned Therese upstairs again. Everything about the girl was in dreadful rebellion,—the pout on her lips, and even the jaunty tip of the cap she wore.

"Therese, tell Nora to be sure and properly dish everything for dinner. She came to me well recommended, yet she never does anything properly. Then come back and attend to the people as they arrive."

Into Therese's eyes came the scorn lighted by unappreciated service. "An' I've been down to Nora thirteen times, ma'am, an' I think she knows." This she said with a saucy toss of the head as she left the room.

"Oh dear," soliloquized poor Mrs. Blake, "was ever anyone so tired as I am. What with the bother with the servants, company, and the children, I am worn out of the world."

With weary, lagging steps she went up to the nursery. A merry din greeted her ears. "What an uproar!" she exclaimed, opening the nursery door. "Can you not keep the children still, Marie? Such a noise I never hear in any house but my own. Gertrude, stop your romping! Louise, take your finger out of your mouth! Oh dear! oh dear! Why can you not behave like other children? I am so discouraged!"

"I see no harm, Madame, in their merry sport," said Marie, the nursery-governess. "They are good, obedient children, but

very active, and I can not keep them under constant restraint. I suppose children will be children, and I do not believe anyone can keep perfectly healthy children quiet all day long."

"I am very sorry, Mamma," apologized Gertrude, aged eight. "We have been in the house all day, and were so tired of keeping still."

The mother's mood had affected the merry children. The infection had reached the whole household. Little six-year-old Louise put up her little mouth to kiss mamma, but her mother pushed her away. "Make less noise, unless you desire to kill me," the mother said, going out, and impatiently closing the door behind her.

Poor little Louise threw herself upon a rug, and wept her grief away in great sobs. Gertrude sat in her little chair, the picture of unhappy childhood. Marie patiently endeavored to console both children. Taking the distressed Louise into her arms, she locked and comforted her until the sobs ceased.

"Mamma does n't love us as Cora Leighton's mamma loves her," said Gertrude. "Mamma never lets us do anything we like to do, and she does n't want us to do anything at all but just study and grow up. I wish there was n't any Gertrude", complained the little girl, tired of her own name even.

Despite Mrs. Blake's fears, cook served a well-prepared dinner, and the table-service could not have been better; but the face of the hostess expressed anxiety through it all. When, with the dessert, the two little daughters of the house appeared, the watchful mother looked them carefully over, lest anything should be lacking. She was not a mother blind to her children's faults, she had often said; but she might have added with equal truthfulness, that every infant grace they ever possessed she had carefully tried to suppress, in her anxiety to make them perfect. It was not that she did not love them, for her children were nearer to her heart than anything she possessed; but she was not a wise mother.

Among the lady guests present was one who had been actively working for the good of humanity. With her clear thought, she soon perceived the grim care that perched upon the banner of this household. The waitress accidentally spilled something upon the cloth, in removing a dish, and the glance from mistress to maid conveyed a world of meaning to the guest, as well as to the

servant. The husband's air of restraint, while he performed his duties as host, expressed volumes in the way of home discipline. When the little girls appeared, the almost painful glances, which they cast upon their mother, laid before this guest, who knew so much of human nature, the history of the household up to that time.

In the olden days she and Mrs. Blake had been intimate friends. Each had married, and gone on in her way in life. One had burdened herself with society cares, in addition to those of her household; and the other had found time to take in outside duties, and many a family blessed the hour which brought her to their acquaintance.

Mrs. Lawrence was to remain a few days with Mrs. Blake, and she mentally resolved to leave a different state of things from what she found. The two little girls were delighted with mamma's old school-friend. They paid little attention to the silent signal of their mother, to keep perfectly still; and, except for the uneasiness and sense of restraint which it brought them, they were quite happy.

"I shall send you upstairs, Gertrude! You are annoying Mrs. Lawrence," said Mrs. Blake at last, in a vexed tone.

A frightened look came into the faces of both children; but Mrs. Lawrence placed an arm around each, saying: "Let me have them for a little while, please, Laura. I am very fond of children, you know. I have not seen my own dear little ones for several days. Surely, you do not begrudge me this pleasure."

"Not if you find pleasure in them, Marian, but—"

"But me no buts, if you please. These dear little ones are a treasure, as you would find if you were absent from them," said the guest.

Mrs. Lawrence was a very quiet woman in all she did or said, but good results were sure to follow wherever she went. There came a decided change to the Blake household. It was felt from laundry to attic.

"An' I dunnow what has come over the missis, sure, but she said to me this mornin,' 'Yer rolls was very nice, Nora;' an' she said it wid a smile, too, an' niver a bit of scoldin' at all," said Nora to the other servants.

The little blossoms in the nursery were no longer crushed, and they never remembered to have seen mamma so sweet and loving, and free from care.

The two ladies were seated one morning in Mrs. Blake's pleasant sitting-room, upstairs. Mrs. Lawrence had been relating some of the experiences she had passed through since they were schoolgirls together at L —. The story was modestly told, and the listener could feel the humility of the narrator; and she realized that this rounded life, replete with good deeds, was better than anything she had experienced.

"Now, dear Laura, it is your turn to read me some of the chapters from Memory's tablet. I think I have talked enough for the present. I might grow egotistical, if I related more," said Mrs. Lawrence, laughingly.

Mrs. Blake hesitated. "I am almost ashamed, Marian, to turn over the leaves of my past for you," she said at last. "My life, compared with yours, is empty of good accomplished, and I much fear that I have aggravated little festers, until they have become great sores, in my household. The charge of the servants has oppressed me; and anxiety, lest my children should not compare favorably with other children, has been a consuming care. I have never assisted my husband by making light his burdens; and for humanity in general I have done nothing at all. Now, dear friend, if you can only show me how I may plant my feet stronger for better results, I promise you to gratefully appreciate it. Somehow, you have made a great change in this family."

"I shall be very glad to do all that I can for you, dear Laura; but there will yet remain much for you to do yourself," replied Mrs. Lawrence. "I shall have to relate a little more of my experience, I find; but to me, it is the most interesting and satisfactory of all. Indeed, words will not express to you what I feel upon this subject. Among the dear friends of my schooldays was one whom at first I frequently met, and afterwards occasionally heard of. We had similar views and inclinations. After awhile I missed her from the places she had frequented, and was told that she was very much an invalid, with what the physicians claimed were incurable troubles. I called to see her once or twice, but was denied admittance. Two years ago, in making some calls in a poor neighborhood, I heard what seemed marvelous tales of healing, performed by a lady there. The healing had been in more ways than one, judging from what I was told. A babe wasting away with marasmus, unable to take nourishment, had been restored to health, infantile activity, and beauty. An

old lady had been healed of paralysis and bed-sores. A profane inebriate, who had spent on carousals everything he earned, to the neglect of his family, had been morally healed. The dreadful appetite had been destroyed; and, as he expressed himself, he could no longer utter an oath, and was seeking Christ. These were some of the cures mentioned. But that was not all. Order had been in a large degree established, and such cleanliness as had not been known before in that neighborhood. The name of the lady who had accomplished all this was familiar, and brought my friend to my thought, although I believed her to be in a dying condition, if she had not already passed away; for her husband had taken her far from the city, as the physician said was better for her. Imagine my surprise when, in making my calls, I found her a familiar presence in that neighborhood. She it was who had accomplished such wonderful results. Of course, I was delighted to see her so well, so, happy and so successful in doing good. All the good results I witnessed had been brought about by Christian Science. She told me something of what she had been through, which would surprise you very much, Laura, but which I will not enter into here. She had with her a bundle of magazines, one of which she gave me. It proved to be a CHRISTIAN SCIENCE JOURNAL, in which she was much interested. I took it home with me, and carefully read it. There was one article, by the Founder of Christian Science: "Hast thou been faithful over a few things?" was the title. I read and re-read this article. It was not the physical healing that appealed to my thought, so much as the spiritual uplifting which it would bring. I think I was then and there convinced of the Truth. There is little more to add. What it has wrought for my family I can not tell you. It is Absolute Good. My husband is not the same man, and my children are no longer made frail and delicate by my fears. It strengthens me for every undertaking. This, Laura, is the blessing I have sought to bring your family."

"I have heard much concerning Christian Science, but I had supposed it a chimera, and devoid of Christianity. From what you have just told me, I realize that it is something higher than I have yet attained; but I know it is not unattainable. Thank you, dear Marian, for lighting up my benighted way with this ray of hope."

The ray of hope brightened into a promise, and the promise is in a measure fulfilled. The household is governed now without frowns. Gertrude and Louise are two little maids happy in Love. They witnessed a demonstration, the result of which brought a spiritual quickening to the household. Its impress will last with them, and whether they espouse the Cause and work for humanity, or marry and have homes of their own, the lesson will never be forgotten.

Christian Science is needed in every family. It makes burdens light that were heavy before; and if it makes one dissatisfied with the old sense of limitations and environments, so much the better. "No man is a hero to his valet," is an old adage. To our own households we rarely appear heroic, because we rarely *are* heroic; but Science will make us so, for in spirituality there is no cowardice.

A BEDTIME SONG.

[From *St. Nicholas*.]

SWAY to and fro in the twilight gray,—
This is the ferry for Shadowtown.
It always sails at the end of day,
Just as the darkness is closing down.

Rest, little head, on my shoulder,— so !
A sleepy kiss is the only fare ;
Drifting away from the world we go,
Baby and I, in the rocking-chair.

See, where the firelogs glow and spark,
Glitter the lights of the Shadowland.
The winter rains on the window—hark !
Are ripples lapping upon its strand.

There, where the mirror is glancing dim,
A lake lies shimmering, cool and still.
Blossoms are waving above its brim,—
Those over there on the window-sill.

Rock slow, more slow, in the dusky light ;
Silently lower the anchor down.
Dear little passenger, say Goodnight,
We've reached the harbor of Shadowtown.

Animal Magnetism.

THE land that Thou gavest unto our fathers, to eat the fruit thereof and the good thereof, behold we are servants in it; and it yieldeth much increase unto the kings whom Thou hast set over us, because of our sins. Also they have dominion over our bodies and over our cattle, at their pleasure, and we are in great distress.

NEHEMIAH.

WHEN they shall say to you :

“Inquire of their necromancers and wizards,
That peep and murmur;”

Then say ye : “Should not a people inquire of their God?
Should they inquire of the dead for the living?”

ISAIAH.

WATCH AND PRAY.

EVERY student of Christian Science realizes the power of mind for good or evil. The Source of all Good he calls Mind, and the source of all evil he calls mortal mind. The Good he calls Power, and the evil he has admitted to be a claim to power, which can only be overcome by Truth. No student is safe, unless he has overcome the world, who feels that he has nothing to meet. In a false sense of security there is danger.

“Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.” All this claim to Life, Substance, and Intelligence, apart from Truth, is an error to be met and mastered by us; or else all our work is done on the mortal-mind basis of thought, and we are retarding the progress of humanity, instead of aiding it. Until we are out of mortal mind, we have the qualities of that thought to meet for ourselves.

All that we have to meet, in any case, is Animal Magnetism. This is all there is of error. This is the counterfeit of Truth. When we enter the crusade against it, we have perchance taken up the cross; but we have Omnipotent Love to sustain us through it all, and we go on in safety.

When we see the envy, revenge, and hatred which frequently come into the family relation, and the evil resulting from uneducated mind-power, we have only to realize what the result would be if all liberated thought knew its power for evil.



There is no safety in saying that no one would willingly injure us, when we can now see such evident demonstrations of error. We lock our doors at night against marauders, and protect ourselves in every way; and we furthermore say, that it is the mind of man which premeditates and consummates dark deeds.

Professing to be followers of Christ does not practically prove that the claimants deserve the name. Some of those who profess be most have committed the most dastardly crimes. Christian Science deals with the same race of men and women that Christianity deals with, and is often used as a cloak by the same class of people. Wicked individuals will express extreme piety, and it is not always possible to decide their qualifications.

Again: for one coming into Christian Science in a passive sense of sin, chemicalization must ensue. The error will come to the surface, and the capital letters for craftiness, the dark and subtle ways of human mind, stand revealed to any eye metaphysical enough to behold these evils.

Remember that we are fighting the Beast, when we seek to overcome. We are savoring sympathy and fellow-feeling, when we hoist like quantities of thought. Are we not all seeking to get out of human error? Then, for very love of our brother, should we not aid him so to do? Who of us would say there is no sin, and invite a sinner to his weakness, while at first attempting to show him the way to Holiness and Life? Do we not discover error in others, and destroy it?

The very end will ever be against us, unless we meet the righteous demand, and aid power, for good will be taken from us. Truth has attacked Ignorance, and appeals to humanity; but the Comforter, in its pressing hour, keeps a good strife with Truth. It is neither modesty nor honesty in this dragging claimant. It knows that it must go out in total extinction, as soon as its bias is uncovered. It comes out against Truth, and seeks to brand Right upon its own iniquity. Its coming is a false promise, as much without foundation, as the tales of Baron Munchausen.

The sin must be met now,—that for our own sake and for future generations. We have to meet in many ways. If we are active, it is because we are ignorant; if we are inactive, it is because of that implied conviction which is the opposite of our real being. We are sin to meet in the paths of Vanity, selfishness, love of ease, pride, and selfishness to satisfy. If we occupy any position at all, we have to meet even in the effort to reach the understanding of others to discern the difference between Truth and error. We find to meet the poison of Animal Magnetism in our own injurious and subtle thoughts, in those where else.

Healing: Communications and Cases.

AND try Me now in this, saith Jehovah of Hosts,—
Whether I will not open to you the Windows of Heaven,
and pour out upon you a blessing. MALACHI.

GREEN MOUNTAIN STATE.

FOR five years I had what my physician said was dropsy around the heart. Last April he said the heart was entirely covered with water, and that I would never be any better, never be able to do any hard work. I was troubled with chronic diarrhœa for four years, and have had rheumatism at times for ten years. At the time I saw D. E. Goding, C. S., in April, I could hardly walk. In less than one hour my lameness left me. I have never felt the same symptoms of either disease since. I was examined by several eminent physicians, who pronounced the case incurable.

Four years ago my physician went with me to the Burlington Hospital, Vermont, where I was examined by the best physicians and pronounced incurable; but I was cured in one hour by the help of God, in Christian Science. I have done a hard summer's work, and experienced no ill effects from it.

Respectfully,

L. B. PORTER.

North Pomfret, Vt.

FORTY YEARS OF SUFFERING.

I FEEL it my duty to show the public what Christian Science has done for me. I have been a sufferer for about forty years' afflicted with many ailments,—chronic catarrh, rheumatism, heart-disease, dyspepsia. Even my eyes have been very troublesome.

I was advised to try Christian Science, and was treated very successfully by Mrs. Fancher, a Scientist. I can now say that I am entirely healed in every respect, and do what I have not been able to do for years. I can never forget what happiness Christian Science has brought to me, and I thank God for it. I can recommend it to all sufferers.

Yours truly,

MRS. H. FOW.

Philadelphia.

BRAIN-CONGESTION.

Extract from a letter written by a Harvard graduate, who had practised medicine fifteen years according to the Old School method, but joined one of Mrs. Eddy's primary classes last Spring.]

It will interest you to know that I had a case of congestion of the base of the brain to treat, of five years' duration. The patient, as well as her friends and physicians, had feared insanity. She was a great sufferer, had been under the care of eminent surgeons and physicians from California to Boston, to whom she had paid out large sums of money. In five days she was healed, and said that she had not felt as well since she was a girl. I saw her on the fourteenth day, for the last time. She was as free as a bird, and *knew* that she was allright. She is permanently well.

H. A. R.

MANY ILLS.

DEAR JOURNAL: I wish to bear testimony to the great benefit received from the treatments of Mr. D. Albright, a Christian Scientist, then residing at Summit City.

For a great many years previous to my treatments, I suffered with general debility, heart-disease, liver-complaint, dizziness; and finally I became so ill that I lost all control of myself, and became entirely unconscious of everything. The neighbors came and pronounced me dying, when Mr. Albright was summoned.

On his arrival, the neighbors said a change for the better took place almost instantly; and I gradually got better under his treatments for about five hours, when my thought returned to me as clear as ever; and within two days I was out in the field at work, better than I had been before in years. So I can honestly recommend suffering humanity to Mr. Albright, who, I believe, can positively cure them.

Yours in Truth,

L. A. KNIGHT.

I can also testify to the above cure, as I was with him all night, and positively thought Mr. Knight was dying, till Mr. Albright arrived, when Mr. Knight almost instantly began to get better. In a short time the attendants all went home, and the patient went to sleep.

J. S. HODGES.

Flife Lake, Michigan.

EMANCIPATED INDEED.

For twenty years before the Civil War I was in that bondage to which my color subjected me; and for nearly all the twenty-two years since the Rebellion I have been a slave to rheumatism in my joint, and with ulceration of the bowels, which would not allow me to stoop without great suffering, and induced intense pain after eating. Having tried every remedy suggested to me, I consulted many eminent physicians, I was in the depths of despair, scarcely able to attend to my little, every-day, personal affairs, when, one day last December, I heard one of my friends speak of a wonderful cure of a milk-leg, by Dr. and Mrs. Fluno. I went to see the patient myself, and thence to them for treatment. In the language of the Queen of Sheba, "the half had not been told." I was well after four treatments; and now I can joyfully

Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

Words are inadequate to express my thankfulness for having heard of Christian Science.

This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not.

I have had Science and Health to study since January. I have finished a course of lectures, and find that I am able to demonstrate this new-old truth. I am also a subscriber to the *CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR*, from which I derive much help; and having read in one number that mites are acceptable for the Church-fund, I enclose a dollar for that purpose.

With blessings on the Great Cause, I am truly yours,

MRS. PATSY LEWIS.

Lexington, Ky.

DOG AND RATTLESNAKE.

DEAR JOURNAL: Our dog was bitten by a rattlesnake on the leg a short time ago, and the verdict, as is usual in such cases, was death; but through the understanding of God's promise, that we shall handle serpents and not be harmed, if we but believe, I was able to demonstrate, over the belief in four days. The dog is now as well as ever.

MRS. M. E. DARNELL.

Church and Association.

the Church of the Living God, the pillar and ground of Truth.

PAUL.

CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST ASSOCIATION.

THE September monthly meeting of this Association was held the seventh instant, at the Meionaon, a fair number of members being present. The impressive opening service, in which all members joined, was conducted according to the established usages of the Association. The admission of new members, and reports of committees, were attended to with marked interest; the Good of the Cause was in order none too soon, as the members were anxiously waiting to learn what would be presented, to cause further awakening among the already active and busy workers and seekers in this ever-glorious Cause.

What will best advance our Cause? was the subject ably presented for consideration, calling out speeches from many brothers and sisters, who uttered thoughts which might well be brought forward again at future meetings. During the discussion, throughout the meeting, the utmost harmony prevailed, thus raising higher our standard in Truth.

L.

JUVENILE TOKEN.

[From a letter to REV. M. B. G. EDDY.]

ENCLOSE three dollars, the amount collected from my Sunday-school class, since we began a few weeks ago. Please accept it as a token of the children's love, as they are desirous of doing something to show their gratitude to you for revealing Truth to us. I began teaching three children, but last Sunday our class numbered twenty members, from four to sixteen years of age.

Ever your loving student,

M. NETTIE HALL.

Denver, Colorado.

CHICKERING HALL.

FRANK E. MASON delivered the address, September 4, on 'The Wanderings of Abraham, before the Church of Christ (Scientist).

The speaker on September 11 was Edward P. Bates, of Syracuse, N. Y.

Mrs. F. J. Stetson was the speaker September 18. Her text was from 2 Timothy i. 7: "For God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power and of love and of a sound mind." She gave a brief exposition of our views, illustrated with apt poetic quotations. Her delivery was clear and deliberate, every word being distinctly heard in the rear of the hall, though she did not exert herself to speak loud.

The Pastor was present, and gave the Benediction at the close of the service.

September 25 the speaker was E. A. Bailey.

A CORDIAL INVITATION.

In the spring or early summer Mrs. Eastman's class of children, connected with the Sunday-school of the Church of Christ (Scientist) of Boston, started the enterprise of a fair, in aid of the fund for the new Church-building. They were but children, yet they possessed earnestness and zeal, and their faithful teacher encouraged them in the undertaking.

All summer they persevered with their work, coming together occasionally to report progress. A trio of these misses were one day questioned in regard to what good purpose was dominating them, that their faces should look so bright and happy, for evidently it was something higher than the careless pleasure of childhood. The reply was; "We are getting up a fair, to help toward building the new church."

The thought proved a contagious one. Their older brothers and sisters having become largely interested in the effort, it is proposed to make the undertaking national, and to invite the different Students' Associations to participate therein. The fair is to be held early in December; and any articles or money contributions will be gratefully received by Mrs. M. F. Eastman (85 Broadway, Chelsea, Mass.), as Chairman of the Committee.

A cordial invitation is extended to every reader of this JOURNAL, and to every other friend of Christian Science, to contribute toward the enterprise. You can not give to the Cause, without speedily receiving in return more than you give. Let us realize the Source of all supply, and *freely* give. Brothers and sisters, please bring the matter before your different Associations, and forward your gifts as soon as possible.

S. H. C.

Editorial Outlook.

THE eternal round of Truth.	ANONYMOUS.
THE power of an endless Life.	HEBREWS.
THE care of discipline is Love.	WISDOM.
THE Spirit is Life, because of righteousness.	ROMANS.
WITHOUT rebuke, holding forth the Word of Life.	PAUL.

LEAVES AND FROST.

COLORED gold and red and amber,
 See the ripe leaves fall!
 Nourishing the vines that clamber
 O'er their brilliant pall.

Not because the frost hath clutched them,
 Drop they to the earth;
 But that deeper life hath touched them,
 With a second birth.

Full of sunlight, treasured glory,
 Every leaf is found,
 Whispering God's prismatic story
 To the autumn ground.

CURIOUS ENGLISH CURES.

THE empirical character of drug-treatment is shown by such a record as this, taken from the *Nineteenth Century*:

In Lincolnshire a girl, suffering from the ague, cuts a lock of her hair and binds it around an aspen tree, praying the latter to shake in her stead. The remedy for a toothache at Tavistock, in Devonshire, is to bite a tooth from a skull in the churchyard, and keep it always in the pocket. At Loch Carron, in Ross-shire, an occasional cure for erysipelas, is to cut off half the ear of a cat, and let the blood drip on the inflamed surface. In Cornwall, the treatment for the removal of warts, or small pimples, from the eyelids of children, is to pass the tail of a black cat nine times over the part affected. Toads are made to do service in divers manners in Cornwall and Northampton, for the cure of nose-bleeding and quinsy; while toad powder, or even a live toad or spider, shut up in a box, is still in some places accounted as useful a charm against contagion as it was in the days of Sir Kenelm Digby. The old smallpox and dropsy remedy, known as *pulvis æthiopicus*, was nothing more nor less than powdered toad.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE NEITHER CHRISTIAN
NOR SCIENTIFIC.

UNDER this caption *The Christian at Work* attacks certain foolish actions of Faith-curers and others, who, rather than depart from their usual methods, when they find their knowledge inadequate to cure, have allowed their patients to needlessly suffer and die.

The case of a Colorado man is cited, who is such a fanatic on this subject as to conceal the burial of children, lest the public knowledge of their decease should prejudice the people against his orphan asylum.

A letter from a Boston daily is quoted, in which a physician protests against Scientists who have let an aged woman die in agony, rather than allow a regular physician to be called. This impresses Christian Scientists as so terrible that they doubt whether the healer was not a fraud, wrongly taking the name of Christian Scientist as a cloak for wickedness and bigotry.

Talmadge's organ calls for legal interference to prevent such instances of barbarism; but is there not another side to the shield?

Allopathic doctors often adhere to erroneous methods. Shall the law interfere? Suppose, with the best intentions, the medical attendant unfortunately raises a blistered patch a foot square on a man's back, thus prolonging a week's illness into six! Shall we call in the police? Yet blunders such as this are not uncommon.

Forty years ago a distinguished family-physician in Boston — one of the despotic old tyrants who formerly made the sick chamber a greater terror than it is now — declared that a child under his charge, three years old, had a rupture. By his advice another Regular was called, who made this disease a specialty. Acting by his colleague's direction the specialist treated that boy for a rupture, and compelled him to put on one of the hard trusses then in use. For months this truss was worn, giving the child exquisite agony, but no relief. This the doctors could not understand. At last the cause was apparent. The swelling was not caused by a rupture, but by an abscess, which their mistaken treatment had aggravated into a worse condition than it would otherwise have reached. Neither of these physicians ever operated in that family again; but ought they to have been imprisoned?

Some twenty or twenty-five years ago an incident occurred in Western Massachusetts which greatly roused the ire of the late physician and poet, J. G. Holland (Timothy Titcomb). Many were injured in a railroad accident, and surgeons were too few for the work; yet the Old Schoolers would not allow New Schoolers to come to their assistance, and the victims suffered needlessly in consequence. Even now the Spartan laws of many medical societies forbid the professional association of Allopathic doctors with those of other schools, such as the Homœopathic—sometimes to the detriment of the sick.

Only fools will pretend that their comrades can make no mistakes and take no false steps; but before such stringent measures are adopted as these publications suggest, would it not be well to look after the old practitioners a little? There are laws against malpractice, though they are seldom invoked against physicians of any school.

When Galileo discovered the rings of Saturn he described that planet, in Latin, as being triple. Not daring to say this openly, he threw into *pi* the type containing the statement, and left it for future scholars to decipher. So it may happen that what is today called unscientific in healing, may by-and-by be found in the highest order of Science.

INTERIOR SIGHT.

In a recent number of the *Chicago Herald* is a sketch of the remarkable power of Henry Hendrickson, a Norwegian, forty-two years old, who was educated at the Blind School in Janesville, Wisconsin. He has been totally blind since the age of six months; yet he is able to go about alone, and can detect the depressions in the sidewalks, and the street-corners, before he comes to them,—and this without the aid of touch. He can even count the telegraph-poles as he rides along the railroad. He has been subjected to various tests, such as describing objects held before him while blindfolded with a heavy robe. In this condition he can even read unexpected sentences traced phonographically with the finger in the air. In skating, the faster he goes the plainer he can see whatever is on the ice, however small.

Mr. Hendrickson says he can not tell by what faculty he is thus able to see; but we find, in his peculiar power, a proof of the mentality of all vision,—even in those who have eyes.

HIS STAR IN THE EAST.

THIS is the apt name of a book of lectures by Rev. Leighton Parks, of Emmanuel Church (Episcopal) Boston. Its aims are two: first, to carefully and honestly depict several Eastern religions,—chiefly Brahmanism, Buddhism, and Zoroastrianism; and second, to show how in these may be seen the Star of Jesus faintly glimmering,—the dawn of those ideas which reach their noonday in Christ.

Though many a reader may be unable to accept all Mr. Parks's conclusions as to the supreme relation of Christianity to these older theologies, none can question the fearless and fair spirit of his presentation of the subject.

Some of the cited passages are of peculiar interest, such as the following, from the ancient Upanishads:

The face of the True is covered with a golden disk. Open that, oh Sun that we may see the nature of the True.

The Light, which is the fairest form, I see it. I am what He is,—breath to air and to the immortal! Then this, my body, ends in ashes. Om! Mind! remember thy deeds! Mind, remember.

Lord of the Universe, glory to Thee! Thou art the Self of all. Thou art the Maker of all, the Enjoyer of all. Thou art all Life, and the Lord of all pleasures and joy.

The Sympathy of Religions is a new thought in our age. No longer can we speak of the Heathen as wholly separate from ourselves, and as being all of one mind. Among the fifteen hundred millions of people on this globe, only a fraction—perhaps one-fifth—are even nominally Christian. The others hold very diverse opinions. Even the Buddhists, who far outnumber the Christians, are divided into many sects, differing from each other as widely as Catholics from Protestants. Yet everywhere we find the same fundamental notions about the relations of God to man, and of man to his brother; for the simple reason, that all people, in all ages, are human like ourselves, and have sought, however blindly, to solve the same problems of Spirit and Life.

Such a book is only one of a million literary motes, whose reflected light calls attention to the sunbeam which makes their presence perceptible, and irradiates a world. Such books herald the end of bigotry and exclusiveness, and toll the knell of race-prejudice. They symbolize a brighter day ahead, when the Overture of the Angels shall expand into the Opera of perfected human unity, good-will, and peace.

COUNT TOLSTOI.

He is indeed one of the wonders of this age,—a man who literally follows the precepts of Jesus about non-resistance and poverty. Says the *Journal of Education* :

Tolstoi is always an artist, and writes an artist; but it is a sorrowful sign for Russia, that her finest genius has no gospel for her but this of destruction. His message has no meaning for us.

Here the spirit of the Master's words pervades increasingly the forms of a civilization not built upon its letter. Law and justice are found not incompatible with mercy and charity. Other modes of life, besides manual toil, are seen to be a direct and wholesome service to mankind. We may read Count Tolstoi with interest,—and even sympathy, but scarcely with agreement.

[THE NEW-BRUNSWICK LAW-CASES.

IN the *CHRISTIAN SCIENCE JOURNAL* for July, the writer of the article entitled *Christian Science in the Police Court* gives the impression that an appeal had been made, in the case of Miss Whitlock, to the Supreme Court, and that a decision had been rendered in her favor. We are informed, upon good authority, that none of the cases against the Christian Scientists have been appealed to a higher tribunal. We understand also, in all cases decided in their favor, that such decision is final.

FAITH.

FLORA McDONALD.

Hast thou, from heights the Spirit hath attained,
Beheld the world beneath thee, as a dream,
Dissolve in nothingness,—the while its mean
Desires, and meaner joys, no longer chained
Thee to thyself, but, lost these limits, gained
Thy universal Being? Hast thou seen
All earth-forged barriers removed, till e'en
God merged in thee, and thou in Him remained?

Oh! weary, world-bound mind, which hath conceived
God high above thee, throned, personified,—
Thou shalt with sin and suffering be tried,
Till of thy small beliefs thou art relieved,
And faith through understanding hath perceived
The Mind Immortal, real and unified.

Economic Hints.

If anyone provideth not for his own, and especially for those of his Own House, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an unbeliever.

PAUL TO TIMOTHY.

DEGREES FROM MASSACHUSETTS METAPHYSICAL COLLEGE.

So many inquiries come in regard to the meaning of initials attached to the names of Christian Scientists, that it is thought well to reprint the following from our June number of 1886 :

Bachelor of Christian Science (C. S. B.) is conferred upon students who have taken the First Course of instruction at the Metaphysical College.

Doctor of Christian Science (C. S. D.) is conferred on those who take the Normal Course, if they have also practised acceptably three years in the Science, and maintained a thoroughly Christian character.

Doctor of Divine Science (D. S. D.) is given after the Course in Theology, combined with three years of practice, to those who have obtained a correct knowledge of the spiritual signification of the Scriptures, and conformed their lives to the teachings of Christ Jesus.

OUR PASTOR'S HYMN.

THE author of the hymn Christ My Refuge, Rev. Mary B. G. Eddy, has had it set to music. It is printed on large sheets, and illustrated with a handsome vignette. The harmony is tender and sweet, and the hymn is arranged as a quartet, by the composer, I. I. Harwood, C.S.

The profits accruing from the sale of this hymn are given to our Church-building Fund.

Price 25 cents. For sale at Massachusetts Metaphysical College, 571 Columbus Avenue; at the Academy of Christian Science, 192 Dartmouth Street, Boston; and at Oliver Ditson & Co.'s Music Store, 451 Washington Street, Boston.

PRIVATE SCHOOL.

PARENTS desiring for their boys and girls the personal attention of private schools, and the discipline and varied associates of public schools, will find both combined at Chauncy Hall, 259 Boylston St., Boston.

Preparation for the Mass. Institute of Technology has long been a specialty; and for its thoroughness, reference is made to the Institute Faculty. Thorough preparation is made also for College, and for Business. All classes are open to Special Students.

Particular attention is invited to the Primary and Grammar School departments, and to the Kindergarten. Visitors are always welcome.

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CHRISTIAN SCIENCE JOURNAL.

FOR the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God, to the pulling down of strongholds.—PAUL.

VOL. V.

NOVEMBER, 1887.

No. 8.

VAINGLORY.

REV. MARY BAKER G. EDDY

Comparisons are odorous.—SHAKESPEARE.

THROUGH all human history the vital outcomes of Truth have suffered temporary shame and loss from individual conceit, cowardice, or dishonesty. The bird whose right wing flutters to soar, while the left beats its way downward, falls to the earth. Both wings must be plumed for rarefied atmospheres and upward flight.

Mankind must gravitate from sense to Soul, and human affairs should be governed by Spirit, or intelligent Good. The antipodes of Spirit, which we name *matter*, or *non-intelligent evil*, is no real aid to Being. The predisposing and exciting cause of all defeat and victory under the sun rests on this scientific basis, that action in obedience to God spiritualizes man's motives and methods, and crowns them with success; while disobedience to this Divine Principle materializes human modes and consciousness, and defeats them.

Two personal queries give point to human action: Who shall be greatest? and Who shall be best? Earthly glory is vain, but not vain enough to attempt pointing the way to Heaven, the harmony of Being. The imaginary victories of

rivalry and hypocrisy are defeats. The Master said. "He that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me." He is unfit for Truth, and the demonstration of divine power, who departs from Mind to matter, and from Truth to error, in pursuit of better means for healing the sick and casting out error.

The Christian Scientist keeps straight to the course. His whole inquiry and demonstration lie in the line of Truth. Hence he suffers no shipwreck in a starless night on the shoals of vainglory. His medicine is Mind — the omnipotent and everpresent Good. His "help is from the Lord," who heals body and mind, head and heart, changing the affections, enlightening the misguided senses, and curing alike the sin and the mortal sinner. God's preparations for the sick are potions of His own qualities. His therapeutics are antidotes for the ailments of mortal mind and body. Then let us not adulterate His preparations for the sick, with human means.

From lack of moral strength empires fall. Right alone is irresistible, permanent, eternal. Remember that human pride forfeits spiritual power, and vacillating and self-assertive error dies of its own elements. Through patience we must possess the sense of Truth; and Truth is used to waiting. "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass."

By using falsehood to regain his liberty, Galileo virtually lost it. He can not escape from barriers who commits his moral sense to a dungeon. Hear the Master on this subject: "No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

Lives there a man who can better define ethics, or elucidate the Principle of Being, than "he who spake as never man spake," and whose precepts and example have a perpetual freshness in relation to human events? Who is it that understands unmistakably a fraction of the actual Science of Mind-healing? It is he who has fairly proven his knowledge on a mental, Scientific basis,—who has made his

choice between matter and Mind, and proven Mind the only healer. These are self-evident propositions: That man can only be Christianized through Mind; that without Mind the body is without action; that Science is a law of Mind. The conclusion follows, that the correct Mind-healing is the proper means of Christianity, and is Science.

Today Christian Science is sold in the shambles. Many are bidding for it, but are not willing to pay the price. Error is vending itself on trust, well knowing the willingness of mortals to buy error at par value. The Revelator beheld the opening of this seal, and heard the great Red Dragon whispering that "No man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark or the name of the beast, or the number of his name."

We are in the Valley of Decision. Then let us take the side of him who overthrew the seats of the money-changers, and such as sold doves,—of such as barter integrity and peace for money and fame. What artist would question the skill of the masters in sculpture, music, or painting? Shall we depart from the example of the Master in Christian Science, Jesus of Nazareth,—than whom mankind hath no higher ideal? He who demonstrated his power over sin, disease, and death is the Master Metaphysician.

To seek or employ other means than those the Master used in demonstrating Life scientifically, is to lose the priceless knowledge of his Principle and practice. He said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Gain a pure Christianity; for that is requisite for healing the sick. Then you will need no other aid, and will have full faith in His word, "The works that I do, ye shall do;" but his word must abide in us, if we would obtain that promise. We can not depart from his holy example,—we can not leave Christ for the schools which crucify him,—and yet follow him in healing. Fidelity to his precepts and practice is the only passport to his power, and the pathway of goodness and greatness runs through the modes and methods of God. "He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord."

BELLIGERENCE.

THIS JOURNAL is sometimes accused of being too belligerent. This adjective comes from two Latin words, *bellum* (war) and *gero* (to wage, or make).

The accusation therefore implies that the JOURNAL is too apt to knock the chip from every opposing shoulder,—to pick up every gauntlet thrown down, even though it be but a tiny doll's mitten.

It may be that the charge is fair. "To err is human." Nevertheless, let us look deeper into the subject.

Was it not Cardinal Richelieu who said, "Leave patience to the saints, for I am human"? "There is a time to keep silence," says the Scripture; but it first says, "There is a time to speak."

Jesus certainly inculcated non-resistance, commanding the wronged disciple to turn the other cheek to the smiter. Such advice was excellent for those who were about to go forth "as sheep among wolves," to preach a strange gospel to erring humanity. Belligerence, in such emissaries, would have been sheer foolishness; nay, it would have been madness. With the fighting disposition, the Twelve could have accomplished nothing but their own material destruction, and the Master would have been compelled to find a new dozen of preachers.

The early Abolitionists wisely adopted this policy. When they went forth to proclaim liberty to the bound within the borders of the United States, each reformer "took his life in his hand." His business was to speak boldly his word, and submit patiently to the indignities which followed, whether in the form of insult, blows, tar and feathers, imprisonment, fines, banishment, or death. His sufferings would speak louder than his tongue, for it is ever true that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church."

Christian Scientists proclaim an unpopular doctrine, opposed to all materialism,—to sin, as well as to sickness.

Of necessity [they differ, not only from charlatans and vendors of patent nostrums, but from physicians of every name, and doctors of divinity also. Their teaching rouses the antagonism of Spiritualists, and others whom they must oppose. It is not however from clergymen and regular practitioners that Christian Science specially suffers, for they treat it honorably. Even the Faith-cure has in it an element of divine reliance. The chief peril of Christian Mind-healing is from those Judases who "deny the Lord that bought them," and "steal the livery of Heaven to serve the Devil in."

From high-minded enemies Christian Scientists must expect buffets, and they must accept them in meekness, like their Master before them. A fair fight only strengthens the right; but treachery is a demon most malign. The rack and faggot are no longer in fashion; but the heart is racked, and words can burn. Scientists therefore do well to heed this injunction of the New Testament, "Resist not evil, but rather give place unto wrath."

But is this all? Nay, verily!

That same Jesus, on another occasion, gave this command to his disciples, "Let him that hath no sword sell his garment and buy one." He said to Peter once, when that impetuous Apostle would have fought to defend his Saviour from arrest by the Roman officers, "Put up thy sword, for he who takes the sword shall perish by the sword." Yet this very Peter was included among the friends to whom Jesus gave such a warning of the need of warlike weapons, in the evil days which were upon them.

This clearly indicates that Jesus believed there was a time for fighting as well as a time for praying,—somewhat in the spirit of a declaration in the Book of Ecclesiastes: "There is a time to kill and a time to heal, . . . a time of war and a time of peace."

Nay, more! Most solemnly the Messiah once averred, "I come not to send peace, but a sword,"—referring to the

effect of his views, which were at variance with those of respectable representatives of both Church and State.

It is noteworthy that the Greek word here (MATTHEW x. 34) translated *send*, means to *cast out*, *scatter*, or *sow*, and is elsewhere used in reference to scattering seed in the ground. Jesus therefore must have meant, not merely that *he* should cause dissension, but that a crop of contentions would spring from the sword by him planted; and that the resultant troubles would, *must*, continue until mankind should outgrow the materialism which makes discord with Spirit inevitable.

There is therefore a place for Belligerence in the Christian scheme of life. Jesus showed this in many ways. "Thou whited wall" was the epithet, not very conciliatory, which Paul thundered at one high in authority; and he borrowed the metaphor from his Master, who called the Pharisees *whited sepulchres*.

The utterances of Jesus were not always mild as soft moonbeams. "Scribes, Pharisees,—hypocrites," was a phrase he more than once hurled at his enemies.

"How shall you escape the damnation of Hell?" he asked them. Was not this Belligerence? Such epithets as the following are not soothing to the carnal mind: "Devourers of widows' houses;" "Children of your father, the Devil;" "Generation of vipers."

A skeptic once objected, in conversation with Dr. Channing, that such language was wrong, and opposed to the teachings of Christ. Channing said, "Let us read the chapter." He accordingly read these denunciations, in that calm, spiritual way for which the great preacher was noted. When he had finished, the Doctor asked the Infidel if he still felt that Jesus was so far out of the way in using such language. "No," was the reply, "not if he spoke in that tone."

There is everything in tone; and by *tone* is meant *motive*, for it is the outcome of motive, of heart. Many a word which sounds gentle carries a barb within. "Go away,

you young scamp!" may be so spoken as to sound like, "Come hither, you little darling!" While "Come to my arms, dear angel," may interpret itself to mean, "Hence, you hag!" It all depends on tone and motive. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," and so is his word. The thought gives color to the utterance.

Now as to Belligerence in Christian Scientists, they ought to have—nay, they must have—regard to the Cause they represent. We should not be quick to take umbrage; but remember the words of Cassius in the quarrel with Brutus:

In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment.

Much that is personal we can overlook. What are *we*, that we should resent every harsh word or unfair assertion?

But how if the spear of detraction touch the Cause dear to us,—or the Leader thereof, the Founder of Christian Science, whose fame is held sacred? Shall we not speak then? Would not the very stones cry out if we held our peace? and would not God, of those very stones, raise up children unto the Abraham of Truth, Life, and Love, in the everlasting covenant?

"The Cause,—it is the Cause, my Soul," says Othello, when undertaking the murder he mistakenly believes to be a righteous act.

This is what we should ask ourselves: Is it the Cause for whose honor we are jealous? or is our wrath selfish, stirred by some offence against our lower personality? If the latter, let us suffer and be still; but if the former, let us not fear to "quit us like men."

We find this illustrated in individual cases. One of the most scholarly clergymen in America was trained, both to learning and athletics, in an English university. He knows no fear, though he is forbearing and courteous. One evening he was walking with his wife through the deserted streets of the old Massachusetts seaport where they lived. Often absent-minded, he paced along, absorbed in thought, while his wife was a rod or two in advance, on the narrow

sidewalk hardly wide enough for one. Another man entered the street, and spoke to Mrs Rosely, who presently checked her rapid gait, and waited for her husband to catch up with her. "That fellow has insulted me," she whispered in his ear.

"Never mind! You go ahead again, as if we were strangers; and I will soon join you, and catch the cad in the very act."

This program was carried out. The impertinence was repeated, as the lady drew near, and the next instant the *cad* found himself in the Parson's grip, which did not relax till they reached the parsonage. The night was dark and faces not clearly visible; but vainly the miscreant struggled to get away. He was in a vice. Holding his prisoner with one hand, the jailer unlocked his front door with the other; nor did his hold relax till he had found a match and lighted the entry gas. Through his eyeglasses he inspected the insulter's features narrowly, for his Reverence was very near-sighted; and then released him, with the warning that if ever he caught the cad insulting another woman, or even heard of such a thing, he would pummel him into a jelly. Like Felix of old, the poltroon believed, and therefore trembled, and was glad to get away with unbroken bones.

Another time this muscular Christian was in a steam-car, where a hoodlum made everybody uncomfortable, though nobody had dared to interfere. Straightway the preacher went to the fellow. Opening a window, he said: "Stop this talk, or I'll put you out of that window!" He meant it and could do it. This the brute saw, and subsided accordingly.

Nor was the Parson's valor confined to such coarse cases. A young man, a private pupil of Mr. Rosely's, one day spoke somewhat carelessly about his sister. "Young man," said the tutor, "do you know what a prize is a noble sister to a man,—such a sister as your Annie?"

"Thereupon," declared the young man, in repeating the story to the writer, "Rosely gave me a lecture which utterly routed my boyish trifling,—a talking-to which I shall not

forget, to my latest day. I was never so ashamed in my life."

Such men always command human admiration; and who shall say that the Cause of Truth is worth less vigor than a woman's honor or humanity's peace?

Nor is such courage found alone among the clergy.

One of the best men the writer ever knew was engaged in the manufacture of paper-mill machinery, in a Vermont town. His boys used to say: "If I can be as good a man as Father, I shall be satisfied." The eldest son acknowledged that he used to think of his father as *awfully* nice, but too amiable, lacking in resentment and pluck, and bearing wrong too patiently. One day there came into the office a fellow who had imposed upon the firm, and cheated both in words and money. He undertook to maintain his ground and defend his dishonest conduct. In the twinkling of an eye the good man rose to a white heat. The patient, self-controlled quietist opened his mouth and spoke.

Starr King (was it not?) who said: "Ordinarily I weigh a hundred-and-twenty pounds; but when I'm mad, I weigh a ton." So it was with Deacon Oldboy. With his tongue he lashed that rascal, till he writhed and slunk away in shame.

Said the son, in describing the scene; "Never thereafter did I, even in my inmost thought, accuse Father of pusillanimity. If he was mild and long-suffering, I knew it was not through fear, but through conscience. He was no coward! He could both speak and act, when principle was at stake and the occasion warranted."

To such a man might be reverently applied the Bible word about Jehovah: "He will not always chide; neither will He keep [withhold] His anger forever." (PSALM ciii. 9.) In a like thought Jeremiah (iii. 5) has said: "Will He keep His anger forever? Will He keep it unto the end?"

Cowards are rarely loved, and never respected. Jesus was no coward, but a brave man. In behalf of a persecuted woman he faced a frowning crowd with his awful challenge: "Whosoever is without sin among you, let *him* cast the

first stone!" How we are stirred by the title of that English story, *A Brave Lady*.

The moral of the thought is this: For ourselves,

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise.
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

Over and over again we must say:

Be not swift to take offence!
Let it pass, let it pass!
Anger is a foe to sense,
Let it pass!

But if the Truth Divine be assailed, the Truth which is to our thoughts as Bethesda's healing wave,—or as Mecca to the devout Moslem,—what then? It is well to adopt the advice of Polonius to Laertes, for though the Lord Chamberlain was a garrulous old fellow, he could talk wisely on occasion:

Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee!

The proverb warns us not to answer a fool according to his folly, "lest thou be like unto him;" but the next verse (PROVERBS XXVI.) bids us "Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit." Many petty and false things are said about our Science, its Teacher, and its professors. Let us not descend to the level of such detractors. Let such arrows of malice "pass by as the idle wind, which we regard not." When, however, our opponents mistake our silence for moral timidity, it is well to let the heel of our indignation give no uncertain tread, lest talking serpents be puffed up by their own venom.

Paul was a Christian, a most eminent Christian, yet he stood up for his judicial rights. He told the Corinthians not to go to law before the Gentiles, but only before the Saints,—that is, before their fellow-members of the Church of Christ; yet when unduly arraigned, he fell back upon his legal privileges as a Roman "citizen, of no mean city."

He blamed the Highpriest for a process contrary to Roman law, and fearlessly appealed, from Agrippa and Festus, to the highest judicial power in the empire, the Emperor himself; and in this appeal Paul carried his point, which led to his preaching in Rome.

There is need of caution, for there is always a liability to mistake wounded vanity for righteous ire; but let us not be frightened by false fire."

When a stone was thrown at the celebrated Universalist pioneer during a sermon, he picked it up and said coolly, "Hard, but no argument." Let stones never be mistaken for arguments, and let no spiritual powder be wasted in return. Yet be not afraid of *belligerent* because it is a word of four syllables, and made from the Latin. It will do no harm. Dare to be belligerent, if Truth be misrepresented and cry for defence. "Let not your Good be evil spoken of." Be valiant for the right.

Be not fearful of being called *cantankerous*. So were called John the Baptist, the Prophets, the Apostles, Jesus, because they rebuked sin, in high places and low. Doubtless Herodias considered John "a very belligerent party."

Jesus was "a Lamb led to the slaughter," dumb before his shearers, and opening not his mouth; yet, as somebody has suggested, there is no wrath so terrible as the wrath of the Lamb, spoken of in the Apocalypse,—a wrath specially directed against the Great Red Dragon, and the Harlot Babylon. These baleful fiends still demand vigilance and need to be put down.

Belligerent? People talk as if the New Testament injunction read thus: "Keep your temper, and sin not!" whereas really it reads, "Be ye angry, and sin not." From this it appears that anger is sometimes a duty, and that one can be angry in either one of two ways, *with* sin or *without*. Men are angry, yet without sin, when sacred fury is roused, not over individual wrongs, but over injustice to others, and especially towards Life, Truth, and Love, as manifested in holy living and holy healing.

"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath!" is the close of the text. What does this mean? Is the passage to be interpreted literally? Does it mean merely this: Never go to bed angry, lest this mental mood impede your digestion and disturb your dreams?

A servant in the country was rebuked by the man of the household, for some neglect of duty. The rebuke struck fire. The husband reported to his sick wife what he had said, and they both feared the woman would depart and leave the family in the lurch,—no small matter, where you live five miles from a lemon (as Sydney Smith puts it), and *help* does not grow on every bush. After the employer had retired to his chamber, what was his surprise to hear a timid knock at the door. In answer to his "What is it?" he was further surprised by hearing Griselda's voice: "I hope you will forgive me for what I said. I can't go to bed angry, or God will be angry with me!"

She took the Scripture literally, and her thought did her good; yet there is a higher thought therein. Materially considered, the sun is ever going down. Somewhere it is always night and bedtime, as well as always dawn and rising-time. What is night to us? The absence of sunlight. What is moral sunset? The fading of Light and Truth. "Send out Thy Light and Thy Truth," says the Psalmist; "Let them lead me! Let them bring me unto Thy holy hill, and to Thy tabernacles." (PSALM xliii. 3.) The *hill* is the summit of Spirit, not an elevation of earth and granite. The *tabernacles* are habitations of Mind, such as the disciples wished to build for Jesus and themselves, on the Mount of Transfiguration.

The bidding of the text (EPHESIANS iv. 26) is clearly this: Let not the day-light leave your thoughts in the gloom of selfish anger, but rather abide always in the Light, which is God, even though your whole nature is stirred within you, and mortal mind smart with a sense of "man's inhumanity to man."

This interpretation is confirmed by the very next sentence:

“Neither give place to the Devil.” The only Devil is the Evil One, or evil in essence. To give place to him (or it) is to lower the banner of Good in presence of wickedness. This the Christian may not do. He must fight evil in every form, as he would a prairie fire. If the contest requires wholesome Belligerence, let it come. Yet he must beware lest Belligerence become in turn an enshrouding devil, thick enough to muffle from his sight the Sun of Righteousness, and leave him in the murky darkness of selfish irritation, — instead of bringing him into the brightness of unselfish anger, in which there is no sin.

The direction of the Master to his disciples, when he sent them out to preach, was to withdraw from households where they were not cordially received, and shake the dust from their feet. He added to his counsel these significant words: “If the house be not worthy, let your peace *return unto you.*”

Robbery is a crime. If we see an underling snatch at the king’s sceptre, as Prince Hal donned his father’s crown while the Fourth Henry was yet alive, but lay asleep, shall we not wax indignant? Is the institution beneficial? Let due honor be given to the Founder.

God forbid that ideas should be regarded as less valuable than things, and the theft of them less culpable. Casting lots for the seamless garment of Jesus, even while he hung dying “on the accursed tree,” humanity has rightly regarded as a crime.

“With charity toward all and malice toward none,” was the Martyr President’s aphorism. We trust this is the inward motto of this JOURNAL, though oft it must speak strongly in order to unmask evil and remove it.

“Fight the fight of Faith,” holy Scripture saith.

“Fight the fight with Hope,” sounds from Heaven’s cope.

“Fight the fight in Love,” coos the blessed Dove.

The sacred Three, by Jove’s decree,
In Charity and Unity,
Forever be our Trinity.

THE LAWS OF NATURE.

W. J. L.

It is interesting to note the difference of opinion in regard to what constitutes the Laws of Health, the Laws of Hygiene, and the Laws of Nature, as explained by physicians, and other people who believe man has power over himself, when he has deprived himself of power, and subjected himself to dominant fears.

These terms are used by physicians as if they had the same meaning, and as if doctors were using their remedies in accordance with a divine law. It is the universal belief that God made medicine to be used for the benefit of mankind; but as nearly all medicines are said to contain poison, the world is compelled to admit that God made the different poisons; for "He made everything that was made," and pronounced it good.

No wonder people hesitate when asked if God made chloroform, morphine, quinine, cocaine, strychnine, laudanum, and other poisons contained in medicine. Patients are often cautioned not to take an overdose of medicine, as in some cases it would cause them to pass through the belief of death.

An advocate of the Temperance Cause may say whiskey is a deadly poison; but this same individual, if he happened to have consumptive tendencies, would doubtless take whiskey, if prescribed by a physician, and would probably declare that whiskey prolonged his life. This is only one of many thousand inconsistencies of mortal mind; for we hear it said, on all sides, that what will cure one will kill another. It is an old saying, One's meat is another's poison; and this is an ancient metaphor, From the same flower, the bee sucks honey, and the spider sucks poison.

The duty of each individual is to understand what was created, and the nothingness of everything else. Where is

the line between the real and unreal? It is the separation of mortal thought from the Immortal.

There is no law to prevent a man from employing any remedy he thinks proper for the healing of disease; and because of this liberty, we neglect to choose for ourselves, thus allowing others to dictate, enslaving us to public opinion. Should the law be changed, so that people would be compelled to take medicine, public opinion would say the rights of mankind were being invaded.

It is a great mistake for people to be guided solely by public opinion; for mortal mind is as liable to commit murder as to prevent it. If the critics wish to have the above statement proved, they are referred to accounts in the newspapers of men, in the Western States, who have been lynched by public opinion, and afterwards found to be innocent of the crimes for which they were hanged.

Thousands of people would give up medicine and study Christian Science, were it not for the fear of acting against public opinion; but Christian Science is founded on Divine Principle, which must be adhered to always. One of the causes for the rapid growth of Christian Science is the failure of any school of physicians to establish fixed Laws of Medicine or Health, that will apply to all humanity; for each physician has his own law, and often fails to agree with other members of the profession. We hear of cases where an allopathic physician uses homœopathic remedies, thus acknowledging subservience to popular preference.

It is utterly useless for any physicians to try to explain Christian Science, as long as they are unable to properly understand the Divine Principle, and believe that medicine can produce and cure disease. Everybody should understand that belief in the so-called Laws of Health must be given up entirely when we are studying Christian Science; for it is impossible to mix a mortal belief with a Divine Law, and the attempt will only cause more intense suffering.

Physicians expose the fallacy of their own theories, when they claim that the Principle of Christian Science does

not recognize the Laws of Nature ; for, in reality, Christian Science is the only Science which can explain the real Laws of Nature, and carry them into practice.

To understand the Laws of Nature fully, we should study carefully the latest edition of Science and Health, especially the two chapters entitled Science of Being, and Genesis. We must understand that "all is Mind or Mind's idea ;" and so build on a solid foundation. Those who understand even a little of Christian Science know that the Laws of Nature may be confined to the Ten Commandments ; or, if you wish a more condensed form of Nature's Laws, you may use only these texts : "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," and "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Should people follow these laws they would realize more of the harmony of Life, and the unchangeableness of Mind and Mind's idea.

The study of Christian Science is particularly adapted to those who think they have disobeyed the Laws of Nature, or committed unpardonable sins. In those who think themselves without sin, this vain error must be overcome and destroyed forever.

SUN AND SIN.

J. H. W.

ABOUT the globe, in never-ending round,
Circles the Sun. Men talk of night and dark ;
He sees them not ; where'er he comes 't is day.
The densest jungle, if a ray but pierce
Its tortuous gloom, reflects an angel's spear.
The dusky nadir, far remote from light,
A very zenith glows to th' approaching King.

So, in the glow of God's resplendent Life,
No sin can lift its venomous crest in air.
To Him, all pure with Soul's perfected light,
All things are pure ; nor into thought divine
Can enter knowledge of the foul and false.
Before His face, the face of Truth's decree,
Melts evil, like the dew before the Sun.
No night is there, no lie, nor poisonous thought ;
But lambent Love, laving the man ideal.

Letters.

A WORD spoken in due season, how good it is !

PROVERB.

OBSTETRICS.

I HAD studied Mrs. Eddy's work, Science and Health, and rejoiced at the prospect of freedom and harmony in store for the mothers of our land, when its teaching should be wider promulgated. I had taken a course of instruction from *her* whose students — now scattered throughout the Union, in great and increasing numbers — regard as a Mother sent from heaven, and chosen to personify that character in all its unselfish love, unchanging devotion, and unceasing care and labor for suffering humanity.

Christian Science had freed me from a belief of inherited dyspepsia and constipation, and from a discouraged and weakened condition, resulting from a period of illness at the birth and death of an infant boy, three years before. Christian Science had taught me that mortal conception, birth, growth, and decay are all delusions, resulting from a finite sense of existence, which the Truth of Being ignores. I had also learned that in Spirit, existing eternally, dwells the true idea or image of the Infinite God, perfect and free, — God, the one and only Father of all, omnipotent, omnipresent, the one Intelligence, one Life, one Love, one Truth, one Mind.

It became clear to me that mortal parentage is but a fleeting, flickering sense, untrue, unreal, and therefore valueless, and should thus be regarded. Jesus said : " My kingdom is not of this world," — meaning the material sense of life. Certainly he lived this doctrine in action ; for he demonstrated the unreality and powerlessness of the flesh, or anything material, in every instance, on sea and on land, rendering to Cæsar the carnal things that belong to Cæsar, and to God all might, majesty, and things eternal. I learned that evil (personified into Devil) is only the absence of Good and Truth, and is a lie, as Jesus said ; for Truth and Goodness are never absent, being eternal. In this lie (Devil) dwells every phase of discord, fear, sorrow, sin, and death. Infinite in number and variety as the ideas of Truth, they then

stand for nothing, being only a negation. All error is in the negative, and may be known by its mortality; while Truth is always positive, pure, and immortal.

My cup of joy seemed full to overflowing, as all these things revolved in my thought, and I was glad to know that my life, health, and happiness were established by divine law, and not subject to physical changes or mortal beliefs. These thoughts so occupied my time that the period of gestation passed with only an occasional symptom of the discords usually attending such periods, and these were destroyed as soon as recognized. I walked any distance I chose, went up and down stairs, and stitched on the sewing-machine without cramp or fatigue. My husband, having formerly been in the practice of medicine, made it unnecessary for me to procure an attendant, and the birth took place in the early morning, with no one else present. He said he never witnessed parturition so natural and harmonious. It was almost entirely without a sense of pain. I sat up in bed immediately, and helped to attend the infant. I ate my usual breakfast two hours later, and sat up in bed during the day. The next morning I dressed and went about my room, never lying down that day, nor thereafter. I took full care of my babe, having an ample supply of milk, with none of the usual sensitiveness. My windows were on the sunny side, but we never shaded them; and baby persistently studied the blaze of the lamp and fire, and everything bright, without the least effect on her eyes. I continued my reading of a fine-print book with no ill-effects whatever.

The next day I carried baby in my arms downstairs; and from that time on, went up and down as necessity required, carrying a pitcher of water from the pump, or running up with the baby, as lightly as when a child. I was busy from morn till night, as I had no nurse and was housekeeping in rented rooms, and had to meet patients and friends. It was in December, and I went out on the icy walks with low slippers and no wrap, put my hands in cold water, and paid no heed to any of the precautions the medical faction would have laid upon me. I carried baby a block when she was a week old, and took a street-car ride. They said baby looked fully a month old, and I, as well as I ever had been. I tried no experiments; for that would have been admitting the possibility of failure. My only question was, Is it right?

Science had taught me that the true Christian must deny the flesh in every phase of power and reality, in life or death. Would

I dare to do right? A gentleman in the house said, when he saw how I was doing, that my husband ought to be prosecuted for allowing his wife to risk her life in such a way. Another asked if I was preparing for the cemetery. My thought was, Will anyone give God the credit for supplying His children with health and strength, independent of material or physical law? Yet at times a moment of fear would come, lest the predicted effects might appear to me; but instantly a sense of guilt would succeed the fear, and I would feel somewhat, I think, as Peter must, when Jesus helped him as he was sinking; and it seemed to me I could almost hear his voice, as if grieved, crying: "Oh ye of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" Had I not seen sufficient proof in my own individual experience?

I am still at work in opposing the selfhood in the personality of the flesh, thus destroying each false claim; and when I shall see only the selfhood of God, in Spirit and in Truth, then do I hope to realize the fulfilment of these two commands, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," and "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

ELLA V. FLUNO.

Lexington, Ky.

A LESSON FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

HAVING recently visited the White Mountain Region, especially the Summit House on Mount Washington, it occurred to me, while there and in transit, that the sights and scenery were suggestive of thoughts which reach the realm of the real.

While quietly beholding those vast and wonderful formations, the thought was, Whence came they? What were the forces which produced such wondrous results? But the echo only answers, What! Men speculate about the why and the wherefore; but the law of causation remains unwritten. We might well stand and behold the mountains with awe and reverence, if our faith in the real did not lift our thought above every sense of materiality. That being the fact, what we there beheld with mortal eyes served but to waft our thoughts beyond, even to the Immortal; where spiritual things not only appear, but are real, and that which to mortal sense seems real becomes nothing.

In our approach to Mount Washington, we passed through a dense primeval forest, dotted here and there with the stately Norway spruce, intermingled with other varieties, in every state

of growth and decay. I thought: How typical, is this landscape, of so-called mortal man! Here we behold him, intermingling with his fellows, in every stage of growth and decay, from the cradle to the grave. So also we behold error, the outgrowth of mortal thought, in all its multiform and devious ways, in every stage of growth and decay, till it passes from sight, in obedience to its own law of self-destruction.

The mountain is before us. We have commenced to climb its rugged steep. With claws of steel we mount and hold to the narrow way. The dark tree-growths of the valley have disappeared, and the beautiful white birch largely prevails, though growing more gnarled and stunted,—all vegetation wearing a sickly aspect. Then I thought: So, as we climb the Mountain of Eternal Truth, will the errors of mortal mind grow less portentous and, to belief, less formidable.

Still upward we climb, steel clinging to steel with seemingly superhuman tenacity, till we have reached an altitude above the line of vegetation; but we have not yet reached the top, though at this point the parallel holds good. Just as we climb the Mountain of Eternal Truth, away from materiality, into a higher altitude of thought, even into the Realm of the Real, away from material sense into Soul, will things real and eternal appear, and mortality and materiality disappear.

Steadily we move upward, by crag, gulf, and shelfrock, till at last we arrive safely at the door of the Summit House. What a precious and ponderous weight has this little machine raised a mile into the air! The first thought is: Behold an achievement of physical science! The next thought is: Whence did it come? The third: God is all, and there is none beside Him; and therefore there is none with which to compare Him. I am constrained to quote the language of Holy Writ: "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him! or the son of man that Thou visitest him!"

We pass the night upon the summit. We rise early, and eagerly watch the morning dawn. Here the type is more potent than it was lower down the mountain. The morning dawns. Just above the horizon we discern the first ray of sunlight. As we look, it grows brighter and still brighter. Now it reaches a cloud, which it clothes with splendor and beauty. Still the sun spreads its golden rays through cloud and space, till they reach the zenith. What a masterpiece of matchless beauty was then and there spread before our wondering eyes! As we stood wrapped in awe

and admiration, we mentally beheld (in but the faintest glimpse, it may be) the beauties, real and eternal, which await the believing and faithful children of God. Such were those whom the Revelator saw coming up "out of great tribulation," having overcome the world, the flesh, and "all that loveth or maketh a lie."

I think the impression, then and there made upon our consciousness, will never be effaced. As the sunlight of Truth dawns upon our understanding, will the clouds of error be dissolved, and the realities of Immortality and Eternal Life appear and increase, till the radiance of Divine Truth shall enlighten our conscious being, from its horizon to its zenith.

Our descent from the mountains—as we gazed down crag and steep, into the yawning chasm below—was no less suggestive than our ascent. Had the forces employed been perverted, or the law which governs them violated, destruction must have followed. In such experience there is no real or absolute safety. This is not the case where our trust is placed in Him who is the Author of all Good, and who holds the universe and man's eternal destiny in His keeping. He is the Eternal Word, which is the Life and the Light of the world. His power and love know no bounds. His mercy endures forever. In Him there is absolute safety. So the sum of our experience leads to the conclusion that there is really no protection anywhere except in the arms of God; nor is there any life worth living, in any phase,—past, present, or to come,—except it be Eternal Life, which was before all worlds, and will continue after all pass away; that is, a life of good feelings, good thoughts, good deeds, good works, begotten of Christ, of Truth and Love. "Blessed is the man who maketh the Lord his trust; who walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly. . . . He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season. His leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

So may we ever rest in Truth, and join the poet in saying:

All is of God, that is and is to be!

And God is good. Let this suffice us still.

Resting in childlike trust upon His will,

Who moves to His great ends, unthwarted by the ill.

A. LANG.

HELPED BY OPPOSITION.

DEAR MRS. EDDY: A gentleman in Baltimore writes his sister thus: "Do you know that what I read in the *Century*, about Christian Science, has helped my eyes somewhat. You know I have always had a strong belief that I am near-sighted; but I reasoned with myself about it, and I have found that my eyes are a little better. I can hold a book off a greater distance, when reading, than I could before; but of course, not knowing much about the Science, I can do but little more; so I think if Mrs. S. could give me a few treatments for near-sightedness, it would do me good, as I believe that Christian Science has the power to cure anything."

A lady came to me saying that she had read the article in the *Century*, and gathered enough understanding, from the quotations from Mrs. Eddy's work, to believe that she could be healed through that treatment. That was the first she had heard of Christian Science. Surely "the wrath of man shall praise God," as our Bible declares.

One of my patients said to me: "This treatment not only overcomes the effects of sin; but it makes sin distasteful, so that one has no desire to commit it. This Truth is a revelation to me. The desire for sin is destroyed. A new world is open to me. My Bible has a new meaning."

Of course this spiritual growth must heal anything; and the patient is rapidly recovering, after having been given up by a host of physicians, with the verdict that death must ere long ensue.

I realize more and more every day, the necessity of treating for sin — of convincing my patient that "God is all," and that Mind has sole dominion.

My sister says, If she could not treat for sin, could not help people spiritually, she would care nothing for the Science. That is true. It would be of little worth, but for the fact that it makes the world better, elevates every individual who comes under its influence, opens to them an understanding of the omnipotence of God, and the *utter nothingness* of evil. Show a man that he gains *nothing*, but loses all by sin, and I find him quite ready to forsake it.

Lovingly your student,

SARAH A. PINE.

25 Elm Street, Rochester, N. Y.

GOOD COUNSEL.

F. J. FLUNO.

[Letter to one suffering from reflections of discord in those about her.]

You seem to be going through the Red Sea of fear, and looking too much at the waters on each side. You are no doubt trying, though unconsciously to yourself, to overcome mortal conceptions; and in so doing, you are making something of them. Do not try to walk the waters, or go through Jordan; for when you are equal to it there will be no Jordan to pass, and no waters to walk upon. Science, received through the understanding, will lead you calmly and peacefully all your journey through. Obstacles which now seem insurmountable will sink to nothingness. The golden gates of promise will swing open to your coming. Let Love be your prompter in every action; and the reflection therefrom will be soothing and mild. Sweet rest will surely follow; for nothing but harmony can come from the hallowed influence of unselfish Love.

There is, in Truth, no antagonism. All the universe reflects God and nothing else, and with the armor of Love about us, we may never see the darts of the enemy, nor feel their poisonous sting. Striking the breastplate of Love, triple-plated with Wisdom, Intelligence, and Truth, these darts recoil upon themselves, and slay the aimer. Keep your armor on! Fear no evil! Many have passed the Rubicon before you. Many are passing it now, and many will follow after. Never seek to create a *chemical* in your treatment, but rather to realize nothing but harmony. Remember, "The measure you mete shall be measured to you again, pressed down and running over." "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it will return unto you after many days."

I am glad now that you were alone during that severe reflection; for if we have a lesson to learn, we might as well learn it first as last. Each must learn to stand alone; for alone we are, though thousands press around us. Yet we are not alone; for there is One, the ever-present Intelligence, upon whom we must all, sooner or later, learn to depend for our support. This is the true presence of Mind,—the consciousness of the ever-presence of the True Mind. This Mind is the embodiment of all Good (God), forever coming to us, pure as the fountain, unsullied in its stream, and saying to us, in thoughts of solace: "No harm shall come nigh thy dwelling," "None shall take you out of My hands;" for "His truth shall be thy shield and buckler," "Nothing shall be impossible unto you;" and, "Whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the Word, this man shall be blessed in his deed."

Agates.

AND I will make thy windows of Agates.

ISAIAH.

THERE's more plague than pleasure in a secret.

COLMAN.

No good
Or glory of this Life but comes by pain.

KING.

FAITH in tomorrow, instead of Christ, is Satan's nurse for man's
perdition.

CHEEVER.

FOR our lives here are mostly in the power
Of other lives, and each of us is bound
To be his brother's keeper.

KING.

THE seeds of our own punishment are sown at the time we
commit sin.

HESIOD.

BUT in Him we touch
The ultimate symbol of Humanity,
Humanity that touches the Divine
By some fine link, intangible to us.

KING.

WHEN two goats met on a bridge, which was too narrow for
either to pass or turn, the goat which lay down, that the other
might walk over it, was a finer gentleman than Lord Chesterfield.

CECIL.

I SEE the whole design,—
I, who saw Power, see now Love perfect too.
Perfect, I call Thy plan;
Thanks that I am a man!
Maker, remake, complete,—I trust what Thou
shalt do!

BROWNING.

Sermonettes.

LET thy Speech be short, comprehending much.

ECCLESIASTICUS.

HIGHER MATHEMATICS.

J. F. LINSOTT.

FOR we know in part, and we prophesy [teach] in part; but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

1 CORINTHIANS XIII. 9, 10.

As children, when we had committed to memory the multiplication-table, and could demonstrate the simple problems in addition, multiplication, and subtraction, it seemed to us that we had mastered mathematics.

How little we dreamed that there were men who could calculate eclipses of the sun, as their demonstration of the principle of mathematics,—even reaching, in the effort, the limit of figures in human knowledge, and depending on an intuitive, or sixth sense, to suggest the necessary figure for the completion of the demonstration. If it was our fortune to be able to prefigure an eclipse, the limits of subtraction and addition would have been done away; for that was knowledge in part, not only because it was an integral part of the whole, but also because it was necessary to the higher achievement.

So potent is the Truth, as taught in Christian Science, that those who know even in part, can heal the sick. The greatest mistake which can be made by students, who have healed under the rules in Science, is to suppose that their simple problems in Science may satisfy their mortal minds. Continuous reading, and repeated study of Science and Health and of the Scriptures, will surely carry students up into clearer understanding of "God and His Idea," enabling them to demonstrate in the very "breath of Life," where the intuitive sense alone can be used. Then the Holy Spirit can operate; then we shall be led into all Truth; then that which is perfect will come.

Is not this worth studying for?

THE FRUIT OF ANGER.

A. M. CRANE.

YE have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the Judgment; but I say unto you, that whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the Judgment; and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the Council; but whosoever shall say, Thou Fool, shall be in danger of hellfire. Therefore, if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift. Agree with thine adversary quickly, while thou art in the way with him; lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison. Verily I say unto thee, Thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.

MATTHEW V. 21-26.

THE Revised Version introduces an important change in the above language, from the Sermon on the Mount, by omitting the clause, *without a cause*; so that the sentence reads: "But I say unto you, that whosoever is angry with his brother shall be in danger of the Judgment."

There are three reasons for this omission. First, an examination of the various ancient manuscripts gives strong evidence that the words were not in the original, but were added afterwards by some transcriber. Were there no other reason, and were nothing depending on the inquiry, the present knowledge of old manuscripts would force the conclusion that these words did not belong here.

A second reason exists in the rhetorical construction. Our Master mentions three distinct degrees of anger, and there is just as much reason for modifying each of them by the expression, *without a cause*, as there is for thus modifying the first. If the words belong in either place, they belong in all three; and if they do not belong in any one of the places, they belong in neither. A look at the propositions, standing by themselves,—omitting the penalties, but keeping in mind the fact that they refer to three degrees of anger,—is conclusive on this point:

1. Whosoever is angry with his brother, *without a cause*.
2. Whosoever shall say unto his brother, *Raca*.
3. Whosoever shall say, *Thou fool*.

The penalty varies with each degree; but that is all the reasonable variation there is.

The third reason for the omission lies in the conditions of the case, and is the strongest of all. The proposition, as it stands in the old King James version, is really of no effect, and, when analyzed, is really without meaning. The language is for the one who is angry,—not for one who has been angry and has recovered his reason, nor for one who has not been angry; but this: *Whosoever is angry.*

Now, as an actual fact, from Adam's time until today, there never has been an angry human being,—no matter whether slightly angry, or mad enough to kill his brother,—who did not think, while he was angry, that he had abundant cause for his anger. In proportion to the intensity of his rage is his belief in its sufficient cause. The more infuriated he is, the surer is he that he has justifiable reason for his rage; and the greater his rage, the nearer he comes to breaking the command, *Thou shalt not kill.*

Now admitting this proposition to be true, there is no place left for this claim in our Master's declaration; for every angry man has, in his own mind, a cause for his anger, sufficient to amply justify it, even though it should lead to the commission of murder. He may see differently after he has done the deed; but the afterthought will not save him from the sin. It is the forethought that would repress all anger, which has the power to prevent further crime; but if the forethought is coupled with the idea that a sufficient cause would justify the anger, then, as the angry man thinks he has adequate provocation, there is no repressing force. The last clause, *without a cause*, if left in the sentence, cancels the whole meaning of that denunciation.

What precedes this in the Sermon is properly introductory in its nature. Jesus now comes to the first grand division of his discourse, a discussion of the ancient laws which he has just said he came "not to destroy, but to fulfil." He begins with the command, *Thou shalt not kill.* Anger is the precursor of murder. It is the mental condition which must first exist, before killing is thought of. Had Cain never been angry, he would not have slain Abel. Jesus goes back to the very root of murder, leaving the deed itself alone, and says that whoever is guilty of this preliminary mental condition, which is not murder and may never result in murder, is yet in danger of the penalty which the Old Law affixed to murder itself. He says for himself nothing about killing; but he denies the right to indulge in that mental condition which is necessary to prepare the way for killing. The greatest degree

of anger which he alludes to is only that which is sufficient to bring forth the epithet *Thou Fool*; and yet he affixes to that the penalty of the Old Law against murder. If his advice in this matter were complied with, then would this Old Law be complied with in its every jot and tittle indeed; and this to such an extent that obedience to his words would render the Old Law entirely unnecessary.

He does not leave the subject here, but passes at once from the general proposition to illustrative particulars. One of the most common ceremonies of the Jewish religion was the offering of gifts at the altar. Jesus says:

If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee.

The language is noteworthy on several accounts. No question is raised as to which is the offender—thou or thy brother. That does not enter into the case. Nor is there any question whether thine own action has been right or not. There is no *self* in the matter, either way. The sole question is, Has thy brother aught against thee?

Neither is there any question as to the magnitude of his offence. It is not, “Has he anything of consequence against thee?” but “Has he anything against thee?” Thy brother is angry with thee in some degree; and there is no question raised whether it is with or without cause,—no question whether he is justly offended or not. The point is simply and solely, that the brother is offended. The language is the most comprehensive possible, and introduces no modifications or exceptions.

The command, which is based on this condition, is just as entirely characteristic of our Master:

Leave thy gift; go and be reconciled to thy brother!

That is the command. There is absolutely no chance of escape. The language is positive and unqualified, and susceptible of no double meaning or halfway excuses. Jesus does not say, *Seek reconciliation!* He says, *Be reconciled!* After that is effected, then thou wilt be worthy to make an offering on the altar to thy God. Then come and offer thy gift!

The illustrations of the general proposition do not end here, for we have another admonition of precisely the same sort. Have you an adversary, or anyone contending with you?

Agree with thine adversary quickly, while thou art in the way with him.

No question about which is the offender ; which ought to offer concession ; which should be the first to begin the agreement. The command is in the same comprehensive, unmodified, absolute terms as before. Agree with him ! and the time named is just as definite and precise,—now, “while thou art in the way with him.” From this language there is not, either in letter or spirit, any possible escape.

Under the Old Law : Thou shalt not kill, our Master makes three rules :

1. Be not angry. This is the universal one, and includes all the others.
2. Reconcile thyself to thy brother who hath aught against thee.
3. Agree with thine adversary while thou art in the way with him.

Jesus affixed penalties to the violation of his words ; but he also said that those who love him will keep his words. To them the penalties are of no importance. To others, the sure penalty comes without seeking.

Jesus has left no place for any ill-feeling, anger, contention, or dispute. It is through one or the other of these doors a man must pass to reach murder. If he passes through them not, then there can be no killing. Jesus says we must not pass through them. Thus by his teaching, which is so different from the Law, is that Law fulfilled to the uttermost.

If all professing Christians would follow the rules which our Master has thus laid down, how the face of the world would be changed ! Such a course would render unnecessary the prayer, Thy kingdom come ! for it would be come already.

CIRCUMSPECTION.

WALK circumspectly. *EPHESIANS V. 15.*

No Christian has a right to be regardless of his reputation, for not himself alone is concerned. He may imagine it matters little for him what men may think, since God knows his heart ; but, in so far as men do him injustice, they fail to render that glory to God which His good works ought to secure ; and so, out of regard for the cause with which he is identified, he should not suffer himself to be misunderstood, or misrepresented, when it can be avoided.

BROADUS.

SEPARATION FROM THE WORLD.

[From C. H. SPURGEON.]

Be ye separate.—2 CORINTHIANS vi. 17.

“THEY are dead fish which are carried down the stream,” says Manton. Living fish may go with the stream at times; but dead fish must always do so. There are plenty of such in all waters,—dead souls, so far as the truest life is concerned; and these are always drifting, drifting as the current takes them. Their first inquiry is, What is customary? God’s law is of no account to them; but the unwritten rules of society have a power over them which they never think of resisting. They stand in awe of a fool’s banter, and ask of their neighbor leave to breathe.

Good men have generally been called upon to walk by themselves. We can sin abundantly, by passively yielding to the course of this world; but to be holy and gracious needs many a struggle, many a tear.

Come, my heart, canst thou go against the stream? It is the Way of Life. The opposing waters will but wash and cleanse thee, and thou shalt ascend to the eternal riverhead, and be near and like thy God. Oh Thou who art Lord of the strait and narrow way, aid me to force a passage to glory and immortality!

EVERY-DAY RELIGION.

[From the *New York Evangelist*.]

HE stood and measured the earth.—HABAKKUK iii. 6.

EVERY-DAY religion is the foundation of thoroughness; which is another name for truthfulness or honesty. Workmen who slight their work, whether they make shirts for a living, or sermons, build houses or ships, flocks or families, will be some day or other found out. We want clothes that will not rip, vessels that will not leak, and bridges that will not break down. So we want characters that will stand temptation, and not snap asunder under the sudden pressures of life.

Home.

WHATSOEVER things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report,—if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise,—think on these things.

PAUL.

A DAY'S JOURNEY BY STAGE-COACH.

[Written for THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE JOURNAL.]

TRAVEL is rapid in these days. A friend went to Europe this summer. He was absent only six weeks, yet he visited England, Scotland, Paris, saw the cathedrals and lakes, besides working a week in a French printing-house.

Fifty years ago travelling was very different. Railroads were beginning to run, but were not yet common or generally patronized. Perhaps you would like to hear how Charley Mapso took a journey one day. He was only five years old, and was going into the country to spend the summer on the old farm which belonged to his grandaunt (his mother's aunt) Mrs. Sally Rickard. Mother and Baby were going too; but they could not leave home quite so soon, and so Charlie was to make the trip alone. A big undertaking it seemed to little Charlie.

The ordinary way of going to the good old town of Jericho was by the stage-coach, and Charlie was to go that way. His Father had put his name and the number of the house on the slate at the stage-office the night before. How Charlie listened, after breakfast, to hear that stage coming up the street? How well he remembered its sound!

"Mother! When will it come?"

"Oh, pretty soon, my boy. Don't be impatient!"

Then Charlie would go and look out of the window for a few minutes, which seemed to him an hour.

"Mother! Do you s'pose Father forgot to put my name down?"

"No, dear! Your Father never forgets."

At last Charlie heard the coach. There was no mistaking the rumble of the heavy stage over the round cobblestones. He heard the noise two streets off; and by the time it reached

Number 22, Charlie was out on the sidewalk, for fear he might somehow be left behind. The coachman came down from his high seat, and strapped Charlie's trunk on the rack behind, with the other trunks. Then he lifted Charlie up to the seat behind the driver's, because there was no room inside the coach. Emeline, the servant-girl, told the driver where Charlie was to go. Then the coachman gathered up his reins, while Charlie waved a good-bye to Mother and Baby, who were looking out of the parlor window; and then the four horses started up the street at a good round trot.

The seat was rather hard, and Charlie was so short that his feet rested on nothing, but dangled comfortably behind the back of Mr. Blossom, the driver. Nevertheless the little fellow enjoyed the drive. He watched the horses as they walked up one hill and galloped down another. He listened to the talk of the coachman with the two men who sat outside,—one beside the driver, the other beside the boy. He watched, with interest, the passengers who entered or left the stage, about once an hour. It was only twenty miles to Jericho; but the trip took nearly all day. In fact, half the forenoon was gone before the load was well under way from the city.

Now and then a man or woman would run out with a bundle, and hand it to Mr. Blossom, with some word of instruction. Expresses had not then come into fashion, and the stagemen carried many a package. These parcels had to be left at houses, stores, and little wayside shoe-shops, scattered here and there along the route.

What pleased Charlie most was to see the horses drink at the taverns, which they occasionally passed. The two forward horses could drink from the trough; but the hostlers held the buckets up to the mouths of the rear horses, who could not well reach the water for themselves.

At noon they stopped nearly an hour. The horses were changed at that tavern, so that after dinner the journey could be resumed with fresh animals. Some of the passengers went into the tavern and had their dinner; while others sat in the waiting-room, or strolled about the village. Emeline had put up a nice lunch for Charlie. The driver lifted him down from his perch, and told him to stretch his legs. Charlie sat awhile on the wide piazza, and ate his sandwich and doughnut; and after that he walked about the yard, to see what he could see. There was a

tin dipper hanging on the pump, and Charlie thought he would have a drink; but the pump-handle was too high for him to manage. A big boy, who was in the stable, came and pumped for him, and rather enjoyed seeing the cool water splash over the city boy's jacket. Charlie saw the coach standing there in front of the barn, and a dozen horses enjoying their oats.

Then Charlie ran across the street to the store, and looked at the big pictures on a poster which was pasted up there, announcing a visit from Sands and Lent's famous circus, with ponies, clowns, and trick-horses. Such wonderful things as they could do! How Charlie did wish he could see such a show!

Not liking to go into the store, for he was rather a shy little boy, Charlie went back to the tavern. Now it would be called a *hotel*, but *tavern* was the common name then. One of the inside passengers, an old lady, sat on the piazza. She was not a handsome woman, and Charlie was abashed by the green hood which she wore. This bonnet, or hood, was called a *calash*, because it was shaped like a chaise-top. The name is taken from the French word *calèche*, meaning carriage, and the fashion came from France. You can see *calèches* now, if you go to the city of Quebec, Canada. The calash was much higher and wider than the old lady's head, and her face, inside of it, looked like a person sitting in a big chaise. There were long strings fastened to the calash on each side. With them she could throw the hood back on her shoulders, or pull it forward over her head. As it was a warm day, she let it lie on her shoulders. Calashes used to be worn by all the ladies; but at the time of which I write they were going out of fashion, and so Charlie had never seen one before.

This old lady was surprised to see such a little chap travelling all alone, for, as I have told you, Charlie was only five; and so she began to ask him questions about his age and his home. He did not think this was very nice in the old lady, for he had been told it was not polite to ask questions; but he was too well-bred not to answer. So he told her that he was going to Jericho for the summer, and was to stay at his Aunt Sally Rickard's.

"Oh!" said the old lady, "then ye 're Charlie Mapso, be yer?"

"Yes," said Charlie; "but how did you know my name?"

"Oh," she said, "a little bird told me!"

Charlie did n't understand this; and so he presently looked up into her face, and said, "Was it a parrot?"

"Who?" replied the woman.

"Why, the bird what told you my name?"

"What makes yer think that?" said the woman.

"'Cause," answered Charlie, "I never heard of any other bird as could talk!"

Then she laughed, and explained that she did not really mean a bird; but that *somebody* had told her, and that Somebody was his Grandaunt Sally. This old lady was Mrs. Crosby. She lived near Aunt Sally, and had heard her talk about the little fellow who was coming up there to make a long, long visit.

"Why did n't yer marm come with yer?" asked the old lady, with natural curiosity.

"Oh, she was dreadful busy, an' she 'n Emeline—you know Emeline, do n't you?—well she 'n Emeline have to lock up the house, an' do the washing; but they'll come up bimeby; and Father, he 'll come up some day, too; though he won't stay all the time, like me."

It was now time to start again. The horses were brought out and harnessed. Mrs. Crosby said she could make room for Charlie inside the coach. He did not take up much space. Mrs. Crosby told him about her little Grandson Jimmy, who was almost as old as Charlie; and Charlie promised to go over and see Jimmy, and some rabbits which Jimmy had. Really, she said, they were Mr. Crosby's rabbits, but they let Jimmy call them his; and there were lots of them,—so many that they frightened the horses by running across the road, right in front of the passing carriages.

At last Charlie was so tired that he fell asleep, and his cap tumbled off; but the old lady picked it up for him, and made him very comfortable on her lap, till he woke up. She even took off her green calash and laid it over his face, so that the flies would not disturb him.

When he woke up, a young man, on the front seat, began talking to Charlie.

"Does yer mother know ye're out?" he demanded.

"Yes, she does," said Charlie; "an' she let me come out, too."

"How'd she dare to let such a big feller come alone?"

"Oh, *my* mother aint afraid to trust *me*," rejoined Charlie.

"How'll yer know where ter stop?"

"I do n't know."

"Then you'll get left to the wrong place."

"No I sha' n't. The coachman, he knows my Aunt Sally, and he's taken children there before."

This was true; yet this time Driver Blossom forgot all about Charlie, who was inside, where the coachman could not see him. Mrs. Crosby had not told the driver where to take her, for she knew he would go round by the same road, with the boy. So before they thought of it, they saw the church spire over the trees; and presently the stage drew up at the tavern in Jericho Village, two miles away from Aunt Sally Rickard's and from Mrs. Crosby's.

If this had been the end of the journey, perhaps Mr. Blossom would have snapped his long lash, and driven Charlie and Mrs. Crosby where they belonged; but the end of the stage-route was at Lowell, six miles farther off. So Mr. Blossom cracked his whip, and exclaimed *Phew*, when Mrs. Crosby put her head out of the stage-window, and said: "I guess ye clean forgot us, did n't yer?"

"Then he shouted, 'Tom!'"

"Yessir," said Tom, running from the stable.

"Is the black mare in yonder?"

"Yessir! Narry a fare terday."

"Hitch her up, will yer, 'n take Mis Crosby an' this ere boy over to Mis Rickard's an' Sam Crosby's, on the back road. I'll pay yer for 't."

"I guess so," said Tom; and away he started on his errand. Just then a wagon drove up behind, and a voice called out: "Hullo Marm, be yew in there? Thought I knew that green calash."

It was Sam Crosby himself. They had wondered why the old lady did not arrive at the usual hour, and so Sam had driven over in a hurry to see if there was a letter, for they feared she might be sick.

"Hello Sam," said Tom. "Goin' to take yer marm over yer-self, be yer? All right! Can't you take this little shaver over with yer, while yer 're 'bout it?"

"Yes indeed," said Mr. Crosby. "I see Aunt Sally watchin' out for him's I come by, an' she axed me ter look for him."

So Tom did not harness the black mare, after all. Mrs. Crosby had a chair brought out to help her get into the wagon; and then Charlie was seated on a bag of meal, which Mr. Crosby bought at the store.

The stage drove off, and everybody called, "Goodbye Bubby!"

The Crosby wagon waited for the mail to be opened, and then away they went, jog-trot. Mr. Crosby's horse was white; but what seemed very funny to Charlie was, that a colt trotted along beside the white mare. He had never seen such a thing in Boston.

"What you have two horses for?" he asked. "The little one do n't seem to do nothing."

Charlie always sounded his *ings* very distinctly, and made very few mistakes in pronunciation.

"Oh," said Mr. Sam, "that's Old Grub's baby. Yew did n't like to go 'way from yer marm when you was a baby, did yer? No, I'll be bound ye did n't. Wall, this is Grub's—Grub's the mare—this is Grub's little boy, an' they do n't like to be sepyrated."

Trot trot, trot!

"What's that?"

"What's what?"

"Why, that house ahead there?"

"Oh, that's only a shed."

"Be we going right through it?"

"Oh no! The road turns reound right there, 'n we leave 't on the left."

So they did; though Charlie could hardly believe they would not have to drive through; for the shed seemed to stand right in the middle of the road.

"What's that?"

"That little heouse?"

"Yes!"

"That's where old Marm Pollard lives. That ere heouse haint got but one room into it."

"And she lives in one room? Where does she sleep?"

"In that same room."

Charlie resolved that some day he would come back to that house, and see Dame Pollard; and so he did, and found her a good-natured old lady, with a cat, a dog, hens and chickens, and a parrot.

"What's that house, Sam?" said Charlie.

He called him Sam, because he heard the old lady call him Sam; though Mr. Crosby was a man older than Charlie's father.

"That? That's a dwellin'heouse."

"An' *that* house?"

"That's another dwellin'heouse!"

"And that red house?"

"Dwellin'heouse!"

"What is a dwellin'house, Sam?"

"Why, it's jest a dwellin'heouse."

"What for?"

"Why, folks live in 't."

"Oh! Then my house is a dwellinghouse, is it?"

"Sartin sure!"

"Oh! What 's that big white house? Another dwellinghouse?"

"Yes siree, that ere 's *my* heouse."

"You live there?"

"Guess I dew! — Say, Mother! Will ye git eout neow, or shill we take the youngster down to Sally's fust?"

Mrs. Crosby said she would see Charlie safe to the end of his trip; so they drove on to Mrs. Rickard's, which was not far away.

"Well, well!" said Aunt Sally, coming to the door; "how be yer? an' yer Ma an' Pa and Emeline; an' how's the new Baby." But she did not wait to hear Charlie's answers, for she saw who was in the wagon with him. "Why, Sam Crosby! Well, I'm 'bliged t' yer for bringin' my boy over. Dick Blossom forgot him, did n't he? He allus was the forgetfullest critter! Took meter singin'-school wunst, when I was a gal, an' forgot to see me hum! — That aint never you, Jane Crosby?" she added, as she looked closer at the wagon. "Glad ter git back from town, aint yer?"

"Wall, we must be gittin' hum, Aunt Sally," said Mr. Sam; "for Mary Ann, she'll be waitin' tea for marm'n me! So good day t' yer.—Git up, Grub.—Come'n see us.—Git up, I tell ye."

Charlie was tired and hungry. Good Aunt Sally took a long pinch of snuff, and asked what he would have for supper. He said milk-toast would suit him. Aunt Sally said she liked milk-toast too,—if it was only made of cream. "Some folks," she said "use only milk, an' I do n't like *that* kind o' toast."

There was plenty of cream in her pantry, for she kept six cows. Charlie had a good supper, and then he went to bed. He dreamt of riding in a stage-coach with Aunt Sally, and eating cream-cakes on the piazza of the Jericho tavern.

How well he got along that day! How nicely we may all get along by doing right, and letting friendly hands help us.

A PRECOCIOUS PHILOSOPHER.

[Selected.]

A YOUNG philosopher of seven years of age, who had not progressed far enough to hear the Holy Scriptures disputed, listened attentively in his father's parlor, the other evening, to a warm discussion on the Darwinian theory. After the guests had departed, he somewhat surprised his father. "Father, I do n't believe Mr. Darwin is right."

"What?" said the parent, looking down at this unexpected reasoner, who stood behind him with a little Bible in his hand. "You do not! and why?"

"Because, Papa, my Bible says God created man in His own image, and I do n't believe it was a monkey."

"Well, well," said the sire, laughing, "run along, Tommy! You are too young to talk about such things."

"But, Papa, almost the next verse says: God saw everything He had made, and behold it was very good. Now it was n't good if men were monkeys, was it? For you are gooder than a monkey, ain't you, Papa?"

FOOD AND HUNGER.

DR. BERNHEIM, a French physician, says that it is not really the lack of food, but the sensation of hunger, which brings about death by starvation. In other words, food is not essential to life, if the craving for it is suppressed. Bernheim is groping around the edges of a big discovery. It will pay the provision-dealers to have him put out of the way, before he discovers the great secret of stopping hunger without food.

NEEDS OF YOUTH.

THAT excellent paper, *The Woman's Journal*, thus sensibly comments on a good work:

Miss Ada M. Leigh has established a home in Paris, where English-speaking women and girls may go for shelter and aid. Now she means to open a similar home for young men. She is right in thinking that the average Saxon youth, who finds himself forlorn and penniless in a foreign city, needs mothering and encouraging and protecting, just about as much as a girl of the same nationality. Perhaps he needs it a little more—in Paris.

Animal Magnetism.

THE land that Thou gavest unto our fathers, to eat the fruit thereof and the good thereof, behold we are servants in it; and it yieldeth much increase unto the kings whom Thou hast set over us, because of our sins. Also they have dominion over our bodies and over our cattle, at their pleasure, and we are in great distress.

NEHEMIAH.

WHEN they shall say to you:

"Inquire of their necromancers and wizards,
That peep and murmur;"

Then say ye: "Should not a people inquire of their God?
Should they inquire of the dead for the living?"

ISAIAH.

EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE OF BABYLON.

—
BERTHA SALCHOW.
—

WE call the surrounding medium of the Earth *atmosphere* (at-most-fear). It seems more reasonable to call it Mind; as Intelligence guides the Earth, as well as the rest of the universe, in such exact time and movement, and keeps all paths straight. Common sense should teach us that the Earth, in and of itself, has not this Intelligence; nor has it, in and of itself, the power to give to each plant and tree its own peculiarity of taste, color, and outline. Neither has a non-intelligent atmosphere this power. Without Intelligence there might be collisions in Nature's plans, which Mind alone can prevent.

We have, in our dreams, the proof that mind creates all sorts of things, and that without the assistance of anything material to construct them from; although to the dreamer all things are material and lifelike. Since all material things are outside of the dream, how can the same things be confined inside of the dreamer's head? In like manner Divine Mind creates everything without material aid.

Mind is the surrounding medium in which all things exist. In the Creation, God made man in His own image and after His likeness, and gave him general dominion. If mortal man is controlled most by fear, then his surrounding influence is really *at-most-fear* (atmosphere).

This is manifested by its paralyzing influence; as in the foolish fear of being thought ridiculous if we do not as others do, and fail to live up to the demands and usages of fashionable society, time-honored human theories, and common beliefs.

The Tower of Babel (*babble*) is nothing but a tower of human theories, doctrines, beliefs. Error's assertions in the City of Babylon (*babble on*, or the effort to pervert the true intent of words and deeds) hold all that is real (*Israel*) in bondage; but the stone of Truth in the King's dream — the Stone cut out without hands — will overturn this human *babble on* (Babylon); for in Revelation we read, "Babylon is fallen." The mother of all the abominations of Earth is the low, withering, venomous atmosphere of sin and wickedness, which makes every good and pure thought and deed seem evil, in order to hide the atmosphere's own vileness. This human *babble on* is the *drag on* (Dragon) the teachings of Jesus, to drag them into its own sectarian theories and doctrines. It is the same old *drag on* Christian Science now, trying to drag it into the mire of Babylon (*babble on*, or *talking on*).

Both Babylon and the Dragon must fall. Earth will have a purer atmosphere when mortal mind is led to a nobler life-purpose, and made to realize how utterly impossible it is to hide wrong-doing from the Divine Mind,— as impossible as it is to keep the body alive if deprived of air. Would that humanity could realize the utter uselessness of the worldly ambition of this mortal *babble on* (Babylon), and cease to lament the loss of their cherished hopes and desires, when their City of Babylon goes down to destruction, overwhelmed by the Stone of Truth, which the angel took up and cast into the sea, saying, "Thus, with violence, shall that great city, Babylon, be thrown down, and shall be found no more." All the saints shall rejoice and give honor to God, who leads us out of our own blindness and self-imposed sufferings, away from the atmosphere of our own Babylon. "That which was, and is not, and yet is," the evil which sitteth on the beast (the Dragon), must finally perish utterly.

God never made anything common or unclean; therefore we must put the blood of the Lamb upon the doorposts of our dwellings, that the Great Red Dragon may hurry by.

The world ignores the peril hidden in Animal Magnetism. As the fatal Upas tree affects all within its baleful shadow, so the spreading branches of this growth sway mortal thought. Let us walk in the light!

Healing: Communications and Cases.

AND try Me now in this, saith Jehovah of Hosts,—
Whether I will not open to you the Windows of Heaven,
And pour out upon you a blessing. MALACHI.

CANCER AND LOCKJAW.

I HAVE a case of cancer of the uterus, which was given up five weeks ago by the attending physicians, Dr. J. Hosmer, who graduated two years ago from Ann Arbor, at the head of his class, and a Dr. Bennett, of the Wayne County House and Asylum. They thought she could not live over a few weeks, and decided not to give her any more drugs: so I took the case at once, unbeknown to anyone, and she is now perfectly well, to the great surprise and wonder of the friends, and especially the doctors, who still claim that she will certainly die of cancer sooner or later. I have not seen the patient since she was first taken to her room, nearly a year ago, but continued with my treatments against great odds in the house,—two doctors, one doctor's wife, and the nurse, all of whom were sure she would soon die with cancer; but I can feel the icebergs of error gradually melt away.

I have decided to await God's call, and remain here in Plymouth for awhile, until I am led into other fields. I will take the cases of which you write, and do for them all I can, and with pleasure.

I will write you of a case of surgery which came into my hands a few weeks ago, the result of which quite surprised me. A colored boy shot himself through the hand, the ball going into the palm of the hand, and coming out on the back. The accident happened Saturday evening. The next afternoon he came to me suffering intense pain. The hand and arm were swollen, and every muscle of the forearm was in a tense spasm. In five minutes the pain was relieved; but I could not move the wrist-joint or one of the fingers. I saw him every morning then, until Friday. Thursday I discharged him, perfectly well. The wrist and fingers were perfectly supple and the wound healed. When I first saw him I thought nothing could save him from lockjaw, and that was the judgment of a physician who had seen him before he came to me.

DR. J. P. SAFFORD.

Plymouth.

INEBRIETY.

DEAR JOURNAL: For the benefit of a certain class of sufferers I wish to state one of my cases; for I believe if people only knew what could be done for them, thousands would seek a Scientist before they slept. In the spring I received a letter from a perfect stranger in a distant part of the State, asking what could be done for a man who had been intoxicated nearly all the time for several years, and was very profane and abusive in his family. Latterly he had been worse than ever, was very weak, and had begun to *see sights*. The man himself said it was born in him, and he could not help it. I commenced treating him on the 27th of the month. On the 29th he told his wife that he had resolved never to drink another drop. He had not been at work for some time, but he went to work the next day, and spent the evening at home,—a very rare occurrence. He kept at work early and late, and it is not known that he has drank a drop since. He does not yet know what has wrought the change in his life; but he says he has no desire for strong drink, and his family are very happy over the restoration of a husband and father. I never saw any of the parties interested.

MRS. L. M. BOUTELLE.

Saint Johnsbury, Vermont.

COMPLICATION OF TROUBLES.

I WANT to tell some of my sick and suffering sisters what God and Christian Science have done for me. I have been an invalid for more than twenty-five years, with a complication of diseases, catarrh, throat-trouble, weak lungs, spinal-trouble, heart-trouble, and nervous prostration. I have had some of the most able physicians in this State and other States, but could not be cured. Last May I thought there was no earthly help for me. When I began your treatment I did not have much faith in Christian Science. About the first treatment, I thought I felt better; and after the second, I knew I was better. After twelve treatments, I was a well woman. I feel like a new creature. I can work and not be weary, walk and not faint. I am a wonder to all my friends, and to myself as well. All praise to Him "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases."

MRS. S. F. SARGENT.

Portland, Maine.

AMONG THE LAKES.

YOUR card is at hand, which informs me that mine, containing ten dollars, was not received. I was comparatively at ease concerning its loss; except being decidedly tried with myself, for having risked a ten-dollar bill in a letter.

While writing dear Mrs Eddy, I concluded there and then to contribute my first mite, which I lost, to the Church-building Fund. I herewith enclose draft for \$50.00, to aid in securing the necessary amount to build our Christian Science Church in Boston.

Since coming into Christian Science a son and daughter have depended, and must still depend, for a year to come, largely on me for financial aid in completing their course of study, marked out some years ago. I am glad that my daughter is satisfied with a course at the State Normal School. The son goes to Yale for theology, next fall. An aged aunt is also largely dependent upon me. So, though I am doing a good, a very good work up here, breaking up the fallow ground, I have to be very prudent in the use of my money.

After I healed a consumptive young man, the Presbyterian minister called on the young man's mother and sisters, reproving them sharply for having called a Christian Scientist to their aid, as he "had earnestly hoped the humbug would not come into this parish." He declared, before leaving, that I must return to Lower Michigan at once, or take out a license. His only daughter was at that time attending school in Massachusetts. She began suddenly and rapidly to fail in strength, had to leave her school and come home, and a few weeks ago she passed away with the belief of consumption; yet the minister's wife has become a convert to our Science.

A. M. O.

Marquette, Michigan.

A DYING BED.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND TEACHER: Enclosed you will find a check for \$30.00 for your Church-building Fund. This is the fruit of my work while at Olympian Springs. I raised a young woman from a dying bed, in belief. I treated her two weeks, and when I left there she was cutting out little dresses for children.

MRS. GEORGE LANCASTER.

Lexington, Kentucky.

SPINAL AND BRAIN DISEASE.

DEAR JOURNAL: At Council Bluffs, in September 1884, I was taken down with nervous prostration, which ran into paralysis, softening of brain, and spinal-trouble; and in July, 1886, I became bedridden, unable to move hand or foot. I found out that medicine did me no good, and had given it up. My wife heard of Christian Science, and got Mr. Filbert to come and treat me. In forty minutes I was up and walking. Although I knew nothing of Christian Science, I often thought there was such a cure coming. I had begun to understand that the mind was apart from the body; and when Mr. Filbert remarked that "All is Mind," I said, "Then God is Mind;" and on that principle I am healed. Without any further teachings, I was able to demonstrate; but was so anxious to know more of God, that I went into Mr. Filbert's class in November. After coming out of the class, I felt it my duty to follow the teachings of our Master, and removed to Des Moines. Will send you some testimonials from those who have learned the Truth through me. Yours,

M. A. ELLIOTT.

Des Moines, Iowa.

WHITE-SWELLING.

To all who are afflicted and suffering, I would say: Go to Mrs. Behan, of Kansas City, and be healed by Christian Science.

I suffered greatly for four years from a sore leg, called by the physicians white-swelling. The leg was greatly swollen, and so exceedingly painful that I could not walk, or rest in any position. I wore a bandage, extending from the hip to the toes. This was removed at the request of the dear healer; and after a few treatments the swelling disappeared, the limb regained its natural color, and I walked without pain. Great joy and thankfulness to the blessed healer! I would say to all, Go and be healed!

MARY L. WILHITE.

Kearney, Clay County, Missouri.

MEASURE thy Life by loss instead of gain;
Not by the wine drunk, but the wine poured forth;
For Love's strength standeth in Love's sacrifice,
And whoso suffers most hath most to give.

KING.

Church and Association.

THE Church of the Living God, the pillar and ground of Truth.

PAUL.

CHRIST MY REFUGE.

REV. MARY BAKER G. EDDY.

[Set to music by Irving I. Harwood, and for sale at Metaphysical College,
at O. Diltson & Co.'s, and at 192 Dartmouth Street.]

O'ER waiting harpstrings of the mind
There sweeps a strain,
Low, sad, and sweet, whose measures bind
The power of pain ;

And wake a white-winged angel throng
Of thoughts, illumed
By faith, and breathed in raptured song,
With love perfumed.

Then His unveiled, sweet mercies show
Life's burdens light.
I kiss the cross, and wait to know
A world so bright.

And o'er earth's troubled, angry sea
I see Christ walk,
And come to me, and tenderly,
Divinely talk.

Thus Truth engrounds me on the Rock
Upon Life's shore,
'Gainst which the winds and waves can shock,
Oh, nevermore !

From tired joy and grief afar,
And nearer Thee,—
Father, where Thine own children are,
I love to be.

My prayer, some daily good to do
To Thine, for Thee,—
An offering pure of Love, whereto
God leadeth me.

CHURCH-BUILDING CARDS.

On another page is given a fac-simile of the Card which friends of Christian Science are selling in aid of the Church Fund.

It is the desire of every Christian Scientist to provide our Leader with a Church-building of her own. This edifice is to be a testimonial to the Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science, and a visible expression of the love and gratitude in which our Teacher is held by the many thousands who have been blessed by her life and labors. Many who have been released from the bondage of sickness have gratefully sent us their mites, desiring to bear a part in forwarding this glorious cause; and it is to be hoped that all who have been benefited in any way, by this treatment, will remember our Church, and work for it, feeling that this is God's Temple, neither mine nor thine.

Will every reader of this JOURNAL help us in distributing these little Cards, for they have a mission. Wherever they go they serve as a guide to people who are seeking information concerning Christian Science; and if we are faithful in distributing them, we shall save many from the printed snares that are strown about so thickly. Therefore do not be tempted to say, "I will give something to the Cause, but do not care for the Cards." Many have not only sent us the money for their Cards, but have also returned to us the whole amount received through their sale.

However, as all may not feel disposed to do this, some having recently given liberally in other ways, we present this plan, whereby such friends can assist us: Send to the Committee for as many Cards as you desire, at ten cents apiece,—price prepaid. When these Cards are received, sell them for ten cents or more, according as people are disposed to give,—for many have given liberally for a single Card. When the Cards are sold, return to the Committee such sums of money as you may have over the ten cents paid for each Card, and this will be credited to you as premium, in a book kept for that purpose. Thus you have left in your hands the amount first sent to the Committee for Cards. With that money you can order more Cards.

It is hoped that everyone, who has not yet started in this branch of work, will give it early attention.

Cards will be supplied either singly or in quantities. Please address: 39 Greenwich Park, Boston, Mass.

ABOUT JOHN THE BAPTIST.

WHILE in Boston this summer I had the pleasure of attending a few Sunday-school exercises, and I found them very instructive, and my effort to gain the spiritual significance of the Word. These lessons helped me so much that I thought I would try and give the JOURNAL readers a few interpretations, as I remember them, trusting they will be as beneficial to others as to me.

The subject of one lesson was John the Baptist, the messenger of Christ, and it was brought out very clearly what John's aimment signified. His dress was that of the old Prophets, a garment woven of camel's hair, attached to the body by a leathern girdle. The characteristics of the camel were John's also. The garment means *endurance, gentleness, and patience*, and other virtues necessary for those who would go about preaching the wonderful Truth that has come to us. The leathern girdle represents the power of Omnipotence encircling him.

The camel can take in water enough, we are told, to last a long journey over the hot and dusty desert. John had a supply of pure thoughts (of which water is the type), which sustained him in going through the desert of error.

The hump on the back of the camel becomes large when the camel is well fed; and he draws sustenance from it. The supply of spiritual understanding was John's food, and the Source was infinite.

The camel stoops when taking on its precious burdens. So must we humble ourselves to enter the Kingdom of Harmony.

His food was locusts and wild honey, and the locusts were both winged and creeping, symbolizing aspirations, swift thoughts, patience, and diligence. They devoured every green thing, taking away man's material food, making him depend alone upon the Bread of Life which cometh down from Heaven; and this shows the power of Truth to destroy all claims of error.

John was the herald of Truth's coming, and Herod (or the King of Mortal Mind) thought that by beheading him he could impede the march of Truth; but it was not so to be. Wild honey is *perseverance and industry*, bringing out sweetness of character.

The baptism in the River Jordan is typical of a baptism in pure thoughts. This river is fed from the dews of Mount Hermon, upon which the Lord "commanded the blessing, even Life for evermore." (PSALM cxxxiii. 3.)

It is apparent to us why Jesus allowed himself to be baptized by John, inasmuch as it was an example to us, that we required purification of thought before we could be worthy of the baptism of Christ, or Truth. John speaks of one who cometh after him, whose shoe's latchet he was unworthy to unloose. The foot typifies *understanding*, and John knew he was not high enough in thought to unloose the covering of Jesus' understanding; for Jesus could put on or take off at will the belief of a material body; whereas John had not, at that time, gained the full understanding of the nothingness of the material senses.

"Whose fan is in his hand, and will separate the chaff from the wheat," was part of the description of John's teaching. The hand, in Science, represents spiritual power; and the fan represents the power of Spirit to blow away the chaff of error. As long as there is chaff to feed the flame, it will burn with fire unquenchable. The wheat signifies *good deeds and demonstrations*, which must "be tried as by fire," before its higher qualifications can be brought out to mingle with the living Spirit, which makes the daily bread which cometh down from Heaven. Let us be sure and have this bread fresh every day. Let us strive to keep our thoughts in communion with God every day. Then we shall be able to say, "Thou givest us our daily bread."

CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST ASSOCIATION.

THE regular monthly meeting of this Association was held on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 5, in a lower room of Tremont Temple, with a very large representation of members present, bringing with them Good Cheer from many towns and cities, east and west, north and south.

The usual routine business was quickly disposed of by vote, or reference to appropriate committees. The Good of the Order was reached none too soon to please all present; for the subject presented at the September meeting had awakened a new interest in our Cause, bringing to light an earnestness of purpose, and desire to live aright, and follow the example and teachings which have been given us.

Our President, being with us, answered several questions, and explained several points (brought out during the discussion), placing them in such a clear and pure light that all might see and accept, in the same spirit of Love in which it was given.

Many were the happy greetings exchanged between the members at the close of the meeting, all vying with each other in extending a hearty welcome to those who are debarred by distance from attending many of our gatherings; and many regrets were expressed that the closing hour had arrived, inasmuch as this meeting had added another note to the scale of harmony.

L.

OUR CHURCH-BUILDING.

THE Fair project is attracting considerable interest among the friends of Christian Science. Its purpose, as was stated last month, is to raise funds for the new church-building in Boston. For various reasons, every true Scientist should feel willing to give freely toward its construction.

Christian Science originated in Massachusetts, and this church should be soon built as a tribute to our faithful Leader, who has endured persecution for righteousness' sake, that the people might have a right understanding of Truth and the teachings of our Master.

This church will be of the greatest help to humanity, and advance the cause of Christ on earth. Let no one say, as an excuse for not giving, that this is a material work, and that Christian Scientists do not need a church-building. Those who offer that as an excuse for not giving, have not yet attained the understanding of their position in Mind, whereby they can do without houses, raiment, and food.

Contributions of money or articles for the Fair will be gratefully received by Mrs. M. F. Eastaman, 85 Broadway, Chelsea, Mass.; or Mrs. S. H. Crosse, 19 Berwick Park, Boston, Mass. It will be held Dec. 19, 20 and 21, at Horticultural Hall. Prompt action is desired on the part of our many friends, in order that the result may be in a degree worthy of the Cause we represent.

S. H. C.

Now the tuning and the tension,
Wailing minors, discord strong;
Afterward the grand ascension
Of the Alleluia Song.
Now the training, strange and lowly,
Unexplained and tedious now;
Afterward the service holy,
And the Master's "Enter thou!"

Editorial Outlook.

THE eternal round of Truth.	ANONYMOUS.
THE power of an endless Life.	HEBREWS.
THE care of discipline is Love.	WISDOM.
THE Spirit is Life, because of righteousness.	ROMANS.
WITHOUT rebuke, holding forth the Word of Life.	PAUL.

THANKS ALWAYS.

ONCE a year Thanksgiving!
 Only once a year?
 Surely, *daily* offerings
 Better would appear.
 Night and day He watches
 O'er man's helpless lot;
 Then let glad hosannas
Never be forgot.

FOOLOMETERS AND GASOMETERS.

IN *The Housekeeper*, a well-read sheet, published at Lacquiparle, Minnesota, is an article, entitled *Some Mind-cure Notes*, but encroaching upon Christian Science, brightly written but not always accurate,—at least so far as New England is concerned.

It affirms that all the healers and healed are women. This is certainly not true in Boston, where among the masculine healers may be found Messrs. Bradley, Bailey, Johnson, Troup, Mason, Crane, Lyons, Harris, Smith, Crosse, Poole, Frye, Linfield, Murphy, Eastaman; while in other places are Messrs. Snider, Manly, Vinall, Dunbar, Hight, Filbert, Day, Adams, Howe, Beach, Wickersham, Lillie, Elliott, Greene, Kidder, Campbell, Coleman, Sherman, Fluno, Dorman. There are gentlemen in every class at Metaphysical College.

As for the healed. Good, solid business-men declare their indebtedness to Christian Science; and a full proportion of males is to be seen in Chickering Hall every Sunday. Strange as it may seem, the lordly masculine mind is really in this movement. God is Father as well as Mother, and the "sons of God" are not wholly (though *The Housekeeper* evidently thinks so) the ones "of

OLD NEW-ENGLAND DAYS

THIS is the title of a charming book, written by Mrs. Sophie M. Damon, a Universalist lady, residing in Woodstock, Vermont, in one of the old homesteads described in the story. It relates to the era from 1805 to 1825, including the War of 1812.

The events recorded are simple and natural. We are introduced to a party, a spelling-match, a school-conspiracy, Thanksgiving, a funeral, sugar-making, a bear, Lorenzo Dow's preaching, accidents, a Papal conversion. For characters, we have not only the two Allwoode households, of thrifty and thriving pioneers, to which the chief personages belong, but also a quaint dragon of a servant, a cranky old-maid, a widower-man who falls in love with Polly, a young schoolmaster, a city spark, the country beau, the farm-hands, the poor neighbors.

A slipper figures in the narration, somewhat *à la* Cinderella. We journey from Vermont to Cleveland, Ohio, in its early days; and follow with interest the course of true love, till Sidney is reunited to his Elsie, and the young Doctor is at last betrothed to the heroine of the little shoe, whose heel saves his life at Plattsburg.

The fiction is founded on facts; or rather the facts percolate the whole structure. The beauty of the tale is in the touches of Yankee life and lore, joy and sorrow, which crop out at every turn of the page, like dandelions in a summer field. The influence of the volume is so wholesome and refined, that the mother does well who has it in her household. When you read of Mrs. Allwoode's surgery, you fancy she had perhaps already caught a glimpse of the Christian Science which has been taught in our modern days. The religious spirit is devout but liberal, and its stand is strong for Temperance.

Old New England days were good days for our land and our liberty. The early part of this century witnessed refined advances in thousands of our families. Despite our boasted progress, we must not ignore the fact that beves of Yankee girls, in countless villages, read, studied, and wrote in those times, finding leisure for Latin and painting on velvet, after the wool was spun and the beans baked.

The book has been edited, and its passage through the press supervised, by a friend of this JOURNAL, Mr. J. H. Wiggin.

Price, \$1.25. Published by the new firm, Cupples & Hurd, 99 Boylston Street.

Economic Hints.

IF anyone provideth not for his own, and especially for those of his Own House, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an unbeliever.

PAUL TO TIMOTHY.

RUDIMENTS AND RULES OF DIVINE SCIENCE.

THIS is the title of a new pamphlet by Mrs. Eddy, in which she answers many questions in regard to the Science of Christian Healing. It is nearly ready for publication, and will doubtless be out about as soon as this magazine reaches our readers. The pamphlet contains twenty-seven pages, is printed by William Kellaway, and is neatly stitched in thick paper covers.

OUR PASTOR'S HYMN.

THE author of the hymn Christ My Refuge, Rev. Mary B. G. Eddy, has had it set to music. It is printed on large sheets, and illustrated with a handsome vignette. The harmony is tender and sweet, and the hymnal is arranged as a quartet, by the composer, I. I. Harwood, C.S.

The profits accruing from the sale of this hymn are given to our Church-building Fund.

Price 25 cents. For sale at Massachusetts Metaphysical College, 571 Columbus Avenue; at the Academy of Christian Science, 192 Dartmouth Street, Boston; and at Oliver Ditson & Co.'s Music Store, 451 Washington Street, Boston.

PRIVATE SCHOOL.

PARENTS desiring for their boys and girls the **personal attention** of private schools, and the **discipline** and **varied associates** of public schools, will find both combined at Channey Hall, 259 Boylston St., Boston.

Preparation for the **Mass. Institute of Technology** has long been a specialty; and for its thoroughness, **reference is made to the Institute Faculty**. Thorough preparation is made also for **College**, and for **Business**. All classes are open to **Special Students**.

Particular attention is invited to the **Primary** and **Grammar School** departments, and to the **Kindergarten**. Visitors are always welcome.

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CHRISTIAN SCIENCE JOURNAL.

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FOR the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God, to the pulling down of strongholds.—PAUL.

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LAUS DEO.

MARY ELIZABETH STONE.

OH Christmastide ! Oh wondrous, gladsome time ! Divinity speaks, humanity answers,—and, with universal impulse, pays homage to the Bethlehem babe, the Saviour of the World !

Again the listening ear catches the refrain of angel-voices, chanting the new-old message, “Peace on earth, good-will to men.” The singing waves of human want and human woe are hushed and still. Harmony pervades the air, and joy floods the world.

Shall this abide with men, this wonderful season,—enriched, as it is, with such a warmth of divine Love, such a sweet consciousness of His presence, from whom cometh down every good and perfect gift ? Is it but for an hour and a day ? Is it to be symbolized alone by a lower mortal sense of giving and receiving material goods and bodily adornments ?

Little flocks of watchers on the mountain-tops, while earth’s heedless children lie sleeping, what is Christmas to you ? Like the shepherds of old, have you devoutly turned from the darkness of evil toward the resplendent dawning

Star of Truth. To you it is given to behold the infant Messiah. Assured are you of the gift of the Kingdom over which he is Lord. Bring then your earthly idols, and lay them here at his feet. Reverently, tenderly, lovingly offer this hour the things of the flesh, and receive in return the great riches of Mind, to which you are joint-heirs through the baptism of suffering with Christ. With consecrated hopes and regenerated affections you may well spiritualize this Christmas season, and return to your labors with holy and glad steps,—feeding his lambs.

Banished is the old limit of stunted possessions and vain longings to do good. All Good is yours. Its infinite thoughts are yours to enjoy and reflect. It is your blessed right to watch the redeeming infant idea, as it waxes stronger and grows in grace and glory, till it rules from your hearts all errors, with the iron rod of victory. It is yours to feed His sheep. Will you shower upon them an eternal Christmas; or will you leave them on the jagged mountain-sides to perish with cold and hunger? Oh see to it, if you love Him whose name you have named for yourselves, that not one of His little ones is left to perish. Let no stones be given for bread, no serpents as crumbs from the Master's table. Let the solemn responsibility of your mission—you who have caught the true sense of that babe whose birthplace was a manger—abide in your thought, a heavenly portent, working in you and through your motives and deeds always.

Follow on, patient toilers, from the cradle to Calvary, in footsteps of him whose disciples you are. Only a handful are ye indeed, but ye are mighty in power. Falter not, shrink not, be tempted not; but let your lives be the ransom for many. Then shall there be with you on that latter day a multitude of the heavenly host, whose anthem shall rejoice you: "Glory to God in the highest; peace on earth, good-will to men."

Oh hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

HEROD AND THE STAR.

F. E. MASON.

IN the Gospels we read, in connection with the first Christmas, of the Star which guided the Wisemen, or Magians, to the manger where lay the newborn Jesus, in Mary's arms.

God speaks to us today, as he did to Jacob and Joseph of old, "in the visions of the night." In our own darkness of thought come flashes of Truth, which may reveal to us the gray of an eternal morning, which precedes the rising of the orb of Truth.

Let us drink deeply of the Spirit, and walk, with single-eyed devotedness, the very way our Master trod. Having divorced ourselves from material things, we can not fail to see the Star in the East, which leads to the place where the young Child lies.

Our sun, in all its splendor and glory,—as it rises in the east, and drives away the darkness of the night,—is but a temporal light, which Mind will extinguish, through the eternal brilliancy of the light of Truth.

The Star in the East, which at first is only a glimmer, will increase in brightness and power, as we unload ourselves of the beliefs of mortal mind, until we find ourselves standing in the radiance of perpetual harmony.

We shall find many to condemn us; for we are living in a world which shouted Barabbas, in answer to Pilate's question: "Whom shall I release unto you, Barabbas, or Jesus, which is called Christ?" Interpreted according to Christian Science, this means: "Which will ye that I release unto you, Error or Truth?" The world chose Error. Barabbas was released, and is still at large,—a fact whereof we have evidence in our everyday life. Our public streets, our dramshops, our police-records, all furnish undeniable evidence of the release and presence of Barabbas; for Barabbas was a criminal.

Barabbas has several aliases, one of which is King Herod. When the Magians had finished their interview with King Herod, they departed, and lo! the Star again appeared, and held its supremacy. If we listen to King Herod, *alias* Barabbas, *alias* Mortal Mind, the Star will disappear, as it did to the Magi; but after they left the King, the Star resumed leadership, and went before them till it came and stood over the place where the young Child lay. We must depart from King Herod, mortal mind, if we would see the Star of Hope which leads to the perfect idea of God.

We find Barabbas again, under the guise of Satan, when our Master overcame the belief of appetite, and refused to transform stones into bread. "If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread," were the words of the Tempter; and they brought forth the reply, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." The Tempter offered fame, ambition, glory, the world, if Jesus would only cast himself down from his great spiritual height; but the sole response to these seemingly princely offers, if he would listen to mortal mind, was: "Get thee behind me, Satan. Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve."

"Whom will ye that I release unto you, Barabbas or Christ?" This question is asked today; and this question must be answered, in some way, by everyone in this world. "He that is not for me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me, scattereth abroad." From the north, from the south, from the east and from the west, all must choose either Barabbas or Christ, Truth or Error. One you must have, and one only you can have. If you have chosen Barabbas, you have rejected Christ; if you have chosen Christ, you do not want Barabbas.

Leaving to mortal mind the records of darkness, let us behold only the brightness of the Truth that glowed through the dark background of Calvary, burning asunder the veil, and giving to mortals a glimpse of the mighty truths which

for ages had been hidden by human superstition. Let us look only to the brilliancy of the light which emanates from above the Crown of Thorns, and has sent its rays glancing down the centuries, revealing to us the grand verity that Life is deathless, and dispelling the darkness, until we see at our feet the priceless legacy which he who wore that Crown of Thorns has bequeathed to us.

As we turn our eyes from worldly things to things celestial, and hear the angels say, "Peace on earth, and goodwill to men," let us ever walk in the sunshine of Truth, and forget the narrow sepulchre.

If any readers have not seen the Star of the East, let them not, because Christian Scientists say that God is not person but Principle, say as did Mary, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him;" but let them look above the personal to the impersonal.

The Star in the East will go out if we do not watch it. We have work to do. Somebody must keep trimmed and burning the light our Leader has flashed out to the world from the Mountain of God. If that light goes out, they alone are responsible in whose charge it is placed, and who neglect their duty.

Pilot-boats go down the harbor in the night. When the pilot sees an incoming ship he flashes a light from his bow; and when he has made fast to the ship, he pilots her safely into port. We are spiritual pilots; and many there are who stand looking for the flash of our lights in the darkness of error. Many there are who need our assistance, to pilot them safely into the harbor of God. All along the shore we see the enemy's forts. Envy, jealousy, malice, hate, and selfishness will keep up their cross-fire, and must be met shot for shot. Who is there to see that this work is carried out,—who but those who depart from King Herod, and are following the Star of Hope?

We must help one another, and not hide our lights under bushels; but let them so shine that men may see our good works, and glorify God.

An eagle was fatally wounded. In its death-agony it saw that the arrow was tipped with feathers from the eagle's own royal wing. It is so with us. Our wounds are caused by our follies and superstitions; and we ourselves furnish the means whereby we are turned from the light to the darkness of mortal mind.

Our sun moves on its course, and lights a race of slaves, whom nothing but the resplendent light of Truth can set free. Let those who have seen the light dispel this darkness, for the labor rests on them. Let them keep in the pathway their Leader has opened, and leave the dank lowlands of the past. Let them trust no more to the flickering will-o'-the-wisp, which only leads from pitfall to pitfall; but let them turn their gaze (with her) to the city on the hill, which can not be hid, whose watchtower is ever shining, the beacon of eternal Truth. In this generation God has reopened the way through our Teacher. The Light of Truth shines again; and all who catch its rays must derive them from her spiritual inspiration. Those who are yet in swaddling-clothes must follow where she leads for safety; for Herod still seeks the young Child's life, to destroy him.

It has been truly said: One, with God, is a majority. Let us not limit the power of Truth, even in thought.

Extensive alterations are being made in Pemberton Square, Boston, with the view to erecting a courthouse, where justice may reign supreme. Old buildings and trees have been removed to make room for the incoming bride of the city, who may give birth to equity and right. While yet a few trees remained on the eastward side, I was standing, one spring day, in a doorway in that locality, waiting for a friend. Suddenly I saw a sparrow fly down, almost to my feet, and begin pulling at some cotton which had become lodged near the curbstone. When the bird had gathered a considerable quantity, it flew to one of the neighboring trees, and added its burden to a partially completed nest. The thought came to me: How very soon the workmen will remove that tree, tear down the nest, and destroy the home

the sparrow has struggled so hard to build. How I wish I could warn the bird of its situation, that it might seek a home in some other neighborhood, where it would be free from the hand of the marauder! Alas! the sparrow could not understand my language, and so it had to learn its lesson by bitter experience.

Then I thought of the many who are making their habitations in just such tottering places,—houses built on the sand, not on the rock. Like this bird, they must learn, by bitter experience, that when the winds come and the rains descend, their houses must fall.

The Cradle, the Cross, and the Crown, are the three C's leading into the eternal realm of the One Mind. These three correspond with the third period of the ascending order of spiritual discernment, when Spirit is seen to be the Life of all.

Heaven is a mental condition, not a locality; and the belief of death will not bring you nearer to it. Heaven is only attainable by these three C's.

First, the Cradle. Ye must be born again. Ye must become as little children. None but the pure in heart can see God. We must be born in meekness, and be guided by our Father and Mother, God.

Second, the Cross. Said Jesus unto his disciples: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross, and follow me." The Cross opens the everlasting floodgates of Heaven, and lets out the waters of Eternal Life. We all have our crosses to bear; and the heavier the Cross, the brighter the Crown. The great composer Liszt once said, "The weight of the dear Cross has pressed many melodies out of me." The Cross is the school from which we graduate into Heaven.

Third, the Crown. This will surely follow, and is the reward of all who do the will of God, and do not return to King Herod. The Apostle James says: "Blessed is the man who endureth temptation; for, when he is tried, he shall receive the Crown of Life, which the Lord has promised

to them that love Him." Paul says, in his Second Letter to Timothy: "Henceforth there is laid up for me a Crown of Righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day.

Let us all remember the three C's which lead to Life Eternal, and ever bear in the mind's eye the record: "When they had heard the King [Mortal Mind], they departed; and lo! the Star which they saw in the East went before them."

For us the Star will shine, if for the Star we search diligently. It ever burns in the eternal sky, to destroy error and blazon Truth abroad. When once the spiritual eyes behold it, let them not lose sight of it; but let the feet follow where it leads, till the knees can bend lowly at the threshold of the stable where the Christ is rising into human view.

In the words of the beautiful Christmas Hymn, by Domett, who has passed away within the month:

Within that province, far away,
Went plodding home a weary boor;
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-shut stable-door.

Oh strange indifference! Low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares.
The earth was still, but knew not why;
The world was listening,—unawares.

STAR OF THE HEART.

E. D.

TOWARDS thy Star,
Forever turning,
Let Thy light,
Within me burning,
Make the East
Of conscious yearning;

As my heart,
For lovelight yearning,
Feels within,
The impulse burning,
From the night
Of error turning.

LEANING.

E. A. B.

ON what? Toward what? Is our attitude of mind like the forest tree, which leans for support on its more robust neighbor? Do we aspire toward Spirit, and inspire enough of it to offset our rootedness in the material beliefs by which we are surrounded, that we may not compare unfavorably with a more aspiring and inspiring neighbor?

Do our aspirations and inspirations yield to the belief in attraction, which is the result of an aspiration toward and inspiration of Spirit alone, which has developed itself in the grandest proportions, the sublimest comprehensible sense?

Has comparison still the power to make us feel our littleness in contrast with our neighbor, who has better appreciated and utilized the very resources which we have at hand? Has envy still the despotic control of our belief?

Does the leaning thought find the attraction toward which it leans conducive to beauty, sublimity, or longevity? Can the leaning thought inspire more of Spirit, until it aspires toward it? Can we, any more than a tree, inspire the Spirit, by which our rootedness in fact is supported, unless we, like the grand, beautiful, and majestic tree, raise aloft the drooping, envious, revengeful branches of the thought we hold, while comparing our littleness with the seemingly greater proportions of our neighbor?

Do we appreciate the fact that grandeur, sublimity, and majesty of character are developed by aspiration, and that aspiration directs us toward the Truth, the Light, the Life, encouraging us to throw out branches of thought upon every side, so that our resources of inspiration are increased, and our spirituality advanced.

Do we, like the tree, imbibe from circumference the essence of spiritual existence; or do we turn inward, and consume the pith, the marrow, the core, which must be consumed before the evidence of vitality in belief of matter becomes less evident?

God, or Life, Truth, Love, is circumference and not centre. This we have long ago been taught, both by precept and example. Who realize it enough to look outward for good? Can we not learn a lesson from the fact that the decay of the tree begins with the absorption of the centre? Are we more wise? That great object-teacher, Jesus Christ, deigned to use nature for illustration. Can we do better? Is there any other evidence of life? Yet, while we see in nature the expression of God, in varying forms, size, and colors, we only see the expression, the shadow. The real, the Principle, is unseen; but it is forever and ever the same, and unchangeable; and as these shadows flit in panoramic scenes before our senses, we reach out ever for more and more of inspiration, through which to view these lovely and delightful pictures, performing their rounds throughout eternity.

As the inspiration of Spirit makes us receptive of Truth, each thought reflects for us more and more of what is beautiful, wonderful, and grand, raising us above the envy of brutes to the majestic standard of the man of God, who finds in Spirit, which he strives to understand, that which gives him power to more and more appreciate each expression of God's creation. The Scientist will constantly arise, in exalted newness of heart, above all satiety, indifference, or covetousness.

The earth is his, and the fulness thereof. He has in his aspiration, his attitude of mind, learned meekness; and he no longer is vain, in the contemplation of the little ones who have just begun the spiritual development in which he is farther advanced.

Yet, as he becomes more and more susceptible to the everlastingly increasing interest of creation, he is more and more conscious of the stolidity, the indifference, and the selfish greed with which these things are regarded, until, in very agony of heart, he cries with Jesus, "Let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not my will, but Thine [the divine will of progress] be done."

Courage, oh sorrowful heart! When thou art weak, then art thou strong. The consciousness of weakness, exhibited in envy and revenge, has given place to a consciousness of strength, which looks down (alas!) in sorrow upon that which understands it not.

Learn a lesson from the noble tree standing erect, under whose shade many may find protection from the heat of the day, and under whose protection many may be helped to withstand the tempests of time.

SEEKING AFTER HIM.

F. R. D.

Doth the flower find the sun,
Whence alone its life must come?

Doth the tree-sap upward flow,
Turning from earth's power below?

Doth the leaflet glance above,
To return God's smile of love?

Doth for sunshine pine the fruit,
It absorbs not from the root?

Doth the forest skyward march,
Like some grand cathedral arch?

Doth the bee fly toward the light,
Shunning darkness as its blight?

Doth the ant, to higher land,
Tug his mite of delvèd sand?

Doth the bird, on rising wing,
To the blue celestial sing?

Doth the fount stream toward the sky,
Where its watery source must lie?

Doth the flame, from household hearth,
Seek anew its pristine birth?

Thus, oh thought, shouldst thou aspire,
Toward supernal, sacred fire!

SALVATION THROUGH UNDERSTANDING.

W. J. V.

THE best sermon ever preached is Truth demonstrated. Jesus said, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life;" and he proved it by his demonstrations. He gave sight to the blind; the lame he made to walk, and the sick he made whole. So in our daily lives we, as his followers, must walk in the way of Truth, and be chosen vessels unto the honor of Christ.

Knowing that either Truth or sin would be supreme in our affections, he said, "Ye can not serve two masters." Man can not serve both Soul (God) and sense (sin). If he is governed by Soul, he will overcome temptation to sin, and the so-called laws of error can not make him sick or limit his usefulness. Why? Because Truth makes man a new creature. "Old things have passed away, and all things have become new." Passion, selfishness, every phase of sensuality, yield to spirituality, and the superabundance of Being is on the side of Truth. Christian perfection is won on no other basis, for Christ Jesus is Truth; and he, being the corner-stone, is the foundation, and God the Divine Principle of it all.

The question, asked by Christians, Infidels, Pagans, and all others, is, What is Truth? This question is now stirring humanity. In understanding Christian Science we get a positive answer to the question. Through belief men are seeking to produce the blindness of old creeds and *isms*, wherein the blind lead the blind, till they both fall into the ditch of superstition and bigotry; but the power of Truth can not be denied, for it purges humanity of its error.

Those whose kingdom is of this world will fight, and notify their sentinels not to let Truth pass their guards, until it subscribes to theological creeds; but Truth heeds not the enemy. It is now marching on and causing tumults in the camp of error. It is a mighty leaven, and is now doing a quiet but wonderful work.

A higher and more practical Christianity, which meets every want of mortal man, in sickness and in health, stands at the door of thought, and knocks. Will you open the door to the heavenly visitant?

We now speak to you in the new tongue,—new to this age; but it was taught eighteen hundred years ago, and Jesus was the Teacher. The first class of students was composed of twelve poor men, one of whom was a liar from the beginning, the Truth abiding not in him. No wonder that we see plenty of the same type now; but let us do as Jesus did, deny the presence of mortal mind.

Often man hid from Truth behind the altar of sense; but now a woman has again delivered us from the world. Let us take warning from the past, and improve our opportunities. Jesus taught his students to heal the sick, give sight to the blind, to make the sick whole; and not his students only, but all who believed in his name. Now our dear reader has given us the key. Will you hear the still, small voice of Truth, which says, "Come and be healed and saved"? Truth is the great cleanser. It affects the whole body by expelling impure thoughts, changing the secretions, dissolving tumors, and completely uprooting sin.

There is a class of thinkers whose bigotry and conceit arrange every fact to suit themselves, and their main beliefs are in a mysterious God and a personal devil. Another class, still more unfortunate, pretend innocence, and utter falsehood, looking you sweetly in the face,—never failing to stab their benefactor in the back. Another class build their thoughts on the solid masonry of good intentions. They are open and generous, always ready to hear the Truth and glad to have the Bread of Life offered to them.

Truth's fulfilment is in harmony. Let us seek for a higher understanding, and then shall we possess health and salvation. By its power I have seen those who have spent their lives on doctors, come at last and touch the hem of Truth's garment, and be made whole. Now is the Truth nigh you, even at your doors. Will you receive it?

Beware of false teachers, who come to you with the semblance of Truth. Prove them! By what? "My Word is Truth!" If they have not Christ, Truth, they are none of this. Let not personal sense, creeds, or old beliefs hinder you, but say, "Whosoever confesseth that Christ [Truth] is God, the same is my mother and sister." Do not do as did Pilate, ask the question. What is Truth? and then, for fear of others, turn your back on this Good. Take warning from him. He met the punishment of his own sins. He was imprisoned first: and then, for fear, he cast himself down from the top of the tower and was killed. Come ye to the waters (pure thought), and drink ye of the Truth and be filled. Choose ye whom ye will serve, Soul or sense.

JUSTICE.

H. A. L.

MUCH is said of God's judgments on man, and that everlasting punishment alone will satisfy divine justice. Limited mortal thought can not measure the quantity or quality of infinite and eternal Good. Infinite Good is not conscious of any finite measurement of mortal darkness in evil.

Material man is the Lawyer, the Law, the Judge, and the Prisoner. Mortal man is self-condemned, self-judged, and self-imprisoned. God knows nothing of this false condition. Therefore man, in his sense of guilt, justifies himself only through self-imposed punishment.

Having lost conscious oneness with the Divine Principle of Good, man could not rest in peace under the disquietude of a guilty conscience. He therefore trusts to the strength of his sense of God's justice to restore him. Weighing himself in the balance of self-justification, he finds himself wanting; for the justice of God is not there to equalize the weight.

Under this sense of guilt, man makes a plan of salvation for himself.

He first tries to restore to himself the infinite understanding of Life, through the sacrifice of the blood of animals, which typifies the affections.

Second, he expresses his sense of the eternal perception of Truth through circumcision, a type of purification from the sensual thought.

Third, He seeks relief through baptism, typifying the washing of regeneration, or purification of thought from the seeming presence of evil, in order to realize the omnipresence of Divine Love.

Fourth, Jesus, the Christ, came to break the illusion of self-justification, and show man that he was justified through the righteousness of faith. Man, blind through self-righteousness, sought to crucify and bury Jesus, the Truth. Through this burial, literal bread and wine were resorted to, instead of spiritual, with ever-present Love. This typifies the restoration of the omniscience of Divine Substance.

Fifth: Losing again the Divine Principle of the impersonal Christ, man appeals, through prayer, to a personal God, through a personal Saviour, trying to reach divine intelligence through the knowledge of the senses; but the omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent, infinite, and eternal Good never sees nor hears, smells, tastes, nor feels such personal appeals; for He is Life, Truth, Love, Substance, Intelligence, the Divine Principle, the Light which is not conscious of darkness.

The sixth sense, or spiritual perception, enables us, through Christian Science, to realize that we are justified and judged by faith, according to our works. Through demonstration alone we are enabled to restore man to his birthright.

The justice of God is in the equal measurement of all good to His children. We are justified in His sight only by the fulfilment of the law of Love.

Punishment, or Hell, is eternal as long as we make sin, sickness, and death realities; and only so long.

He who studieth revenge, keeps his own wrongs green.

BACON.

ORIGIN OF HAPPINESS.

A. LANG.

It is a fact that a majority of the human family are striving to better their circumstances or condition in life, believing that in so doing they will become happier.

What will man not do in search of gain? He explores the depths of earth and sea for their hidden treasures. He may find them, or he may not find them; but is he made happy thereby? There may be some degree of satisfaction, but no real happiness in either case.

We see man pursuing the paths of literature, only to find that success does not ensure happiness. The same is true of those who seek political honors and fame. How often do their colors trail in the dust! We also see man hoarding silver and gold, stocks and bonds; but who ever found one who realized happiness in amassing wealth? The more man possesses, the more unsettled in thought he is likely to become. There is an excitement attendant thereupon which goads him to constant effort; but when the treasure vanishes, as it surely will, man has nothing left that is real. He has, it may be, his pile of gold, or its representatives in stocks and bonds; but these are about as conducive to happiness as a pile of dirt of equal size.

The question arises here: Why are neither of the foregoing pursuits productive of happiness? The answer is: Inasmuch as the premise is wrong, the result must also be wrong.

Happiness is a product, not a principle. It is the first fruit of righteousness. "If ye suffer for righteousness sake, happy are ye." (1 PETER iii. 14.) "Behold, we count them happy which endure." (JAMES v. 2.) "Happy is that people whose God is the Lord." (PSALM cxliv. 15.) "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." (MATTHEW v. 6.)

Fill with the water of Everlasting Life! Saith the Master: "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall

never thirst; but the water that I shall give shall be in him a well of water, springing up into Everlasting Life."

"There is no true happiness which is not the outgrowth of righteousness. Whoever performs a kind act, not only contributes to his own real possessions, but he will have a present consciousness of right-doing, and receive the reward thereof. The more we do for others, the greater will be our reward, which is real joy, the offspring of righteousness. Therefore, only the righteous are truly happy.

"Blessed is the man who walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful; but his delight is in the law of the Lord. . . . For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall perish." (PSALM i.)

Oh Happiness, what is life without thee, but a cold, dreary existence, devoid of love, faith, and hope? The sunshine of thy presence is not only the nursery of these three, but also a supplanter of those phantoms or dreams called Sin and Death.

Who, from the standpoint of Eternal Truth, can doubt that man's divine inheritance (Life) is eternal. Can it be that God's image and likeness will ever cease to exist? Can man be truly happy while cherishing the thought that death is a reality? No! Happiness is only found in Truth. The Master said, "I am the Truth and the Life; . . . he that believeth in me shall never die."

Says Paul: "As in Adam [error] all die, so in Christ [Truth] shall all be made alive." Thus the understanding of Truth frees us from the bondage of sin, error, and death. Let us accept the Truth as the Master taught it, and be happy.

Some years ago a ship was wrecked at sea. Among the passengers, there was a righteous man. When he heard the cry "We are lost," he said, "No! I am saved in Christ." Such are the fruits of righteousness, and such is real happiness. What a demonstration was this experience, of the doctrine that "faith is the Substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

If death had no power over the Son of Mary, who was also the Son of God, it has no power over any other children of God, when they become sons or daughters through the Truth, which is promised to make us free,—free from every belief begotten of the senses. Then will mortal sense be destroyed, and God's image and likeness and immortality appear.

Then there will be no other gods; and it will be truly said, "Happy is the man whose God is the Lord." Therefore it is in vain to seek for happiness, unless we first seek righteousness; and what we seek we shall find.

Said Jesus: "Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." To this result, Faith, Hope, and Charity are contributors, and Love wields the sceptre of coronation.

If that poet is right who says:

Hope, thou first-fruit of Happiness,
Thou gentle dawning of a bright success!

that other poet also is right, who says:

Our doubts are traitors, and they make us lose
The good we oft might win, by fearing the attempt.

GOLDEN JOY.

Q. E. D.

WHERE shall happiness be found,
In the sky or in the ground,—
In the bag with money filled,
Or the farm with toil tilled?

Nay! for happiness supreme,
God must be the solemn theme,—
Love and Love's eternal Law,
Ruling man with gentle awe.

Peace and Hope and Truth combine,
In the ancient law sublime,
Making Joy and Life unite,
In the Happiness of Light.

THE NAME CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

A. F.

WILL wonders never cease?

One man, whom the writer has met, made the astounding discovery, that the term Christian Science is not to be found in the Bible; and with this overwhelming argument he hoped to silence the guns of Truth. We fail to find the terms Methodist, Presbyterian, Trinity, God-man, Character, and hundreds of others in the Bible; yet we do not question the use of them. The Bible is our only authority for Truth; but it is not supposed to contain the whole of the English vocabulary. The term Total Abstinence is not Scriptural phraseology; yet Solomon said, "Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging."

There is nothing in a name. The name of a theory may be inadequate to express its purport, and yet the theory itself be correct; but this can not be said of Christian Science, for it is Science, and the grandest and deepest of all sciences, in whose mighty depths all physical science is swallowed up.

Webster defines Science as *knowledge, truth ascertained*. Jesus said: "This is Life Eternal, to know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." If Mrs. Eddy had selected the name Christian *Knowledge*, her meaning would have been nothing less than Christian Science.

The real aim and intent of Christian Science is not affected by its name. Everyone who names the name of Christian Science, and professes to be a practitioner in this blessed Truth, might be a fraud; yet Christian Science would still be scientific and Christian, for it is based on Eternal Truth. The world may question the name; but the world can never take away either the Christianity or its Science. John will still be John, though you call him Jim.

The Devil, error, does not desire Truth to be called by its right name; for right naming of Truth is the condemnation

of error. Jesus, the spiritual idea of Truth, was a rebuke to the world of his time. Christian Science, the reappearing of the same idea, rebukes the theology of the day; which declares that Science is not Christian, and that Christianity is not scientific.

The world had a natural hatred for Jesus, and the mere sight of him called out the complaint of the unclean devils: "Why hast thou come to torment us before the time?" Christian Science comes as a rebuke to the materialistic worship of the day; and because of this the world questions its name. This is another way of saying, "Why hast thou come to torment me before my time?" There are many upon whom the mere mention of the name, Christian Science, produces the same result as the cry *Scat!* produces upon a dog.

Paul warned Timothy against oppositions of "science, falsely so called,"—that is, *falsely called science* (1 TIMOTHY vi. 20). In this statement he recognizes the fact that there is a Science (not sciences); and as he taught Christianity, this Science must have been in harmony with Christianity,—in other words, Christian Science.

Elsewhere Paul declares, "The wisdom of the world is foolishness with God." Again he says, in substance, "The flesh warreth against the Spirit; for they are opposite the one to the other." We must therefore conclude that the Science which he advocated was the Science of Spirit, God; and that the opposing science, "falsely so called," was the evidence before the flesh, the senses, the physical sciences, or "wisdom of the world." In short, Paul clearly wrote Timothy to beware of the oppositions to Christian Science, which were falsely called by the same name.

No one who has the least idea of Christian Science would be willing to have the name changed. To change the name would be to misname Christian Science. The name is euphonious and significant, and no other name so exactly conveys to mortals the meaning of Truth. Blessed be the name of Christian Science!

Letters.

A WORD spoken in due season, how good it is!

PROVERB.

CROSS AND CROWN.

DEAR JOURNAL: Quaker Criticism objects to holding up the symbol of the Cross. Shall only the Crown be seen? No, a thousand times, No! Hold up the Cross, and show the sinner where the rocks are on which he is liable to make shipwreck, but which can only be seen by showing the Cross of suffering, representing the awful price paid for sin, and how to avoid paying it. I have long been a Christian at heart, and yet had paid this fearful price for eighteen years, till Mrs. Eddy's book relieved me.

It has occasioned for me, many times, an untold agony of fear, as I realized the unreality of bodily life, yet did not comprehend the spiritual government of the One Mind and Intelligence. What was I? I did not know. So I told myself; and plunged into doubt, to escape from the thought of the utter nothingness of myself.

There is no devil or evil (demon) in reality. Spell *evil* and *devil* backwards, and one is *live* and the other is *lived*. Spell *live* backwards, and you come into the unreality of supposed existence, apart from God and Good. Shall not the Cross, then, be held up, to show sinners the self-imposed suffering such a belief brings?

If self is crucified in individual thought, this will show elsewhere in his works. He is not a true friend who sees a danger and gives no warning. The Crown on the JOURNAL cut is outside of the Cross, and is much larger than the Cross. So the reward is greater than the sacrifice, when we cast out the demon (devil) in self. I can not describe the peace within, that Christian Science has brought to me, for through it I am free. I write this to help others, as I would have thanked God and man for helping me. The thanks go to God and Rev. Mrs. Eddy. Forgive this scolding.

Respectfully,

BERTHA SALCHOW.

ANARCHY AND ANARCHISTS.

DEAR JOURNAL: My pen is moved to say something about this vexed subject. You may not agree with my thoughts; but if they offend you, they may be laid wholly at my inkstand.

As to the wrongness of Anarchy, it would seem as if there could be no reasonable question; yet some excellent men, clergymen even, contend for Anarchism as — if not absolutely right — not so wrong as it might be.

Anarchy comes from Greek words signifying *without ruler, or without government*. Anarchists say they are friends of natural, or divine law, but not of human law. This is a distinction without much difference. How long would Cochituate water obey the law of its nature, and flow through our houses, without the protection of human law? Chicago did well, during the late excitement, to guard the crib in her lake, through which the city is supplied with water. How long could the laws of God — in the family relation, for instance — be maintained, if associated human protection were withdrawn? Every man's house would become a small fortress, which he must defend as best he could, with fist and revolver.

Practically, *anarchy* means *lawlessness, absence of restraint*, — the lack of those conditions which make life desirable, and without which man is kept down, in his crudeness.

One can find some excuse for the violence of the Nihilists in Russia, because they are not allowed to hold meetings, to print their opinions, or to discuss them in any way whatsoever, and conspiracy is their last resort; but, in this country, where free speech is tolerated and guaranteed, where even incendiary doctrines can be promulgated, there is absolutely no excuse for those anarchical proceedings which take the track of blood. Let Anarchists discuss all they please, and convert the world if they can; but let them do this as did Jesus and the Apostles, — not by violence, but by the demonstration of a good life. The Master paid his taxes, even though they were the extortionate exactions of the mercenary subordinates of imperial Rome.

The Chicago Anarchists are condemned out of their own mouths, by their own publications. Theirs were not the ways of peace; though they abuse Peace by making this word their signal for bomb-throwing and murder. Capital Punishment may be an open

question; certainly there are grave objections to it; but if ever men deserved to perish on the scaffold, those Chicago criminals were the men.

Their own language, uttered both in passion and soberness, proved them to be more dangerous than burglars, pickpockets, or common murderers; as a cobra-capella is more to be dreaded than a lion. No enemy so dangerous as an out-and-out lunatic, who stabs wife and child. Do the Anarchists plead: "We are conscientious! When we counsel the assassination of property-holders, we do so in the higher service of God and man, which are above human law!" then let us reply: "We admit your conscientiousness; but you must also admit ours! If your conscience bids you let loose the dogs of riot and destruction, our conscience bids us hang you for such flagrant disregard of others' rights."

Think too of the absurdity of an appeal to courts and governors, and complaints about illegal trial, by men whose very name proclaims a denial of the right and necessity of rulers and judges. The sickening twaddle of Anarchists begets an increased respect for the Tsar of Russia and Prince Bismarck, who lay a heavy hand upon all such scorpions.

What could Anarchy effect by dynamiting every property-holder,—that is, nearly everybody in this country? Do we keep gold buried in the cellar, and bank-bills in the safe? Nay, our investments are small sums in savings-banks; or they represent, on paper, Western mines, Southern railways, Northern factories, where millions of people are employed,—*working-people*, if you like to make a distinction between different kinds of labor. Destroy his accumulation, and you may beggar the property-holder; but equally (so experience proves) you beggar the workmen. Who suffers most by a great fire, the owner, or the hands, who suddenly find themselves without work? Anarchy is a conflagration on a large scale.

There are evils enough in society. There is a slough of injustice, from which the poorer classes are emerging. It is this partial emancipation which makes Anarchy possible, like "the tiger pawing to get free;" but these evils are not in the line Anarchists imagine; and if they were, Anarchy is not the royal road to social perfection, but the crooked path into a deeper and more deathly quagmire.

Tyranny? There is any quantity of it; but the worse despotism I see, is that bestowed by workingmen,—not only upon



employers, but upon their fellow-workmen. These tyrants are as bad as the Scribes Jesus condemned; for they will not enter the House of Honorable and Conscientious Industry themselves, nor will they let others pass its threshold, if this can be prevented. The man who wants to earn his living finds little help from his peers, who would jealously fill the community with paupers, rather than let a newcomer into their sacred guild. On the contrary, the would-be worker has to seek for sympathy among those whom he counts as his social superiors,

Shall we then deny free discussion? No, indeed! The more you air a foul cave, the better! Talk on, ye Anarchists. Ventilate your groundless dogmas and reasonable grievances. Let your tongues wag freely. But remember! If you rouse to violence, two can play at that game; and if law and order must go under, throttled by pythonic and unreasoning strength, then "chaos is come again;" and the chances are that the superior whom you now denounce,—and whose power is already proved by the bare fact of his social standing and his past accumulations,—will be your superior still, because better fitted for dominion over brutality in every form.

JUSTICE.

LIGHT AT LAST.

DEAR MADAM: I am being treated by a Christian Scientist, and am very much improved in health and strength. I should be glad to learn more of the Science that is doing so much for suffering humanity. I wish to learn all I can of the new treatment in healing. I know it must all be *good*, it has done so much for me. Three months ago I was perfectly helpless, and could not sit up to have my bed made. Now, with a little help, am doing my housework. I have been helpless almost six years; and had given up all hope of ever being any better. Oh! how I thank and bless my Heavenly Father for sending His servant to my relief. I feel like a new person, and that my life should be spent in God's service. What does the world not owe to you, the Founder of this great system. May God's blessing ever rest upon you, is the prayer of your sister in Christ,

MRS. L. WILBER.

Big Pond, Bradford Co., Penn.

Sermonettes.

LET thy Speech be short, comprehending much.

ECCLESIASTICUS.

STRAIGHT AND NARROW WAY.

S. C. R.

STRIVE to enter in at the strait gate. LUKE xiii. 24.

It is not uncommon to find people writing about the *straight* and *narrow* way; when, if they would look into their New Testaments (MATTHEW vii. 13, 14) they would read: "Enter ye in at the *strait* gate; . . . because *strait* is the gate and *narrow* is the way which leadeth unto Life."

Evidently the mistake arises from having in the mind's eye a path which is both *narrow* and *straight*, like a railway; whereas it is not the *way* which the Gospel calls *strait*, but the *gate*. *Straight* means *cramped, limited, confined, narrow*. "What," somebody may ask, "did Jesus use two adjectives with the same meaning?" Yes! precisely as, in the next verse, he uses two other adjectives which have the same meaning: "*Wide* is the gate and *broad* is the way which leadeth unto death."

Straight and *straight* are different modifiers. A street may be *strait* (*narrow*) without being *straight* (*direct, without a crook*). A *strait* street may be very crooked; and a *straight* street may be very wide; but a *strait* way can not be wide. A *strait* street may be also *straight*; although, in Jerusalem and Capernaum, it is doubtful if there were any *straight* streets from which Jesus could take an illustration of directness, even if he so wished; but there were *strait* (*narrow*) streets and entrances in plenty, to serve him for this illustration about the narrowness of the road to Heaven's Kingdom. On the other hand, there was in Damascus a street named *Straight*,—the street where the house was situated which sheltered Paul during the blindness which followed his conversion; and doubtless it was so named on account of its unlikeness to other Eastern streets. *Straight* streets were almost universal, but not *straight* ones; for the Orientals are not given to building wide highways or portals, even in these latter days.

To *straiten* is to make narrow. We say a man is in *straitened* circumstances, or in great *straits*; but sometimes he is able to *straighten* out these *straitened* conditions. There was an old English verb *strait*, meaning to *put into difficulties*. *Strait-handed* is an epithet not much used; but it means *parsimonious, niggardly, mean*. *Straitness* means *narrowness*. Bacon speaks of *straitness* of mind, and does not mean *integrity*, but *bigotry*. *Strait-laced* means *griped with stays, stiff, rigid, strict*. *Strait-jacket* and *strait-waistcoat* are used for the insane, to confine their arms. Sidney speaks of a *strait* (intimate) degree of favor. Shakespeare speaks of reforming "some *strait* decrees."

The geographical word *strait*, or *straits*, refers to a narrow pass, either in mountain or ocean, like the Straits of Magellan, the Straits of Gibraltar, the Straits of Dover; and the word refers to narrowness. In the old times this word was spelled *streight*, with *e* instead of *a*. *Straits* or *streights* may possibly be *straight* also, but the name only indicates comparative narrowness.

Undoubtedly both *strait* and *straight* come from the same original word; but in the usage of our language one has come to mean *right, upright, direct*, as a *straight* man, a *straight* line. From it come various derivatives, such as *straightway* (immediately), *straightlived*, *straightforward*, *straightforth*. The other word has come to mean *narrow*, as the *strait* gate.

Both words, with their derivatives, are to be found in the Bible, and are used about forty times each; though *strait* is practically the most frequent Scripture word, as it was probably the commoner word in our language, when the Bible was translated. There is one passage (JOB xii. 23) which shows very clearly how *strait* was understood: "He enlargeth nations, and *straiteneth* them again;" while the other word is explained in the familiar text from Isaiah, "The crooked shall be made *straight*;" and in the declaration about the bent woman who was healed, made *straight*.

It behooves Christian Scientists to take heed that their thoughts be *straitened*, or *confined* from evil; and that their ways be *straight*, — that is, *direct, sincere, honest*. The gateway leading to Life is so *strait*, (narrow) that few find it; and yet the way is so *straight* (strict, even) that one who would walk in it, and reach the Everlasting Kingdom, must turn neither to the right nor left; while the gate of evil, materiality, is so wide, and the way so broad, that the multitude surge easily through them, into a city full of mischief.

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human churches had not made it *respectable*, leading thousands to walk in that way, who would never have ventured into the path of open disgrace. By this very covering-up the offence spreads, and saps the life-blood of humanity. From this cause, more than any other, Rome fell. Shall America fall likewise?

One woman for one man, one man for one woman, no more!

Let every mother burn this with a hot iron into the mind of her son, let every father write it in indelible characters on the heart of his daughter, so that both shall forget the possibility of aught else. In this rule lies the only safety.

There is no better illustration of the broad, general doctrine of Jesus, that the mental action comes from the heart, the mind, and not of the action of Adultery. Sin is of the heart; and whosoever lusteth is hand. He who is angry is a murderer, was so, not the outward an adulterer. It was the heart he would do; the material act will and visible action; and if the heart is right, the thought right, be right also. Take care of the heart, make the act will be right and there is no need of further care; for all the rest follows of necessity.

Herein was the broad departure of Jesus from the former Dispensation. That would repress the outward act, would make clean the outside of the cup and platter. The New Dispensation, the would make clean the inward man; because if that were clean, the rest of the man must perforce be clean. Herein also lies the difference between the methods of Jesus and those of our modern law-makers. His law was for each individual, and could be applied only by the individual himself, in his own consciousness, with no need of a tribunal and no possibility of help, from any other tribunal; but modern legislators would right the world by codes of laws for every man by judges and juries and officers, as human and liable to error as themselves,—each one to look after and hold in check others, while in himself he breaks the very law which he enacts or is set to enforce.

Consider that first sentence of the text. No machinery of human contrivance can meet that violation, because, from the very nature of the case, there can be no accuser but the offender himself, no witnesses but himself; and therefore the case can come before no tribunal but his own conscience. So it is with all the laws of Jesus. They make each man his own accuser, his own witness, his own judge, his own jury; and no other person can enter into the case. As there can be no appeal to outside assistance, so

"He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her," [said Jesus]. And again he stooped down and wrote on the ground. . . . When Jesus had lifted up himself, and saw none but the woman, he said unto her: "Woman, where are thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee?"

She said, "No man, Lord." And Jesus said unto her, "Neither do I condemn thee! Go and sin no more." JOHN viii.

Divine Jesus! Unrelenting, inexorable, and terrible toward the sin; all tenderness, compassion, and mercy toward the sinner. Who doubts but that sinning woman went away as perfectly healed of her sin as was the Galilean leper of his leprosy.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

MRS. HEMANS.

Oh lovely Voices of the Sky,
That hymned the Saviour's birth,
Are ye not singing still on high,
Ye that sang "Peace on earth"?
To us yet speak the strains,
Wherewith, in days gone by,
Ye blessed the Syrian swains,
Oh Voices of the Sky!

Oh clear and shining Light, whose beams
That hour Heaven's glory shed
Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
And on the shepherd's head;
Be near, through life and death,
As in that holiest night
Of Hope and Joy and Faith,
Oh clear and shining Light!

Oh Star, which led to him whose love
Brought down man's ransom free;
Where art thou? — Midst the hosts above
May we still gaze on thee?
In Heaven thou art not set,
Thy rays earth might not dim;
Send them to guide us yet,
Oh Star which led to him!

It is the Devil's masterpiece, to make us think well of ourselves.

ANONYMOUS.

Home.

WHATSOEVER things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report,—if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise,—think on these things.

PAUL.

READING PICTURES.

WELL does the writer remember when he first heard this phrase. An old teacher said: "I see, in talking with your children, that you have taught them to read pictures!"

In a recent number of *The Ohio Educational Monthly and National Teacher* is an essay on this subject, worth reading. To read a picture is to tell what is in it. Are there birds or children, ask your little pupil how many. Let him tell you what else he can see: what the man is doing; whether the scene is in the country or city, in winter or summer,—and so on. Soon the child will be able to make a little story out of a picture; and he will be helped to do so by such questions as these: Where do you suppose the girl is going? What is the dog's name?

If you have children, read pictures with them. It will do you good, as well as teach the little ones to think. You will enjoy the hour, and so will they; and the influence will endure.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

MONTGOMERY.

CANDID and curious, how they seek
 All truth to know and scan;
 And ere the budding mind can speak,
 Begin to study man.
 Confiding sweetness colors all they say,
 And angels listen when they try to pray.

More playful than the birds of spring,
 Ingenuous, warm, sincere;
 Like meadow-bees upon the wing,
 They roam without a fear;
 And breathe their thoughts on all who round them live,
 As light sheds beams, or flowers their perfume give.

LOVE'S MESSAGE.

HELEN S. MADISON.

[Written for the JOURNAL.]

A FAIR little girl climbed up in a tree,
"To see how Heaven looked," she said.
Small notice she took of the long ascent,
Seeing only the sky o'erhead.

She mounted far up to the topmost branch,
Not once looking down to the ground,
Till its height was reached; then she gazed with joy,
At the glories which she had found.

"Come up where I am," she cried in delight,
To the children far down below.
"The higher I climb, the stranger you look,
And the smaller you seem to grow."

At the foot of the tree they still played on,
Deaf to her call to come higher.
With books, games, and toys, cakes, sweetmeats, and fruits,
What was left for them to desire?

But she who had toiled to such lofty height,
And revelled in beauty so rare,
Was saddened and pained to enjoy *alone*
A picture so wondrously fair.

So far had she climbed from her comrades' place,
She was lost to their thought and sight;
Yet backward she turned, and retraced her steps,
To urge them up toward the Light.

Some were in trouble, and others in pain,
When she stood again on the ground;
Freely partaking of things which they loved,
More sorrow than joy they had found.

Their sports and their games caused quarrels and tears;
And angry dissensions had grown
To heartaches and headaches,—penalties sure,
From the seeds of selfishness sown.

Gently and tenderly then spoke the child,
Of the pictures which she had seen,
Till their tears were dried and their pains had fled,
And peace reigned where discord had been.

To each one in turn did she show the way,
To ascend the tall, sturdy tree.
She planted their feet on its spreading limbs,
With unerring security.

Do you ask the end of this simple lay?
I am told, when her task was done,
An angel of Light bore her up on its wings,
With a song of victory won.

And that evermore from that wondrous hour,
When earth's children from sin would turn,
Her brave spirit guides, entreats, and uplifts
To Heaven's height, where Love's lamps brightly burn!

HOW THE GRAIN WAS PICKED UP.

M. W. M.

[Written for the JOURNAL.]

In one of our New England towns there lived a little girl whom we will call Minnie. She was left an orphan in earliest infancy. In process of time the babe found a welcome in the home of a farmer in a neighboring town. Into his family she was soon afterward adopted, and there she was loved and cared for as one of their own.

Four years passed, and found her a bright, wideawake little girl, enlivening all around with her joyous innocence and wit. She showed a special fondness for the farmer, going with him about his daily chores, until she was just as familiar with his routine of labor, about the home and its belongings, as the regular farm-help. If he wanted his tools in a hurry, and they were not in their proper place, an appeal to Minnie seldom failed of bringing them to hand. For a time this was a delight to her, until the calls became very numerous. Then her patience gave out, and she was heard to exclaim: "He has got to learn to find tools himself! Come Pap," as she sometimes would call him, for short, "get the hoe. See, here it is now, right in its place; and there is the shovel and rake, where they belong. A place for everything, you know! Mamma read to us last night about the golden minutes wasted in hunting up things that are out of place. Ain't tools *things*, Papa?"

"Well, yes, I s'pose so; but what's the odds, so long's you can get 'em for me, Minnie?"

"But when I can't be here, what then? Henry says I must go to school next summer; so you must learn now. I heard him tell Mamma, only today, that you'd got careless. What's that mean, Papa!" rejoined the child.

Without waiting for the reply she bounded off, saying softly to herself: "Well, I guess he's taught now."

On the morrow Cousin Willie was expected to spend a short time at the farmhouse,—a special guest for Minnie, as she thought, since he was about her own size and age. Coming from the crowded city, everything about the farm would be new and full of interest to him. He had heard, through his mother, about the cows and horses, geese, turkeys, and hens, but he was eager to see them for himself.

"Oh, I want to drive old Whiteface to pasture. S'pose she'll ring the bell for me, Mamma," said Willie.

"Without doubt, my son. It has tinkled at every movement of hers for these many years." How he did want to hear it! It was late in the evening when they arrived at the house, and Minnie waited up just long enough to see her playmate.

Both children were up bright and early in the morning, and had the barn and carriage-house pretty thoroughly inspected before breakfast.

"I shall be gone this forenoon," said the farmer to the children, "but there's plenty to amuse you here,—without doing any mischief, either." So kissing each child a goodbye, he started away to his work, leaving them to select from the whole farm their place of enjoyment.

In the shed adjoining the house were kept supplies of corn and oats, in separate barrels, which had been newly replenished with this food for the animals.

"Oh, now let's play store," said Willie, as he thrust both hands into the shining grain. "You have one kind and me the other, and play *sell*,—will you, Minnie?"

Innocently, ignorant that this was mischief, she readily consented, and the sport began. Presently their merry shouts and laughter brought her mother to the door, just in time to catch the shower of corn and oats, as it fell, well-aimed at Jemima the cat who was sitting on the beam overhead.

"Minnie, Minnie, my child, what does all this mean?" she exclaimed reprovingly, as she glanced around at the evidence of their frolic. "Every mite of this must be picked up before your

Father's return, for he will scold to see this awful waste, and you must work right smart to do it, too, for he is coming very soon.'"

She could trust Minnie's obedience to set about the task, for obedience was a lovely feature in the child's character; and so mother went back to her work.

"Come, Will, you gather the corn, and I will the oats, and get **them** into the barrel," said Minnie.

The grain which lay in heaps was easily gathered up; but as Minnie looked around, and saw all that was scattered, she exclaimed: "What shall I do? Didn't mother tell us to pick up all the loose kernels, Will?"

Quicker than Will could answer came a bright thought: "I bet the biddies are hungry." Out she ran into the yard, with a handful of corn, calling, *Chick, chick, chick*. Her call gathered to her the fowls of every kind from all quarters. They came flying and tumbling over each other, in their greediness, as Minnie threw the grain on the ground. When all were inside she closed the door upon them. Then she caught Willie's hand, and they both ran upstairs into the loft above to watch the process below. The scheme proved successful. The picking was done in a jiffy. Soon the door began to creak. Then came the greatest commotion of cackling and squawking, the feathers flying,—children shouting, and *shooing* the birds from the dooryard. You can best imagine how they made an eventful era in Willie's experience, not to be soon forgotten.

Since this story is based on an actual occurrence, it will no doubt be of interest to learn somewhat of another phase of Minnie's history. The farmwork had so much occupied the mother's time, that Minnie was compelled to lean upon herself for amusement. This developed the girl's energies, and tended to mature into active, self-reliant purpose. Although she had seemed a very frail child, yet she could brave all sorts of weather. She would tumble about, often bearing the marks of severe bruises and scratches; but a word from her mother, such as "You are not hurt," or "That is nothing to harm you," was sufficient to help her out of the difficulty. It was a Christian family; and this dear lady trusted in the fact of God's all-embracing Love to bless and keep, according to His promise.

In the course of events there came to this home the blessed heavenly visitant known as Christian Science, which the mother recognized as the Healing Truth for which she had long prayed.

On waking one morning, Minnie found that she could not speak aloud, but whispered to her mother: "I guess I have got a good cold now." Just for the instant, to the mother also, the danger seemed imminent: but having been taught the rudiments of Christian Science, she realized that Christ, Omnipotent Truth, was present to heal, and calmly she answered the child in the negative.

Minnie paused a moment. Then, catching her mother's words, in childish trust, she rose in the bed, and stoutly bracing herself up, exclaimed: "Well, I guess I hain't got cold;" giving at the same time a strong *hem*, which caused every vestige of difficulty to disappear at once. Then she dressed herself, and ran about as usual, to the great surprise even of the mother, this being her first effort in the line of demonstration. Her gratitude to God for the proof was truly blessed. We wonder not that Jesus said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Let each and all of us, as we have opportunity, seek to lead the young thought to this Christ-refuge, educating it in the sheltering sense of God, as Good universal, and His dear Love as guarding from fear of evil. A Truth-filled mind is the preservative from evil.

BOSSY AND THE DAISY.

MARGARET DELAND.

[In Old Garden and Other Verses.]

BRIGHT up into Bossy's eyes
Looked the Daisy boldly;
But, alas! to his surprise,
Bossy ate him coldly.

Listen! Daisies in the fields,
Hide away from Bossy!
Daisies make the milk she yields,
And her coat grow glossy.

So, each day, she tries to find
Daisies nodding sweetly;
And, although it's most unkind,
Bites their heads off neatly.

Animal Magnetism.

THE land that Thou gavest unto our fathers, to eat the fruit thereof and the good thereof, behold we are servants in it; and it yieldeth much increase unto the kings whom Thou hast set over us, because of our sins. Also they have dominion over our bodies and over our cattle, at their pleasure, and we are in great distress.

NEHEMIAH.

WHEN they shall say to you :

“Inquire of their necromancers and wizards,
That peep and murmur ;”

Then say ye : “Should not a people inquire of their God?
Should they inquire of the dead for the living?”

ISAIAH.

SPIRITUAL PERIL.

M. W. M.

THERE comes to our notice, from time to time, reports that Christian Science is a dangerous study, inasmuch as it unfolds the Scriptural fact that God is too pure to behold iniquity, notwithstanding it furnishes unmistakable proofs of the verity of this assertion. That it gives no license whatever to evil-doing will be seen in the following statement, to be found in the pamphlet entitled Christian Science : No and Yes :

God is Truth, and the law of Life and Truth is the law of Christ, destroying all sense of sin and death. It does more than forgive the false sense, named sin; for it pursues and punishes it, and will not let sin go until it is destroyed,—until nothing is left to be forgiven, to suffer, or to be punished.

It is too awful a fact to contemplate, that a student should leave Mrs. Eddy's class, and so pervert her teaching on this point as to make the fact of God's absolute purity serve as the excuse for iniquitous indulgence, in the face of this intelligent law and its penalty. On the other hand, what is the legitimate outcome of this disclosure, when understood, but the hope of salvation to mortals, even Life from the dead?

Hear the voice of Truth : “Come now, and let us reason together. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.” (ISAIAH i. 18.) How is this to be accomplished, save as we have the

Mind of Christ, each to think and act for ourselves? "Work out your own salvation," according to Jesus' perfect model, and overcome the so-called Man of Sin, or the world, the flesh, and the Devil — evil.

There are present developments, in the practice of Christian Science Mind-healing, which expose the Serpent, however blandly and cunningly concealed, which permeates more or less the adulterated teaching of this hour, and falsely assumes to be Christian Science. This evil may be recognized, as a rule, by a willingness manifested to accept the theory, and appropriate it for self-interest and self-aggrandizement, perchance to attribute the discovery to its rightful possessor, but disclaiming meanwhile her right to the leadership thereof, sealed, though it be, with the impress of Spirit. "There shall be one fold, and one Shepherd."

Through this mental misleading is appearing the cloud in the horizon of experience, which shadows forth the approach of another important epoch in Christian history, marked, as of old, by the cry, "Give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone out."

A STRANGE DANGER.

[From *The Boston Herald.*]

It seems almost like a return to the old laws against witchcraft, when we read of the strict legal enactments which two leading European countries have already deemed it necessary to make concerning Hypnotism. The reality of that strange mental and physical condition having been scientifically established, cases of its abuse have become frequent enough to cause stringent legislation against it in France and Denmark.

In France, public exhibitions of Hypnotism — or Mesmerism, as it is more frequently called — have been prohibited, and severe penalties have been enacted against the hypnotizing of one person by another, except the operator be a physician, and then only with the written consent of the subject, and in the presence of another physician. The fact that, under the influence of what is called *hypnotic suggestion*, one person may be made a passive instrument in the hands of another, absolutely unconscious and doing whatever the operator may will, is the reason for this.

Elaborate and repeated scientific experiments have proven that a person may thus be made unconsciously to commit any manner

of crime, so that one may be punished for an act of which he is morally innocent, while the real criminal remains secure. The hypnotized subject might even be made to commit suicide after his deed, and thus all possibility of tracing the real criminal would be removed.

This opens up a startling range of possibilities; and the whole matter might seem incredible, had not the most thorough scientific inquiry caused grave legislative bodies to take action, considered none too timely, to prevent the springing-up of profound and awfully serious evils.

It is notable that, of two new dangers which threaten modern society, one is the use of terrible explosives by lawless people, and the other is the use of an intangible mental force, for the accomplishment of criminal ends.

PROPITIATION OF THE DEAD.

A BOSTON DAILY quotes the following pithy sentences from a bright writer:

Who cares for the cast-off bones of a mortal? It's all sentimental folly. Pagans and Christians both know better than to care for something that is of no value. The Pagans were propitiating the ghosts of their relations, when they coddled the remains. And I'm sure the newest developments of Christianity, as a Science, prove that the body is of no value at all. Spirit is Substance; Spirit is King.

INFLUENCE ABUSED.

WORDSWORTH.

URGED by ambition, she, with subtlest skill,
Changes her mien. The enthusiast, as a dupe,
Shall soar; and, as a hypocrite, can stoop,
And turn the instruments of good to ill,
Moulding the credulous people to her will.
Such Dunstan! From its Benedictine coop
Issues the master mind, at whose fell swoop
The chaste affections tremble to fulfil
Their purposes. Behold, pre-signified,
The night of spiritual sway! His thoughts, his dreams,
Do in the supernatural world abide;
So vaunt a throng of followers, filled with pride,
In shows of virtue, pushed to its extremes,
And sorceries, of talent misapplied.

Agates.

AND I will make thy windows of Agates.

ISAIAH.

THE meek are not those who are never angry, for such are insensible; but those who, feeling anger, control it, and are angry when they ought to be. Meekness excludes revenge, irritability, morbid sensitiveness, but not self-defence, or a quiet and steady maintenance of rights.

THEOPHYL.

HE that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit in the centre and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the midday sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

MILTON.

WE must lend an attentive ear, for God's voice is soft and still, and is only heard by those who hear nothing else. Ah, how rare it is to find a soul still enough to hear God speak!

FENELON.

THE vision changes on the pictured scene;
The pallid victim fades, and in his place
Comes a victorious, steadfast, glorious mien,
The true Christ's face.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

WHEN thou art obliged to speak, be sure to speak the truth; for equivocation is halfway to lying, and lying is the whole way to Hell.

WILLIAM PENN.

FOR each and all of life,
In every phase of action, love, and joy,
There is fulfilment only elsewhere.

KING.

GOD speaks to our hearts through the voice of remorse.

DE BEMIS.

Healing : Communications and Cases.

AND try Me now in this, saith Jehovah of Hosts,—
Whether I will not open to you the Windows of Heaven,
And pour out upon you a blessing. MALACHI.

KANSAS TESTIMONY.

A TERRIBLE accident befell our little Lizzie last fall. She was thrown from a horse, dragged several blocks, and was unconscious most of the time for three days. She seemed to recover from this; but for the last four or five months she has had a cough, and most of the time she has been very miserable. She would complain of pain in the head, which she carried forward or on one side, and said it felt as though it would drop off. She also complained of soreness of the spine, just below the neck. She had a gathering in her head, and afterwards much pain in ears and teeth. I write thus minutely to show you how ill she was. After receiving your last letter, which I have read and re-read to understand the Truth, I said to her one day: "Lizzie, you are perfectly well, and now I will tell you why. All your strength is from God, and your Life is God. You can do nothing except as He gives you strength to do it. Know that God is perfect, and that His strength is perfect strength. There can be no imperfection or weakness in you. He created you perfect, in His own image and likeness." This, and much more, was said to her, and she said she understood it.

That day, a physician, a near neighbor, said he would prepare a tonic for her. He left the bottle at the house, but it has never been opened. This occurred about three weeks ago, and a greater transformation I never witnessed. She seems as well as ever, eats heartily, plays, and acts like herself. The first few days I watched her closely, and when I would say, "Lizzie, you feel all right, do you not?" She would always answer, "I *am* all right, anyway." I have since asked her if her head had ached since our conversation. She said: "Once or twice it commenced to ache; but I thought of what you told me, and the ache stopped at once." Before, she looked like a corpse,—so frail and lifeless. Now she is full of life, and looks as well as ever. I think it is perfectly wonderful.

J. S. B.

DIVERS AILMENTS.

MRS. ELLIOTT, Dear Friend: I feel it my bounden duty to acknowledge to you and the world the great benefit I have received through the treatment of Christian Science. I came here suffering from nervous prostration, dyspepsia, liver-complaint and kidney-trouble, of all of which I am cured, besides enjoying the restoration of my sight. I am seventy years old, and have used glasses for twenty years. I am now reading and writing without the use of glasses, and words can not express how thankful I am for the blessing of sight through Christian Science.

MRS. S. JENNINGS.

Des Moines.

SCARLET-FEVER AND RHEUMATISM

A CASE was treated at night, and the child arose well the next morning. A woman came asking if anything could be done for her husband, who was screaming, and could neither sit nor stand, from rheumatism. He was relieved at once, and healed in four treatments. Both these cases were cured absently.

LAURA E. SARGENT.

CHILDBIRTH.

FOR several years I have been suffering from heart-disease, dyspepsia, and prolapsus uteri, all of which have yielded readily to the treatments of Mrs. Hall, who also gave me absent treatment at the birth of my fifth child, when I employed no physician. The baby was born in a few minutes, with but little pain, and I ate a hearty dinner of roast chicken, a few hours after, without any bad effects. I had scarcely any after-pains, was up the third day, and have done all my housework since the fifth day.

Baby, now seven months old, is bright and healthy. I have nursed her without any trouble, which I was not able to do with my other children. Thanks to Christian Science, and the kindness of Mrs. Hall, who has been a faithful friend in time of trouble.

KATE BIGLER.

Denver, Colorado.

OVARIAN TUMOR.

DEAR JOURNAL: I wish to write you of my experience. I am willing the whole world should know that I once walked in darkness, but now I see a great light; once I was blind, but now I can see.

Knowing nothing of Christian Science Mind-healing, I was asked by a friend if I would go with her and see Mr. and Mrs. Hardy, Christian Scientists, 184 Niagara Street, Buffalo. I wished very much then to be made well, if it was God's will. Since then, I have found that it is not His will that any should suffer; that He is no more the author of sickness than He is of sin; and that there is no law of His to support the necessity of sin or sickness, but divine authority for denying that necessity.

In the fall of 1877 I was taken with what my physician said was typhoid fever. I surprised him by not dying, but going into a worse condition than I had been in before. He said that I had an ovarian tumor, and that the pressure of that upon the bowels prevented their natural evacuation. Finally my friends, becoming alarmed, changed the attending physician, and called two of the most skilful surgeons in this city. After examination they decided that I had two strictures of the intestines, one beyond the reach of instruments, the other in the rectum.

In the two years following I was put under the influence of chloroform twenty-nine times, and had very severe surgical operations each time; but a higher power than theirs kept me from the belief of death. Then they left me uncured, but with the belief that I could live but a short time. Ten years I have been in bondage to sickness and suffering, and to the use of suppositories medicated with morphine and belladonna.

After the second treatment by Mrs. Hardy I laid aside the suppositories forever, and began to improve. After two weeks of treatment I can say I am healed. I have long been searching after Truth, and now I have found it. Like Job, when he apprehended that mortal man was an error, I exclaim: "I have believed Thee with the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee."

If we would attain this perfect stature, we must cease to speak of "the first principles" of Christ, and press on unto perfection. "Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good."

MRS. H. W. MORGAN.

BAD HABITS.

DEAR JOURNAL: I am glad to tell what Christian Science has done for me, through the demonstrations of Mrs. Baker, of North Hanson.

Last Thanksgiving I began treatment, telling her some of my troubles. I was immediately relieved, and am now cured of ailments she knew nothing about. I have not since had, except once, the desire to use tobacco. The thirst for anything intoxicating is destroyed. Constipation, my chronic trouble, is cured entirely, yet was only treated about one month.

Now I am taking a course of study with Mrs. B. H. Goodall, and am learning to help others. I value the spiritual understanding far more than the physical benefits I have received from healing.

E. W. EVERSON.

Whitman, Mass.

NEURALGIA AND DYSPEPSIA.

DEAR JOURNAL: I wish to state, through your columns, how much Christian Science has done for me. I had dyspepsia, and my food distressed me. I had a terrible burning sensation in my stomach, was afflicted with neuralgia in my head, and had so much nervousness that I could not sleep. I heard of the wonderful cures which Mrs. M. J. Wiggins had made here in Denver, and elsewhere, and I put myself under her care. In eight treatments I was well, and able to attend to all my household duties. Words can not express my thankfulness. To Mrs. Wiggins's praise, be it said, she never turns the poor from her door, treating all alike, with or without remuneration.

MRS. M. A. HAZELHOOD.

WE should forget our bodies, in remembering God and the human race. Good demands of man every hour, wherein to work out the problem of Being. Consecration to God lessens not man's dependence on Him, but heightens it. Neither does it diminish his obligations to God; but shows the paramount necessity of meeting them. Science takes naught from the perfection of God, but ascribes to Him the greater glory.

REV. M. B. G. EDDY, in *Science and Health*.

Church and Association.

THE Church of the Living God, the pillar and ground of Truth.

PAUL.

CHURCH-CARD COMMITTEE.

THERE was an inadvertent omission of the Committee names, at the end of the item about Church-Building Cards, on page 424, in the November number of this JOURNAL. The address was correctly given, 39 Greenwich Park; but the names of the Committee should have been added: Mrs. Clara E. Troup and Mr. William B. Johnson. This Church-Card Committee is separate from the Church-Fair Committee, whose plans were also noted in the same number of the JOURNAL, page 427.

CHURCH, HEALING, AND SPIRIT.

[Extract from a letter.]

IF the author of the following would comment as justly on the moral influence of the Church, as he does on a work which is theological as well as hygienic, his article would be welcome in our JOURNAL:

True Christianity began to wane, as Truth became hid in churches and ritualistic forms; and just in proportion as you lay more stress on the formation of church-organizations and high-sounding institutes, than you do on the work of healing, will your cause decline, and eventually be lost. It is the practical work of doing good, so beautifully illustrated in Science and Health, that appeals so forcibly to others, and draws so many to you and the Cause.

Not all your churches and preachers will do as much to win people to the Truth, as the few good healers, who are never heard of except in the homes of the people. But the Cause is now greater than Mrs. Eddy, who, having given the truth to the world, cannot recall or control it. Science and Health, her masterpiece, is greater than any Church which she or her followers can establish. This book, or, rather, the truth therein, needs no church to proclaim it or bolster it. The author far outranks any ministerial title; and Mary Eddy will be remembered when Rev. Mrs. Eddy is forgotten.

The truths inculcated in her Science will outlive any church or creed. While I condemn the mistaken policy of embalming any truths, any religion so much grander than the lifeless and idolatrous forms of a church, it does me good to hear how much is being done by the patient, quiet mothers in behalf of Truth, to make glad the homes of the people.

M. C. S.

CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST ASSOCIATION.

THE regular monthly meeting of this Association was held in the vestry of Tremont Temple, Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 2, and was called to order by the chairman, at the usual hour, with quite a large representation of members present. The usual routine business was despatched in harmony, all being eager for the Good of the Order, that they might enjoy the thoughts advanced by the various speakers.

The first who took the platform read selections from the New Testament (MATTHEW x. and LUKE xxiv.), afterward advancing thoughts which furnished topics for the remainder of the afternoon. The speaker was very earnest and impressive, calling all to walk in the footsteps of Truth and Love.

L.

FAIR MATTERS.

It is hoped that our absent friends will be prompt with their donations for the Fair, in aid of the Church-Building Fund. Remember that it is to be held December 19, 20, 21, at Horticultural Hall, Boston. We trust that a large number of our friends, from the West and elsewhere, will find it possible to be present with us. This will be an excellent opportunity for Scientists to meet each other, and discuss the progress and growth of the work.

Hearty thanks are extended to the many friends who have so far made donations of money or articles. Results already afford promise that it will be a successful undertaking.

Contributions can be sent to Mrs. M. F. Eastaman, 85 Broadway, Chelsea, Mass., or to Mrs. S. H. Crosse, 19 Berwick Park, Boston, Mass.

S. H. C.

BUILDING-FUND.

FROM Miss M. E. Wood, of Beloit, Wisconsin, a student of Dr. S. J. Sawyer, of Milwaukee, we receive five dollars toward the Church-building Fund. If all our Western brothers and sisters would do likewise, they would greatly assist a work which will prove an advantage to every Scientist in the country, as well as to humanity in general.

Editorial Outlook.

THE eternal round of Truth.	ANONYMOUS.
THE power of an endless Life.	HEBREWS.
THE care of discipline is Love.	WISDOM.
THE Spirit is Life, because of righteousness.	ROMANS.
WITHOUT rebuke, holding forth the Word of Life.	PAUL.

CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS is coming, bright and gay,
 With sound of mirth and ring of sleigh.
 Give heed to One whose radiant love
 Shone o'er our world from Heaven above,—
 Who made this earth a globe of light,
 Till darkling human thought turned bright;
 Then go, as he would bid you do,
 If he were with us here below,
 And help some weary heart to rest
 Upon your Saviour's tender breast.

HOLIDAY THOUGHTS.

How they come all at once, these holidays. Birds of a feather flock together. Love one another! is said to have been the dying injunction of John the apostle; but Love is always alive, never dead. Life and Love are eternally one.

JACK.

SOME months ago Miss Phelps published, in a monthly, a pathetic story. Jack is a sailor. He marries a girl whom he finds in the streets, but who has a true womanly nature beneath her doubtful exterior. There is some happiness for them; but rum and jealousy lead finally to wife-murder and suicide.

Now this story comes from Houghton, Mifflin & Co., in book-form, with twenty admirable illustrations, by C. W. Reed. On the rough-papered board covers is a rude cross, which may stand both for the crucifix tattooed on Jack's arm, and for the mast of his ship.

A sad and thrilling story,—one common enough among us; as it will ever be, till human hearts are cleansed of unrighteousness.

PLEA FOR THE PRINTER.

WHY do some contributors persistently write on two sides of a sheet, instead of one? Why do they use the short *and* (&) instead of spelling the word out properly? Why do they contract *yours* into *yrs*, and *month* into *mo*, and *Jesus Christ* into *J Xt*? These abbreviations are all very well in private correspondence, where *cd*, *wd*, *shd*, *wh*, *wch*, can be understood as standing for *could*, *would*, *should*, *with*, *which*, and your friend can jump at your meaning; but when you write for the press, your manuscript should indicate precisely what you wish to appear in print.

Spell your words correctly. You have no right to assume that the typesetter will know how to spell better than yourself. If he does, lucky for you; but do not presume upon his knowledge.

Never put a dash (—) where you want only a comma (,) or a period (.) or semi-colon (;) or a colon (:). Never write parentheses (—) where you want brackets [—], for their significance is quite different. Never underscore a word (thus) unless you wish it put in *Italics* (*thus*). Remember, if you put two lines under a word (thus), it means, to the printer, that you want the word printed in small capitals (THUS). Three lines beneath a word or letter mean ordinary capitals, the large ones (THUS).

Use capital letters only where you want them. Carefully indicate, preferably by the paragraph sign (§), where you wish a new paragraph to begin.

People often complain of printers' carelessness, and with reason. Printers are much like other mortals. We are all careless, more or less. Mistakes will happen, even in the best of families. Nevertheless, the majority of errors are in the manuscript,—the *copy*, as a printer calls it. Carefully prepare *that*, and then growl if things go wrong. Go wrong, they certainly will; but a vast body of errors will be avoided.

Men say flippantly, "Oh, I leave all that to the printer!" when they speak of punctuation and paragraphing. How is *he* to know how you mean your sentences to be read or divided, unless you write them properly? By what right do you thrust your burdens upon him? He is not paid extra for your blunders. Upon the punctuation and division of sentences, their whole meaning often depends. The absence of a comma, in the registration of a certain United States law, made a difference of thousands of dollars in customhouse fees.

"How are we to know about capitals and commas, and all the rest of your jargon?" This is a question often asked. Answer: By using your eyes when you read! To be sure, there are differences in style. One book *caps* the pronouns, such as *His* and *He*, when they refer to God,—as is the practice of this JOURNAL; while others do not make this distinction. It is our practice, also, to *cap* Truth, Soul, and other such words, when they mean Deity. In these matters there are differences of taste and custom; but, in general, the same rules prevail wherever the English language is printed. The Germans capitalize all nouns, common as well as proper; but in English it is not customary to use capitals with common nouns, unless they are at the beginning of a sentence, or in a peculiar list.

Use your eyes, and they will teach you lots of things,—many of them apparently unknown to some of the leading men and women in the country; for the most prominent writers often send the printer the worst copy.

N. B. Write with good black ink, not with pencil; for the latter is easily rubbed, and always hard on editorial eyes.

NATURAL LAW IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.

THIS is the title of a book of 222 pages, by Henry Wood. The body of it is excellently printed and well punctuated. Lee and Shepard, Boston, are the publishers. In sixteen chapters are discussed such topics as Labor, Supply, Poverty, Socialism (to which the author is opposed), Centralization (which he favors), State Arbitration (in which he does not greatly believe), Corporations (which he endorses), Crises, Capital. Mr. Wood expresses himself in distinct terms, and his illustrations are apt. He shows us that in this country all workers tend to become capitalists,—that is, to lay up money in banks or stocks; yet that not a tithe of our citizens are able to live on the income from their accumulations. He shows clearly the tyranny of most trade-unions, the general error of strikes, and the futility of all attempts to find royal roads to human equality.

The volume is issued at the low price of thirty cents, but special rates are offered to buyers who would like to circulate it for the stimulation of rational thought.

BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW.

IF ever a hard task was set the Children of Israel, it was to make bricks without proper materials.

Apply the thought to this JOURNAL, and do not ask impossibilities. If you want better articles, write them, or find them, and send to the publishers.

Some people think it would be better always to have short articles,—not over three pages long, say. Very well! Send them! To be sure, such brief articles are not to be found in magazines of this size and quality. Taking up at random a religious monthly, whose general articles are in pages of the same size and type as our own, we find the first article filling fourteen pages; the second, twelve pages; the third, ten; the fourth, eighteen; the shortest being four pages; while among the lesser literary notices, in smaller type, one covers a dozen pages and another six; yet this whole magazine is only twenty pages larger than our own.

In a JOURNAL like the *Christian Science*, some departments naturally admit short pieces, but in the main body of the magazine the contributions need to be worthy of their place, without regard to length. Sometimes the Spirit may move to an article of three pages, like Rev. Mrs. Eddy's paper in the November number,—like some good essays, even shorter, which have appeared in previous JOURNALS, and are to be found in this December number; but broadly it must be said: If authors have aught to say, they must say it in their own way. Literary matter can not be snipped off into lengths, like yards of tape; nor is it fair to materially alter a writer's sentiments or style, if his language makes his ideas clear, and his style is not absolutely incorrect.

There are clamorers for short sermons; but as a matter of fact, great preachers have always been long preachers. Chalmers, Beecher, Channing, Bellows, Bossuet, rarely finished their sermons in thirty minutes. Note the length of the sermons published by Spurgeon and Phillips Brooks. There was once a Boston preacher whose sermons were popular because of their brevity; but, so far as one can learn, this was their chief excellence. A noted Baptist clergyman and author has just passed away, of whom the young men used to say: "Let us go and hear Dr. Gramniverous. He's always short!" Apparently his sermons were good and useful, but not remarkable.

Brevity is indeed the soul of wit, but not necessarily of logic and religion. Jesus uttered short parables, and the Sermon on the Mount was not long. Nay, the Gospels are short histories; and the Epistles, though long for letters, are not so for books. If somebody would only send us such parables, addresses, and epistles, they would be gladly welcomed. Pending this happy day, we must use such grain as comes to our mill; and such three-page articles, as are asked for, are thrown into our hopper only semi-occasionally. When they come, you have them, dear reader! Meanwhile "possess your souls in patience," and when you have the inspiration to pen strong essays, and the leisure to condense them into small compass, send them along; and the blessing shall be both yours and ours. Remember, nevertheless, that if this JOURNAL can not make bricks without straw, it certainly can not accomplish this desirable end without clay, wherefrom to mould the bricks, and fire, wherewith to bake them.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.

A WELLSPRING of joy in every house is this admirable periodical. "Do you take it for your children?" is our inquiry of friends from Kansas. "Indeed we do," our friends reply.

The circulation is simply enormous. Behold what good comes out of the financial profits! Go up to the Ruggles-Street Baptist Church, in Boston, some day. Not only listen to the grand music, which costs so many thousands a year, and to the preaching, but go into the big Sunday-school. Note, moreover, the many philanthropies connected with the church, besides its singing-school and literary associations. Go down stairs to the lunch-room Sunday noon, and see how wisely and well the waiting are fed. Inquire how so much good is done, and you will be referred to the proprietor of this little weekly, as the main supporter of that church,—as unostentatious and modest as he is efficient. You could visit other churches also, and learn a similar story,—that the profits from *The Youth's Companion* are freely and worthily used.

These facts are cited because they are in themselves interesting, not because they make the paper a good one; but it is good, all the same. Its excellence is based on very different grounds, however. It is thoroughly readable, from beginning to end, every week. In Hezekiah Butterworth it enjoys the editorship of the

wielder of a sagacious and skilful pen. Contributors are well paid. Two millions of readers go over their stories, poems, and sketches.

In 1888 there will be six illustrated serial stories, two-hundred short stories, besides poems and other articles, by Gladstone, Tyndall, Lord Wolseley, Louisa Alcott, Trowbridge, Stephens. The subscription is only \$1.75, and subscribers will receive the Double Thanksgiving and Christmas numbers, in addition to the regular numbers for next year.

MARGARET DELAND'S POEMS.

BINDING, odd enough,—a sort of chintz cover, flower-printed, against a smooth white back. Under the caption *Old Garden*, are a dozen poems, with floral titles, including an odd flower called *Butter and Eggs*. The next section, *Nature*, contains similar poems. Then come *Love Songs*, *Poems of Life*, *Verses for Children*. A minor chord runs through the book, though not all writ in sadness. Measures often abrupt, and sentences often incomplete, are as peculiar as the make-up of the volume. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

CHRIST'S RELATION TO GOD AND MAN.

HERE are two extracts from a new book, called *The Christian Revelation of God the Basis of True Philosophy*, written by Elliot Stock :

As Son of Man our Lord claimed not *equality* with the race, but *unity*: so he claimed not *equality*, but that which is greater than equality, oneness, with the Father: for whether as between man and man, or man and God, equality has in it the idea of separateness. The highest reciprocity of Love is unity or completeness. In his matured discernment of the divine origin and essential nature of manhood, he revealed the fact that in true Being the Eternal Father and the Son are one,—not merely in himself as the first who became conscious of the fact, but in everyone born into the world.

In short, there is nothing which he [Christ] claimed, or that is claimed for him in the Scriptures, of which the inherent power and possibility is not affirmed of every member of humanity, except that Headship or Captaincy of Salvation, which necessarily belongs to the spiritual maturity of the Elder Brother. That, however, is not a distinction of nature, but of office. He reigns as the head of the organic body of humanity, which is the Body of God, until the whole is perfected.

THE GATES BETWEEN.

HAVING written of *The Gates Ajar*, and *The Gates Beyond*, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps now turns her attention to those *between*,—meaning, perhaps, those between this world and the next,—though there is some obscurity on this point.

As a speculative fiction, her story has interest. A physician marries his ideal, whom he meets among the mountains. One day, in a weary moment, he uses some harsh and hasty words. On his way to the hospital, within the half-hour, he is killed. After wandering about for awhile, able to go everywhere except to his old home, the dead man finds his boy in Heaven, and through him is gradually led to renounce his former unbelief.

As a serious presentation of thought, Miss Phelps's book is hardly worth much attention. Of course it is unscientific, in every sense of that word. The Doctor's ghost can tamper with the lock of a State-Street door, so that the police notice it; he can move paper about, and write the name of the loved wife; yet this same ghost can not ring an electric bell, can neither make himself heard nor felt. In fact, he is so powerless a spectre that he can not influence the minds of those whom he meets, and is unable to recognize his own child. We exclaim, at once, with Hamlet, "Alas, poor ghost!"

Theologically the story is liberal. Hellfire is conspicuous by its absence. Everybody in the Otherworld is on the road to salvation, though it be not yet reached. The punishment of the hero's Infidelity is in himself, in his own mind, in the absence of the spiritual preparation he needs for the right apprehension of things heavenly. In this respect (though *not* in its *quasi*-Spiritualism, of a very material quality!) the book is in accord with Christian Science. It teaches, as Science and Health teaches, that not by change of material place, from one world into another, do mortals gain Truth and Life, but by a right moral and mental development, out of matter, into Mind and Spirit.

Though compelled to make these strictures on Miss Phelps's teachings, equal candor demands the assertion that her story is charmingly told, though her theory will not hold water. Probably she does not demand this utility of her speculations, but only means to hint at certain religious verities, which can never be well described with our clumsy material words and metaphors. This she does in passages of high pathos. The monologue wherein Esmerald Thorne grieves his wife, just before their earthly parting, is a marvellous piece of verbal fidelity.

Economic Hints.

IF anyone provideth not for his own, and especially for those of his Own House, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an unbeliever.

PAUL TO TIMOTHY.

GRITLI'S CHILDREN.

THOSE who remember Johanna Spyri's story of Heidi will be more than glad of another from her pen. A sick German child is taken to Switzerland, where she passes away. In her place the mother adopts a delicate little Swiss peasant-girl, who has a hard time in caring for her step-brothers and sisters, though she is not abused. The life of the village-school children is vividly depicted and full of nature. The translation, by Louise Brooks, is published by Cupples & Hurd, in handsome form. Price, \$1.50

A SONG-BOOK.

THE Children's Musical Gift-Book, illustrated, "Tunes and rhymes for present times," published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, will be for sale at the Fair, to be held in Horticultural Hall, December 19-21. It is a good book for home or school. Neither melodies nor words can fail of giving pleasure to parents as well as children.

CENTRALIZATION.

BOYLSTON STREET is destined to become a business centre. Those popular artists, the NOTMAN PHOTOGRAPHIC CO., are soon to open an elegant new studio, for the accommodation of Back Bay residents, at 184 Boylston Street, in conjunction with the old one on Park Street.

OUR PASTOR'S HYMN.

THE author of the hymn Christ My Refuge, Rev. Mary B. G. Eddy, has had it set to music. It is printed on large sheets, and illustrated with a handsome vignette. The harmony is tender and sweet, and the hymnal is arranged as a quartet, by the composer, I. I. Harwood, C.S.

The profits accruing from the sale of this hymn are given to our Church-building Fund.

Price 25 cents. For sale at Massachusetts Metaphysical College, 571 Columbus Avenue; at the Academy of Christian Science, 192 Dartmouth Street, Boston; and at Oliver Ditson & Co.'s Music Store, 451 Washington Street, Boston.

— THE —

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE JOURNAL.

For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God, to the pulling down of strongholds.—PAUL.

VOL. V.

JANUARY, 1888.

No. 10.

SPARKS.

A. M. C.

IN the older time of broad hearths and open fireplaces, of wood-fires, huge backlogs, brilliant flames, and glowing coals, there was occasionally a commotion in the burning pile, which would shoot out sparks, sometimes singly and sometimes almost in a shower, lending a new brightness and activity to the scene, even though evanescent. At the forge, too, where the hammer comes down on the red-hot iron, brilliant, glittering particles follow the blow, and go out, only to be repeated with each successive stroke.

Sparks are of very small value in the economy of nature, and are very short-lived; and yet sometimes a spark originates a steady flame, where all was darkness before. I offer these detached thoughts with the hope that some of them may, for a moment if no longer, faintly illuminate the path for a searcher after Truth, and show the way to better things.

It is astonishing how gleams of light sometimes shine through the darkness in an unexpected way, and it is astonishing how our enemies occasionally give the most unqualified testimony in favor of truths, which frequently

are comprehended only in part by adherents of Christian Science. There is a recent illustration, exactly in point. A gentleman who was at one time very ardent in his professions of loyalty to the Science,—but who is now doing his utmost against both it and its Founder, and who would destroy both if he could,—says, in a recent publication, that the doctrine is “the more effective in proportion as its devotees religiously keep it pure, by abstaining from all reading and hearing of aught but the pure truth, or *Christian Science*, as it is designated by them.”

This is a point insisted on by the Founder of Christian Science, in all her teachings; and here we have the testimony of one who has been her pupil, but who has since gone after other things, directly endorsing her position,—that success is in exact proportion to faithful adherence to Truth, and exclusion of error.

All who think Mrs. Eddy is exacting would do well to consider this lesson. It is in precise accord with the principle laid down by the Master eighteen-hundred years ago: “Ye cannot serve two masters.”

THE simple but fundamental and comprehensive principles of Christian Science are often but poorly understood. This is seen in the distortions which are produced of Science. The race has been taught, so long and so persistently, that man is a creature apart from God, that when we say that he is *God's idea*, most persons leap at once to the conclusion that man is God. Nothing could be farther from the fact; and nothing is farther from the teaching of our Science.

The reader, who cares to do so, can consult (on this point) *Science and Health*, page 235, third paragraph; and page 412, last paragraph.

Man is God's idea; but the idea, the thought, is not the thinker; it is the product of the thinker. The difference is similar to that between the producer and the thing produced; only in the material world, as we sense it, there is a separation which can never exist in the universe of Mind. The thought is of the same substance as the

thinker, and can never be separated from the thinker, and yet it is a separate entity. Man thinks, and he utters his thought to his fellow-men. It goes out to them, and is recognized by them, as separate from the thinker who uttered it. It is with them, and is recognized by them, as of the thinker. Nevertheless, it is with the thinker, just as much as before the utterance. It is his, and he knows it is of himself; although it has found lodgment with thousands of others. This is a finite and imperfect comparison, but it is a nearer approximation to the fact of existence than the material comparison can be.

As the relation between the spiritual man and his thought is much closer than that which seems to exist between the material man and his creation, and as man's thought is much more nearly himself than is the house he builds, so is the relation between the Infinite and His idea much closer, for they are much more nearly allied. God is All, and man is His idea; and the whole is in exact harmony with the declaration of Revelation, that God made man in His own likeness and image.

THE denial of a real existence for evil (and this denial is an absolute necessity, if God is All, because He is not evil) is sometimes misunderstood. Science is Science only as it adheres, with mathematical accuracy, to Principle, and therefore to Harmony.

If God exists, evil does not; but the Christian Scientist knows that God does exist, in omnipotence, omnipresence, and omniscience. God is Love, God is Good, God is All; hence evil is not a reality; but while we deny that evil has an existence in reality, we are all of us aware that it does have a seeming existence, which is in every respect the reverse of what we know God to be. This *seeming* is not denied by us; but the *reality* is denied.

The seeming, even though it actually is nothing, appears to be terribly real to all mankind.

In the Bible we find men addressed in language they can understand; and so long as the race is in thralldom to sense,

we must be addressed in language which sense can comprehend. The Sermon on the Mount, with its wonderful spiritual revelations, was couched in terms the most ignorant could appreciate.

If we believe evil is real, there is no way but to avoid it. Therefore the writers of the Bible all command us to walk not in its ways. So do Christian Scientists, but we know the understanding of its nothingness is mighty to assist in the avoidance of the belief. We know, with Christ, that knowledge of the Truth shall make us free.

IF not properly understood, the following statement might appear to have some force :

By denying the existence of evil, it [Christian Science] destroys its own alleged vocation, which is to destroy evil ; as it was with Christ, whom its votaries profess to follow.

The error in the above statement lies in the incompleteness of the assumption. We deny the existence of evil, but do not deny that there is a belief of evil. Admirers of the reality of evil must make it eternal ; because, so long as it is admitted, it is real.

We do not undertake to destroy evil ; but we do try to destroy this erroneous belief. So long as this belief holds possession of men's minds, there will be work for Christian Scientists,—and for all humanitarians,—under the banner of the blessed Master, who said the Truth would make us free from the bondage of sin. There is no error in Science, but there are many errors arising from inaccurate statements of Scientific principles.

It is said many times that denial of God's knowledge of evil is a denial of His omniscience ; but this is not so. God is omniscient, and omniscience can only know all. Evil does not exist, and therefore is not included in the *all* which God knows. He does not know that which is not ; and evil is not. This does not limit His omniscience, but does make Him know all that is. He can not know more.

THE MIRACLE AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

THEODORE T. CHAVE.

WHEN Peter was on trial for preaching and practising Christianity, he said to the Court (ACTS iv. 10): "Be it known unto you all, and to all the people of Israel, that by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, whom God raised from the dead, even by him doth this man stand here before you whole." All the divines and commentators, who have undertaken to explain the Holy Writings and the Master's commands, seem to have an idea like this, that those mighty works and miracles of the apostles were transitory characteristics of their time alone. The majority profess to believe that these demonstrations of supernatural power will be revived again, and they say they consider that the *greater works* still belong to the onward march of the triumphant, glorious Church. They stoutly maintain that once miracles (*signs*, in the Greek) were required for proof and confirmation of the Gospel, and they hope that in the blessed age, which will come after this one of ours, we shall recover the same as gifts from God, to a people ready and worthy to receive such divine blessings; but now, they say, it ought not to be demanded that the Gospel be preached with miracles of healing (Greek: *by miracles and healings*), seeing that the former age has passed away, and men always have Moses and the Prophets, and all the words of the New Testament.

Of course we, as professors of Christian Science, disagree with this teaching, believing that our demonstrations are not made except by the power of the Holy Ghost, and persuaded that God gives us no good thing which we can lose by His will. Indeed, their speech is unreasonable and inconsistent. They advance no sufficiently reliable explanation. We are not persuaded. Let us grant them that salvation can come without bodily health. I know that many have served with

the mind the law of God, and with the flesh the law of sin and death. Neither have I ever considered that the sick died without hope. I admit, too, that the Christian Church needs neither recommendation nor apology, whether she builds hospitals, or empties what she has built. Whether she introduces, among the heathen, theology or therapeutics, she stands justified. Let no man reproach her. She has given us not an explanation, but the facts of Jesus' life. With unswerving fidelity she has preserved the Bible and preached the divinity of our Master. No sect or people can arise which shall disown her sons; for they were sons of God, even if they did not know the fulness of His grace.

Why the present chasm? If we do not belong to the world, if Jesus came to deliver us from this present evil age, why do we share with unbelieving and ungodly men their weight of sicknesses and sorrows? How does Christ save us from the power of Satan, if this life of ours must needs be prolonged by those material laws and actions which we know Jesus was manifested to take away?

No answer! But that a thing does not appear is by no means opposed to its possibilities of existence. Jacob said (GENESIS xxviii. 16): "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not." If we are reminded that we have all that is necessary for the hope of salvation, this knowledge is far from confirming the Orthodox idea; for by so much as redemption itself depends on no unknown grace, ought we to guard against unbecoming incredulity. How shall we be found blameless, if we inquire not into the possibilities of divine grace? Who shall place too narrow a construction on the Master's promises, or receive his words esoterically and mysteriously, instead of comparing them with his character and deeds? I thank God that we have learned the folly of making supplication for the remedies which Jesus did not use or recommend to his followers; but even our Orthodox brethren pray for a sick man, while they invoke the feeble and useless aid of drugs, and fear not to lay the hands of men upon the temples of the Holy Ghost.

What is prayer? It is not teaching the Omniscient anything; "for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask Him." (MATTHEW vi. 8.) Prayer certainly is not for the purpose of engaging the good-will of the Eternal. "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall He not with him also freely give us all things?" (ROMANS viii. 32.) Prayer is communion with the infinite, adorable, and unchangeable God. It is to know that He comprehends all things, sustains all things, is All-in-all; to realize that there is no darkness at all in God, and no light from any other source; to offer, in objection to the unreliable, material testimony (Greek: *testimonies*) of physical (Greek: *bodily* or *somatic*) sense, and natural (Greek: *psychical*, as in I CORINTHIANS xv. 44) understanding, the knowledge that, before the presence of Him who begat us, we can neither want nor suffer nor mourn. Happy indeed is he who, by ever reasoning thus, obeys the apostolic injunction to pray without ceasing. Though heaven and earth pass away, and the universe succumb to the general law of decay, he that has put his trust in Him (HEBREWS i. 12) whose years shall not fail, doing the will of God, abideth forever.

Let our attention be directed to one of the miracles which the apostles performed, that we may consider whether their principle of healing, with whose glory the brightest achievements of our age are unworthy of comparison, has in reality passed away, and how far the demonstrations of our Science are like unto the working whereby the disciples of Jesus sought to preach his words.

Peter and John went into the Temple to pray. What their reason was for wishing to pray there we do not know. If we had lived at that time, we should have thought that the last place on earth for worship was the Temple in Jerusalem. To join in a service neither Christian nor any longer symbolical, to look upon the hated countenances of those who had murdered the Master, to have for fellow-worshippers a coarse, brutal, ungodly crowd, to be despised by the rich Pharisee and the beggar, to hear unscrupulous men misrep-

resent and slander and threaten the faith,—if this were the price to be paid for worshipping in a sacred edifice, better not go to church at all.

Perhaps Peter and John had not left Judaism; or they might even have been anxious not to appear to be outside of it. Perhaps they disregarded other things, whilst the memories of the Temple aroused in them unbounded exultation. Peter may have wished to see again the spot where the Master defied the rage of man and the power (*strength*) of death, when he said, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up." (JOHN ii. 19.) Perhaps John could meditate better on the Master's words of heavenly wisdom, as he stood within the walls that had looked upon one greater than Solomon.

Here was their chief opportunity to think about the Scriptures; for it is evident that the apostles had few leisure moments. They had always to be either preaching or healing, or taking counsel respecting the safety of the Church and the plottings of the Jews. If they possessed all the sacred writings, they were likely at any time to be deprived of them. Perhaps, however, even these disciples of Jesus were able to learn something in the Temple. Of course they did not want the explanations which Jewish teachers gave, and many things were unpleasant for them to hear; yet the scholarship and research, even of unscrupulous men, were not entirely unprofitable. Those old commentators on Moses and the Prophets knew much which had neither been committed to writing nor was known to the majority of the men of that time. Neither ought we to suppose that we possess the whole mass of Biblical and ethical knowledge which these elders had made their own. The apostles found no contradictions between the Old Testament and their own faith. However they received the story of the Creation, the Fall, and the Redemption, it did not conflict with what Jesus had taught them. Whatever threw light on the Scriptures, the apostles expected to assist them in their faith. It was a custom among the Jews for all the priests and teachers in the synagogues

to read and explain some portion of Moses or the Prophets. To be ready, therefore, to receive whatever good fell in their way, and use their inspired understanding, not merely in order to escape evil, but to perceive the smallest, most imperceptible grain of Truth,—was certainly a principle of conduct worthy to rule even disciples of Jesus. In their determination to seek after Truth even, if necessary, in the poisonous vessels of the Pharisees, they were not without protection, seeing that the Saviour had said, “Even if they drink anything deadly, it shall in nowise hurt them.”

Howbeit, two of Jesus’ most intimate and spiritual disciples were now on their way to the Temple, at the hour of prayer. In the gateway lay a beggar, a man lame from birth. They had seen him before; for his friends used to place him here every day, to ask alms from those who entered the Temple. Today, however, men seemed to have forgotten him, and when the crowd had swept by, he had few tokens of remembrance. When he saw Peter and John he renewed his petition. How pathetic the words of Luke! “He kept asking to receive an alms.” He besought them that he might not pass that night—for it was late in the day—without food. The new-comers seemed to have something to give. The beggar looked at them still more earnestly. Peter spoke: “Silver and gold have I none: but such as I have, give I thee. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk.” Immediately his feet and ankle-bones received strength; “and he, leaping up, stood and walked, and entered with them into the Temple, walking and leaping, and praising God. And all the people saw him walking, and praising God; and they knew that it was he that sat for alms at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple, and they were filled with wonder and amazement at that which had happened unto him.”

This demonstration by no means pleased the guardians of the Temple. Having arrested Peter and John, they put them into custody until the morrow. The next day Annas, the Highpriest, and Caiaphas and John and Alexander, with

all the rulers and elders and scribes, assembled. Placing Peter and John in the midst, they inquired of them, "By what power or by what name have ye done this?" Then Peter, "filled," Luke tells us, "with the Holy Ghost,"—that is, suddenly and divinely enlightened.—said unto them: "Ye rulers of the people, and elders, if we this day be examined of the good deed done to the impotent man, by what means he is made whole, be it known unto you all, and to all the people of Israel, that by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, whom God raised from the dead, even by him doth this man stand here before you whole." (ACTS iii. 8-10.)

Here, of course, the champions of Orthodoxy think they have us. They demand to know how long a time such mighty works remained in the Church, and whether we suppose our Science is to restore such works. It would seem that the duration of miracles was not long. I know of course that there are some who maintain that for the first four or five centuries healing was the characteristic glory of Christianity; but these statements are confirmed by neither reason nor history. Our demonstrations in Science are the result of a certain understanding, without which we could do nothing.

If for so long a time the Church observed the practice of healing the sick, then it must have had clear and plain explanations of the faith, illustrating the Truth and excluding error. Therefore the Church Fathers ought to be the chief authorities on mental healing. On the contrary, it is acknowledged, by all Christian Scientists, that since the inspired writers there has been no work on Christian healing, up to the time of the publication of Science and Health. It is said, by some, that the ancient Church not merely practised, but required this kind of healing, as a proof of conversion. This, too, is untrue. Never has the Christian Church required of converts anything except a profession of faith in Jesus Christ. "Bring forth fruit," said John, "worthy of repentance;" but the only recorded demonstration occurred in the case of Arnobius, who, when he had professed Christianity, but was

under suspicion of seeking in this way the ruin of the Church, was obliged first to write a tract against Heathenism, as a proof of his sincerity.

Those who in the early post-apostolic days of Christianity embraced the faith, and became its expounders, used the words of the New Testament; but their meaning was far from spiritual. To suppose they meant something different from what their words signify, would be to repeat the error of a clergyman, who argued that a certain woman, who had said that she believed in a Devil with hoofs and horns, had by no means a material conception of the Evil One, but sought, by this frightful shape, to express certain diabolical qualities.

The New Testament is not Greek in character, but Oriental; but these ancient Christian writers were not Orientals, but Latins and Greeks. They were philosophers, whose chief pleasure lay in trying to reconcile such Scriptural passages as "I and the Father are one," and "The Father is greater than I." They rejoiced to have triumphantly explained, without compromising the divinity of the Master, his declaration, "But of that day and that hour knoweth no man,—no, not the angels which are in Heaven, neither the Son, but the Father." (MARK xiii. 32.) They felt the keenest joy in disputing about the appearances (Greek: *theophanies*) of God, the oneness (Greek: *homoousion*) of substance, and the conception of the Virgin (Greek: *theotokos*,—Mother of God).

Their greatest enemies were not heterodox healers, but teachers,—not Mesmerism, but Arianism. They had no time to think about the question of health. Indeed, their age did not demand it, much less their own tastes (Greek: *disposition* or *genius*). They recognized all that Orthodox teachers believe, for their teaching is now called Orthodoxy. Pain and wickedness were realities to them. They suffered exceedingly when they were martyred; though none of these things moved them, for they were filled with the thought of things heavenly and unseen, not present, but

always to come. Here, so they believed, they must needs suffer as prisoners for Christ. They considered to be real both good and evil, both angels and demons. They looked for a physical appearance of the Lord, a bodily resurrection of the dead, a final judgment, eternal bliss and woe.

Having therefore a material conception of spiritual things, they could not have a spiritual conception of material things; that is, it was not possible for those who did not imagine the truth about evil, namely its unreality, to destroy it scientifically, even if they did make wonderful demonstrations. That they did not do this, all history agrees. They preferred to dispute about the Essences of the Trinity, or speculate about the size and shape of the spiritual body. Nevertheless,—and this testimony is gladly given,—their conception of Godhead was by no means a poor one; nor did their Trinity comprise three gods.

Howbeit, all has turned out the better for us. These things had all to become, first, objects of speculative thought; and now we may hope for the other things which have been promised us, thanking God that there have been men who, through floods and flames, carried the name of Christ,—saving the world (as we may well believe) from a second destruction, and preserving it for the upbuilding of those who were to inherit better things, many precious truths.

TO THE OLD YEAR.

[Selected.]

WHERE are the works in patience wrought,
The grace to love thy neighbor,
The sins left off, the wisdom taught
Of suffering and labor.
The fuller life, the strength to wait.
The equal heart for either fate?

Well may I speed the parting guest.
And take the New Year to my breast.
Be thou indeed a true year,
Oh fair and welcome New Year.

THE NEED OF UNITED EFFORT.

[Essay read before the Massachusetts Metaphysical College Association, by Mrs. S. H. Crosse. Published by request of the members.]

THE teaching of Christian Science makes unity of thought with us, as a people, unqualifiedly essential, if we desire success in overcoming even the uneducated forces of mortal mind. There should be the bond of union and sympathy between us that comes from the spiritual sense of our oneness in Christ — a practical Christianity, wherein the Spirit should supersede the letter, and technicalities should give place to the demonstrable.

A veneering of Christianity does not make a man a Christian. Nay, if he is not honest in his profession, it makes him a greater villain. Our motives need looking after, not by each for others, but by each for himself; and we must be positive that the objective point is Truth. If our own motives are pure, then we shall be better able to discuss the worthiness of others, as is sometimes necessary; but we can not sit in cool judgment upon any, and should extend helpful thoughts to all.

We should have charity,—not the charity that covers sin, but that which gives the brother or sister a chance to work out his or her salvation. If we remembered the command of our Master, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone," we should have, perhaps, a greater disgust for error, beginning with that in our own thought, and so become more deserving of the appellation, Christian Scientist. The demand upon us as individuals, to meet every emergency with courage and patience, was never greater than now. The difficulties that beset us seem many; but if we are faithful, we have much to hope for in the result. At times, apparent obstacles block the way, and the dark sea of tribulation seems ready to engulf us. Trust and faith in infinite Love must sustain us, until we realize in some small degree that we can not be swamped in the dark morass of doubt and fear, which tempts us to swerve from our allegiance to Divine Principle.

Our finite sense of Deity has been destroyed ; but, in its place, we have the understanding that God is omnipresent and omnipotent Intelligence. While we no longer pray to a Father who beholds evil, and permits its every detail, we should pray constantly to the One Mind, the One Creator, who never made or beheld sin or suffering. We should pray to realize Truth ; for " the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance ; against such there is no law." We need to pray with such united earnestness, that there will be nothing felt lacking in our households or our public services. The Muezzin-bell of the Mohammedan should ring in our thought, summoning us to communion with our Father, at such frequent intervals that its effect will be felt throughout the community at large. We are told to pray unceasingly, and to watch and pray. We talk, probably, better than we perform ; yet we must keep on talking, and yet strive to *do* just right.

When I compare the teachings of Science and Health with what I demonstrate of them, the result is humiliating ; and when I think how little I have wrought, when I should have accomplished so much, there comes a sense of despair, and a feeling that it is useless to strive against the seeming potency of mortal mind. When I turn away from the small results of my own efforts, to those accomplished by our Teacher, and by the united efforts of the students, the omnipotence of Truth expresses consolation and good-cheer, even in the darkest hours ; and it is a comfort to me that there is no sense of loss or woe in the Mind that is Love, and that is All-in-all.

In striving to enter into the understanding of Christian Science we have to equally strive to leave error behind. We can not carry that along with us, and yet gain in Truth. Conservatism in thought would only result in weakness for us, and a lack of success in the right direction in all we undertake. A conviction of Truth will separate us from

the world, yet we owe a duty to humanity, and we cling to the human sense still.

We have set our light upon a hill, or should do so. Boldly and openly should we espouse the cause of Christian Science: Our faith should be known of all men, and our faith should be proven by our works. Results must prove what the Cause is to us. If we are cold and hard toward each other, and more watchful for faults than virtues, then we shall merit the condemnation that we shall surely receive. I have found greater love and greater willingness to bear other's burdens among Christian Scientists than anywhere else. The love and tenderness that have been shown me in my hours of need I shall never forget.

We are brothers and sisters in Christ, and we are children of one Father. Jesus answered the question, "Who is my brother?" in the parable of the Good Samaritan. A brother is anyone who needs our assistance; but we are all necessary to each other, and to unify the complete whole. Paul said, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ;" but he immediately after said, "for every man shall bear his own burden." I know that you can not do my work for me; neither can I do yours; but I can, you can, we *all* can strive to do right in the understanding of Divine Science, and so help each other on the upward way. We should have unity of thought and action, and each feel a responsibility in sustaining all measures that advance the Cause.

Personal aggrandizement or distinction should have no home in our thoughts. It should not be a strife for place or position with us, for the place and position of each is unsailable in Mind, and can never be taken from us or usurped by another. Neither can we claim another's prerogative and make it our own.

We are not scrambling for wealth or fame. In making a profession of Christian Science, there is great danger of our placing a commercial value upon Christianity, making it a mercantile commodity, forgetting that there is neither buy-

ing nor selling in Mind. The tribute exacted by Truth is the giving up the things of the world, not in amassing them. To become famous in the annals of Christianity means to drink the very dregs of the cup of martyrdom, to give up everything for Truth's sake.

There should be no waiting for a more convenient season in which to invest ourselves with the armor of Truth. We should do it now, lest the opportunity slip by and we lose it.

The claims of error surround us. Shall we sit with folded hands, and behold it organize and extend its domains? Rival factions arise, and are flooding the country with their pamphlets, magazines, and other literature. How do we meet them? Do we see to it that Science and Health is presented to the people as the only true exposition of the teachings of our Master? Do we meet the thought that it shall be read fairly, and that good results shall follow that reading? Do we urge cultured Christian people to take it up, and realize its perfect teaching, and so be quickened into greater spiritual growth? We should see that everybody possesses a copy, and not believe anyone not ready for it.

Again, there is our magazine, the CHRISTIAN SCIENCE JOURNAL,—the only Christian Science periodical published. What are we doing for that? Do we see that it is circulated and appreciated, or do we let our thought go out to work against it? If we are holding it as too high in price, or too harsh in sentiment, we are doing more harm than all outside influence combined can do against it; for we govern their sentiments, and the cry on all sides will be: "The price is too much; it is unchristian in sentiment." Then the circulation is affected, and Truth is withheld from the people thereby. Nay, worse than that,—rampant, active error, gets in with its spurious literature, and humanity is defrauded of Truth. The people are waiting and anxious for something better, and they greedily seize upon that which first presents itself.

If the subject-matter of the JOURNAL is not of desirable

quality, the fault lies assuredly with those who criticize, but never think of furnishing articles for its columns. Certainly a duty devolves upon every Christian Scientist. Among us there are many who could write able articles, and furnish occasionally, if not monthly, something which would help many a reader. The excuses given by those who can, and do not, are many. The chief reason given is lack of time. That is truly a Scientific statement; but we have eternity wherein to express Truth, and we should begin now. Another has no literary training,—can talk, but can not write. Webster's Unabridged gives a vocabulary of seventy-five-thousand words, of which, a public schoolteacher states, sixty-thousand are useless. Shakespeare, who has the richest vocabulary used by any Englishman, employed only sixteen thousand words, and Milton used but eight thousand. It is said that graduates of our great universities rarely use more than three or four thousand. We can employ the same words in writing that we do in speaking.

The language of Soul is not the language of sense; but we use that with which we are most conversant. Probably the majority of us feel unable to express our best thoughts. There should be no hesitancy, however, in our doing the very best of which we are capable. Our standard of perfection is so high that our efforts are very unsatisfactory to ourselves; but presented to those who have not attained so much, it is of incalculable value. It is not absolutely necessary to be a Doctor of Philology, in order to write for the magazine.

We need united effort here. The JOURNAL belongs to us all, and we should aid it with contributions and subscriptions. There are many of us, and we could do much; but one, two, or three can not do everything for a body of people. We are members of the same body; and if discord affects any, it affects the whole, and has a paralyzing influence over the work.

Then there is our Church-work. Do we take an active interest in it? What is there more important than that? If I did not know this to be the true religion for man, I

would have nothing to do with it at all; but knowing *that*, my faithfulness is a question of duty between God and myself; and I am wronging humanity if I do not show men that I know Christian Science to be absolute Truth, and so support the church by Sunday attendance and financially.

Then there is one who "has preached the Word, who has been instant in season and out of season, who has reproved, rebuked, and exhorted, with all long-suffering and doctrine,"—our Teacher! Do we follow her as far as we understand the way? Have we not been afraid to behold Truth for ourselves, thus echoing the old cowardly sentiment, if not the cry of the Israelites, "Let me not behold God, lest I die?" We have apotheosized her, and left her too much to struggle against the error alone, forgetting that while she works for us in the human sense, she, too, has human needs, and that we should assist her by efforts in the right direction in sustaining the Cause, which is all she ever expects or demands of any.

We need to be governed by a higher motive than expediency, and the hour demands of us that we sustain our Leader and follow her directions, as far as we understand the way; that we love one another, and in unity work together, against the presumptive claim of mortal mind, and allow no factional feeling to arise in our midst; that we see that our literature is widely disseminated, and that our church blossoms like the Rose of Sharon, sending its aroma into the remotest wilderness of the globe. "Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

WORK TOGETHER.

ONE in Spirit be,
Bound in unity,
One in Hope and Life,
Safe from mortal strife.
Turn from gloom to light,
Shunning sinful night.
Aid your holy cause;
Work by Heaven's laws.

Letters.

A WORD spoken in due season, how good it is !

PROVERB.

LOOKING OVER THE FIELD.

DEAR SISTER IN TRUTH: Your helpful letter has been received and perused with deep interest. Though I have not been punctual in replying, its contents are ever before me. I appreciate the efforts the students are making, and the importance of the steps they are taking, to build our Mother Church, and we are not insensible to the great benefits received from the dear ones in Boston; nor are we ungrateful for all our blessings from our Sister City; and I assure you I will make an effort to do all I can.

Yes, I agree with you that the work is more and more fascinating. We would not go back if we could, and could not if we would. However much the waves, in seeming, may toss our boat about, we know the Father is at the helm. There is a silken cord, which can never be broken, pulling us towards the shores of Galilee, and there is sublimity in the storms, when we know that God is everywhere. It seems wonderful, when we think how man has been searching for God ever since error set up its false claim. As the search led men through the channels of regeneration, circumcision, baptism, prayer, atonement, and communion, there seemed to be a halt, and man could go no further with the matter.

Since Christian Science has budded and blossomed, the channel broadens and widens, giving to us the four great fundamental laws of spiritual development, Understanding, Demonstration, Revelation, Realization. The highest call, man is making to God now, is Realization. As I think further, I can see how Understanding opens the gate of Purity, Perception the gate of Beauty, Intuition the gate of Harmony, Hope the gate of Innocence, Faith the gate of Perfection, Justice the gate of Mercy, Charity the gate of Righteousness, and Love the gate of Peace. Every gate is a pearl, and these are the gates through which Christian Science is inviting us to enter, and drink of the Waters of Life freely.

As I see how man has been deluded into the illusion of sickness and death, by tasting the fruits of the Tree of Knowledge of

Good and Evil, how grand seems our Science. It teaches us to turn away from the contemplation of mortality, which has brought to the world its fear and woe, and turn our thought toward the Tree of Life, whose "leaves are for the healing of the nations," and which shows us true and perfect satisfaction. Who would not turn from that horrible dream, with its fateful promise, "Eat thereof and die," to the tree bearing an opposite promise, "Eat thereof, and live"?

When we know how profitable it is to look toward our Tree of Life, and take from it the meat of Life, the water of Life, the fruit of Life, the wine of Life, the bread of Life, the milk of Life, the honey of Life,—giving to us strength and power from Principle, cleanliness and purity from Soul, delicious fragrance of thought from Mind, exhilaration and courage from Spirit, nourishment and growth and health from Truth, stability and purpose from Life, and all the affections from Love,—when we think of these things, who would exchange this delicious spiritual food for all a world of matter could contain!

This is the food that gives us health. It gives us also wealth. It is infinite evermore, and is everywhere. It presents the only satisfaction. If we eat thereof, we can be hungry and thirsty nevermore. To the faltering and the timid, who are afraid of some great bugbear in Christian Science, I say, "Fear no longer! You have eaten long enough from the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. Enter confidently the doors of Christian Science, and your food will be of a different nature, and produce different results. The dainties from the real Tree will never bring the languid step and the weary eye; but, instead, you shall run and not be weary, walk and not faint." The light of compassion and mercy sheds its rays upon all, and the brilliancy of Christian Science is piercing the whole atmosphere of thought, filling the universe with its never-fading joys.

People have an idea, because we have espoused the Cause, that we must heal them instantly, without price, and plant our footsteps on the top of the ladder, before we have put our feet upon its first step; but the rule is, "Little by little, Line by line, Precept upon precept." We begin by entering the door of understanding, which awakens thought. Perception brightens, intuition heightens, hope expands, and faith develops. It is thus we grow into the realization of our true Being, doffing the mortal and donning the immortal.

By so doing Paul kept the faith, and his faith was like a bur-nished weapon. Keeping the faith led him into the daylight, and brought the victorious exclamation, "I am free-born." Faith in the omnipresence of God will give us absolute mental freedom, and will enable us to reach forth into that magnitude of thought which is unlimited. To my mind, it seems that faith in the omni-presence of God is the essential quality for instantaneous healing. Without it, labor is protracted and demonstration is spiritless. If we can not feel the presence of God, it seems to me that we heal by the letter instead of the Spirit. The presence of God is permanent, for "He never leaves us nor forsakes us." When I speak thus of faith, I do not mean faith as the world looks at it; but I mean the exercise of faith, through the demonstration of the omnipotence, omnipresence, and omniscience of God. It is thus we become established, strengthened, settled, and so we may reap the promise that "the just shall live by faith."

You invite a thought about the work and its growth. I find no chance to loiter by the wayside, but have been gathering many priceless jewels. Diligence in demonstration, watchfulness in prayer, bring the fruitful reward. In the acme of Divine Love we find the perfect flower of Charity unfolding its precious petals. As I gather them, I strew them in the pathway of my students, teaching them that God is All. I tell them to silently fold, in Truth's white and shining robes, the invalid embedded in the illusions of sense. The reward is sweet. When I see men come in with feeble footsteps, and go out with buoyancy and brightness, my heart rejoices. The would-be appearances of mortal mind are like flimsy, fading, soiled, and tattered garments. To give up the world is to give up a great dream of error. Its ties are never binding, but always changing.

"If ye sow the wind, ye shall reap the whirlwind; but if ye sow Truth, ye shall reap Everlasting Life." If we cater to the world, the false claim enslaves us; but if we adhere to Truth, the real claim gives us liberty. Is it not strange that there are those who love the bonds, and can not choose freedom? When we obey the mandate, "Follow me," our desires deepen, and inclination for more light presses us onward into the realm of the real; for the Truth is prophetic, "Every knee shall bow and every tongue shall confess, from the least unto the greatest." This Truth is going onward, until the glad tidings shall reach the farthest lands, calling the sons from far and the daughters from the ends of the

earth. The finger of Truth will sweep the harp-strings of Israel's lyre, until its sweet harmonies will declare "Peace on earth and good-will to men."

MRS. J. H. BEEL.

COMMENDATORY WORDS.

MRS. M. B. G. EDDY: Pardon me for intruding my thought upon your attention for a moment; but after reading the November JOURNAL, I can scarcely refrain from expressing my appreciation of its contents, particularly the leading article, Vainglory, but more emphatically just now, the second article, called Belligerence. The very word itself indicates the special work so essential in defending a cause but little apprehended by material humanity. At this time, as well as when the Master Metaphysician taught on earth, the thunderbolts of righteous indignation, in intensified force of thought, are legitimately called forth; and blessed power can be wielded, who can wisely give such expression or demonstration at the right moment. The Sword of Truth, as an Angel of Love, must sometimes go before the Dove of Peace, preparing the way. The self-existent, infinite Spirit, the Divine Mind, the cause of Truth, the sacred Trinity of Deific Being, can not of course suffer from the failure of mortal mind to apprehend its allness; but the injustice of mortal man, which serves error as a hindrance or stumbling-block in the pathway of sense, blinded humanity, calls for an unequivocal rebuke,—through the deed, when the word does not fitly awaken. Omnipotent Power works through varied channels and phases.

MRS. S. B. BENTLEY.

Boston.

BEWARE, lest in a moment of weakness and folly, and sinful forgetfulness of God, you sell your birthright, and barter your happy innocence for torment and fear and shame! Beware of idle moments. Beware of the beginning of evil. Above all, and more than all, beware lest you once admit the fatal intrusion of evil thoughts. In solemn and awful earnest I would say to you, "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."

F. W. FARRAR.

Sermonettes.

LET thy Speech be short, comprehending much.

ECCLESIASTICUS.

LIVING FLIGHT.

C. O. M.

AND they turned not when they went.—EZEKIEL 1. 12.

WHAT a description of directness, of sincerity, of truthfulness, of straightforwardness.

This is part of the prophet's description of the Living Creatures whom he saw in his vision; but how well it applies to men,—not to the Iscariots and Arnolds, but to good and true men, who go straight to their work, like an arrow from the bow. Such a man was Garrison. Such another man was John Brown. Such men were Judson the missionary, Bishop Heber, Father Mathew, Dr. Hopkins. Such men have we among us today,—aye! and women also. Having once embraced a cause, they obey the injunction of Jesus, and never look back or turn back. An arrow never looks back. It is no boomerang! It never returns on its course. But the arrow falls to the ground; whereas Ezekiel's Living Creatures never fell to the ground, but flew on and on, sailing, like some strong albatross, beneath the blue sky, in the blaze of sunlight.

Give us such men and women, *living creatures*, in Christian Science. Such a woman is Mary B. G. Eddy. Such Christians she wants, as followers, friends, and disciples. Art thou a Scientist? Be firm, unswerving, undeviating, steadfast! Choose the path, and walk in it. Nay, let it be a skyward path, and *fly* thou in it. Do not turn back! Do not turn to right or left! Fly straight toward the sun of your spiritual aim, eyeing it like the eagle in his plumed flight.

Thought is as swift as a cannonball, yea, as the lightning. Let your thought fly upward with a mighty bound. Take then your sight, and shoot toward it with the speed of God's mighty pinions. "I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes," says Shakespeare's Puck; but the telegraph is quicker, and swifter still is thought.

LAW OF THE SPIRIT OF LIFE.

E.

FOR the law of the Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death. ROMANS VIII. 2.

THE understanding that God is our Life; that there is no mortal life, no mortal mind; giving up our claim to a life separate from God; yielding to the divine law, and understanding that mortality is nothing but an illusion, an error, the work of evil, and that we have all this time been in bondage to it,—slaves not knowing our way out into the light,—all these ideas are included in the text.

"Oh fools and blind," to yield to low beliefs, letting them master us at every turn; even after we are taught, wandering in the wilderness of doubt and fear, not being brave enough to start out. Oh, the light of the glorious Gospel of Truth, which sets us free from this law of sin and death! Oh, the blessedness of this knowledge of the infinite Love of God!

While we are rejecting Him, and turning constantly from Him to evil, still this Love reaches out its arms of mercy; calling us back to Him, begging us to come to the feast prepared for those who are willing to leave their fishing, their life in matter, and come to the understanding of Life in God. Walk in the light, as He is in the light, and gain your liberty,—freedom from the law of sin and death.

Now can we truly say: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, because I have tasted of his mercy,—I have realized the nothingness of matter, the falsity of all material joys, and have gained a glimmer of light from the true source. Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through Christ." Oh, to be worthy to follow in the Master's way! How unsatisfactory are the joys of this mortal life,—apples of Sodom, which turn to ashes in your grasp. When we think we have them, and can hold them, behold, nothing remains but the ashes of material hopes and joys; but the joys of Soul, of knowing God, will forever endure!

Every ray of light brings peace, happiness, and joy, in the knowledge that God is our Father, and we His children,—heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ.

To me, this knowledge has come this morning with such light, I feel like saying *Praise God!* all the time. It seems now that no

darkness could ever come again, nor wrong beliefs; for this light has shined into my heart. I can realize God's Love, His grace and mercy, as never before, and our freedom from the bondage of sin and death. I do not wonder that at times the disciples of old could not see for the glory that shone around them. This is holy ground. We must remove our shoes, laying aside all materiality, and every mortal weight and sin—"the sin that doth so easily beset us," for we have touched the hem of His garment, and gained a gleam of light, a faint realization of what may be ours when we gain more of the Truth.

QUIET WORKING.

[From *The Presbyterian*.]

GOODNESS is as the early dew.—HOSEA vi. 4.

CHRIST's lowly and quiet workers unconsciously bless the world. They come out every morning from the presence of God, and go to their business or their household work. All day long they toil. They drop gentle words from their lips, and scatter little seeds of kindness about them; and tomorrow flowers of God spring up in the dusty streets of earth, and along the hard path of toil on which their feet tread.

More than once, in the Scriptures, the lives of God's people are compared in their influence to the dew. There may be other points of analogy, but especially noteworthy is the quiet manner in which dew performs its ministry. It falls silently and imperceptibly. It makes no noise. No one hears its dropping. It chooses the darkness of night, when man is sleeping, and when no one can witness its beautiful work. It covers the leaves with clusters of pearls. It steals into the bosom of flowers, and leaves a new cupful of sweetness there. It pours itself down among the grass and tender herbs and plants, and in the morning there is fresh beauty everywhere. The fields look greener, and the flowers are more fragrant. All life sparkles with new splendor.

Is there no lesson here, as to the manner in which we should do good in this world? Should we not scatter blessings so silently, so sweetly, yet secretly, that no one should know what hand dropped them?

We confess small faults, in order to insinuate that we have no great ones.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

SWORD OF THE SPIRIT.

WITH all long-suffering. 1 TIMOTHY iv. 2.

REV. A. J. GORDON, D.D., in *The Watchword*, writes, on this text:

This is the crucial test of effectiveness in rebuke, that we give it with all long-suffering. "Simon, put up thy sword again into its place," said the Lord to Peter. He would not have said it, had it been the Sword of Spirit that Simon was wielding; for the Sword of Spirit lays open the heart, while the sword of the flesh only cuts off the ears.

Now there has been a long succession of Petrine apostles, starting from this point, valiant Swordsmen of the Faith, whose principal trophies are severed ears, and not converted hearts,—who have preached with such two-edged severity as to alienate their hearers, when they should have won them. . . . We are not to rebuke for the sake of showing our valor or sharpness, but to win the offender.

Of course the simple Truth will often repel men, and drive them from us; and we are not to be alarmed for ourselves, and, least of all, for the Truth, on that account. It is an evidence of a genuine truth that, like its Master, it is spoken against. We know whether a tree bears good fruit, by the number of clubs and stones which lie about it in the autumn; and so those Evangelical truths which, in all ages, have borne the richest products, have been most clubbed and pelted.

One may preach a hard truth in a very soft and winning way. What else does the Scripture mean, when it says, "By manifestation of Truth, commending ourselves to every man's conscience, in the sight of God." Ah! a minister never seems so lovely to a hearer, as when that hearer looks at him through a conscience which has first been wounded by the Sword of Spirit, which he wields, and is then healed by the Anointing of Spirit. If we ever have those in our flock who esteem us very highly in the Gospel, be sure it will be those who were once slain by the Word of our Testimony, and then made alive through Jesus Christ. Therefore with what gentleness and tenderness should we rebuke! Hear the direction of Scripture on this point, "Ye who are spiritual restore such a one." "To be carnally minded is death," always and everywhere. . . . Let us not forget that we are sent to save men, not to destroy them,—to win them, and not to wound them.

It is for us to set forth the beauty and excellence of Jesus Christ, and not to exhibit the follies and blemishes of human nature. For in either case we shall be unconsciously assimilated to the image of that on which we dwell. "I do not allow myself to look at a bad picture," said Sir Peter Lely, the artist, "for if I do, my brush is certain to take a hint from it." It is so, likewise, that caricaturists of human nature come at last to present very bad specimens of human nature in their own characters. They learn, unconsciously, to personate their own pictures, and to exemplify their own exaggerations. Take now and then a sorrowful look at human nature; but for one look in this direction, take ten toward the perfect Christ. Hold him up steadily and faithfully, and all the while you will be growing into the same image, from glory to glory. This is the sublime end of our preaching, not to picture brilliantly and pointedly the imperfections of humanity; but to exhibit the perfection of Jesus Christ, and to conform men to his glorious example, "warning every man, teaching every man, that we may present every man perfect in Christ."

SEEING THE TRUTH.

J. F. LINSKOTT.

LET your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven. MATTHEW V. 16.

THE man Jesus stands in the Gospel records as the Truth, the true man, or the Christ. His mission was to manifest the true Life by his words and his deeds. He was full of light, or understanding; and he let his light so shine before men,—by demonstration, in healing from sin, sorrow, and disease,—that many believed on him, and thereby glorified his Father, Truth, which is in Heaven.

The disciples had but a glimmer of light. With their dim illumination they did not feel like standing as representatives of the Master, and facing the prejudice of men. The tendency was to keep the light from the world. It was not bright enough to command the applause of men. The pride of life made them shrink from being ostracised, or standing alone with a man who was considered an impostor. They could not comprehend that they would eventually be blessed for their right thinking, or righteousness.

The welfare of the race depended on the integrity of the men Jesus had honored by his teaching; but only the Master realized fully the importance of their staunch adherence to the Truth. The promise of the Scripture was, that the Sun of Righteousness should “shine more and more, unto the perfect day,”

The Master afterward used the parable of the Grain of Mustard-seed, to show that Light, or Truth, is a Principle that expands, as our concept of it is illuminated.

The Christian life was a life of courage. I seem to see the Master speaking as one in our own day, whose thought is on fire with the importance of seeing the Truth working for humanity. I think he *shouted* those sentences in the Sermon on the Mount. His imperial declarations are ringing round and round the world today; but the light has gone from them. Only the words, or letter, remains of that Sermon of Fire; and without the Spirit, the letter killeth. Except as it is given today, by Science,—Divine Science, or Truth demonstrated,—the true Life is not found.

As we look back on those days which tested the heart of the Great Teacher, and perceive his anxiety, the heaviness of his

heart, his disappointment with his disciples,—who were to promulgate this light that promised so much for the healing of the nations,—we realize how needy the world was. Mankind was consumed by its lusts. Jewish society was living under ceremonial law, from which the Spirit had gone out,—as the Spirit goes out from the body of flesh. So thinking, we find a new meaning to his words.

As Christian Science students, standing before the world with a limited revelation of this same light, the same command comes to us from the Master, in the same pleading voice. It comes through the Scripture, and from the lips of a woman, who, in an hour of gloom, had the bright effulgence of this light burst on her thought.

For twenty-one years she has been a “voice crying in the wilderness.” At last the world has been stirred. Men are now inquiring the way. If we would personally honor our friend and Teacher, if we would have the salvation promised by Jesus, we must let our light so shine that men can see a difference between Science and the World.

Our words, our professions, do not make it shine. The added letters C. S., C. S. B., or C. S. D. do not make us shining lights; because only our good works can do this. As Scientists we may see the light in each other; but the world must have the demonstration. Pure life must be manifested in ourselves, and the Truth demonstrated by healing from sin and disease.

The age is as needy as of yore, but the opportunity is better. The responsibility on us is as great. Our Teacher’s heart is as full of anxiety as was the Master’s. All the promises are ours, if we let our light so shine that the world can see the Truth in action. This is the only way by which the world reads the Truth. Woe for us, if we offend the least of God’s children by false signals.

THE husbandman

Comes early, with the pruning-hooks and shears,
And strips it bare of all its innocent pride
And wandering garlands, and cuts deep and sure,
Unsparring for its tenderness and joy.
And in its loss and pain it wasteth not;
But yields itself with unabated Life,
More perfect under the despoiling hand.
The bleeding limbs are hardened into wood;
The thinned-out bunches ripen into fruit
More full and precious, to the purple prime.

KING.

Home.

WHATSOEVER things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report,—if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise,—think on these things,

PAUL.

HOW HARRY LOST HIMSELF.

[Written expressly for this JOURNAL.]

HE was spending the summer in the old town of Billerica, at his Aunt Ridley's. A fine old farm she had, and there she had lived through many years. Nearly alone too, she was, for Uncle Ridley had passed away a long time before, when they were young married people; but it was her home, as well as her property, and so she carried on the farm by herself. Generally she had a hired man; but Aaron had friends in the neighborhood, and often went away on a Sunday, or of an evening, after the chores were done, or on a winter's day, when there was no special work. In the summer Mrs. Ridley had a half-dozen men there haying, but otherwise she and Aaron had the place all to themselves.

They were both glad, therefore, when the Ambletons proposed coming there to board for the season. The Ambletons lived in Boston, where Mr. Ambleton was a merchant; but Mrs. Ambleton's mother was a Billerica Danforth, and the family cherished an affection for the ancient town. Harry and the baby brother stayed there from May to October, and once a week Papa came out, generally to spend Sunday.

All the week Harry was busy. He watched the mowers. He had the oversight of the cows. He went about with Aaron. He asked questions on various subjects, which Aaron could not answer to save his life. Harry watched the formation of hazel-burrs, and Aaron promised to send him some hazel-nuts in the fall. Harry wanted *awfully*, as he said, to gather the nuts *now*, for *himself*; but he opened one burr, and found the kernel was unripe and bitter, unfit to eat, so he had to give up the attempt.

The boy even tried his hand at an invention. If a violin could only be played by turning a crank, like a handorgan, Harry thought it would be a grand thing! So he planned and planned, in his wise little pate, to see if he could not make one; but his efforts were fruitless.

In front of the farmhouse was a little hill, leading down between some tall Lombardy poplars, to the dusty road; but it seemed a big hill to a little boy of seven, and he delighted to roll over and over, down this declivity, on the green grass, till he stopped at the bottom.

This was his favorite playing-place. One day he ran into the house and asked his mother to come and see a great big *caterpillar*, out there under the trees. The day was warm, and Mamma was enjoying an afternoon nap with Baby; so she told Harry to run along, and not bother her any more. Fortunately Harry was not hurt by the big caterpillar, for it turned out to be a rattlesnake, which Aaron found there, at the foot of the poplars, and killed forthwith.

Naturally they all looked forward to Saturday night, when Mr. Ambleton came. Aunt Ridley often drove the carryall to the depot to meet him, two miles away. Sometimes she took with her Mrs. Ambleton and the baby, and sometimes she took Harry; but the wagon was not large enough to hold all five of them comfortably. Then on Sunday afternoon Papa would bid Aaron harness the horse, and would drive up to the Village or over to a neighboring town.

One Sunday Harry was out in the orchard, behind the house, trying hard to amuse himself. Though his parents were not strict in their observance of the holy day, they did not like to have their little boy play on Sundays, just as he did on other days.

He had tried to read in Charles Dickens's *American Notes*, which that distinguished author wrote after his first visit to the United States, about fifty years ago. It was a new book then. Everybody was talking about it, and Mr. Ambleton thought it would be a good book to bring down for his wife to read; but Mrs. Ambleton was so indignant over some of the true but censorious things which Mr. Dickens had written about her country, that she told Harry that it was not quite a proper book to read on Sunday. Indeed the book was too old for such a small boy, and he could not make much out of it.

Then he tried to do some things he had seen done at a circus he

had attended not long before. He arranged the smaller chairs in rows for horses, and then crawled under the large rocking-chair, which he called the *chariot*; but he toppled it over when he tried to get out in a hurry, to show how the circus-man had jumped from the chariot on to the back of a horse. This made a noise, and the noise disturbed Aunt Ridley's afternoon nap, which she took as regularly as she did her pinch of snuff.

So Mamma advised Harry to go out-of-doors, but to stay behind the house, where nobody would think he was breaking the Sabbath Day by outdoor sport.

This was a favorite place with him. On weekdays, when Auntie was busy in the kitchen, he liked to watch the spout from the scullery. The scullery was in the *lean-to*,—a little shed, so called because it *leaned* up against the house, and yet was not exactly a part of the house. There was no sink in the kitchen, but there was one in this scullery, where the pots and kettles were washed and kept. The waste pipe projected about a foot from the wall, under the little square window, and it amused Harry to see the slops run out of it, and fall into the little ditch below. Harry was always afraid of falling into this mudhole, though he never did. On this Sunday, however, there was nobody in the scullery, and no dish-water to run through the spout; so the boy was soon weary of staying near it.

Then he turned his attention to the row of lilac-bushes, just round the corner, by the window of the little dining-room, at the end of the kitchen. It was not made for an eating-room, but for a chamber, and in cold weather Aunt Ridley slept there, because it was handy to her work, and was well warmed by the kitchen fire; but in summer it was used as a dining-room, for Aunt Ridley thought her summer boarders, especially her niece and children, should not eat in the kitchen, because it was so hot. She accordingly took down her high-topped bedstead, and put in a big table, which so choked up the little room that there was hardly space enough for the boarders to sit down.

Under the lilacs, and beside the windows, was a nice, cool, sweet nook. To be sure, the lilacs, being spring-flowers, were not in bloom on this September day, but the place was fragrant with breezes from the garden. Often the hens gathered there, with Chanticleer at their head. Harry used to imagine all sorts of things about these hen-meetings. He told his mother that he listened to their talk, and that they discussed questions relating

to the eggs which Aunt Ridley and Aaron stole from their nests, and either used on the table—fried and boiled, or made into an omelet—or sent to market to be sold. They tried to tell each other (so Harry said) of safe places, where they could lay their eggs, in such security that nobody would ever be able to find them. "Then," said the hens, "we may possibly have some chickens hatched by-and-by."

Then the old rooster chipped in with his wisdom. He thought the hens had clucked long enough, and so he crowed lustily for them to be silent. Then he boldly expressed his opinion, in a lordly way. He said that Thanksgiving would come in two months, and the hens would be wanted for Aunt Ridley's chicken-pies. In fact he had heard her promise that cityfied woman to send her some chickens, when cold weather came. The biddies suggested mildly that their chickens would not be big enough to eat that year. "Yes, but *you* will!" majestically chanted Chanticleer; "and your chickens will have to take their turn next year."

Harry did not really believe the fowls discussed these matters in their parliament, but he liked the fancy. After awhile he thought it was time for the hens to go away; so he *shooed* them, and they wandered off to the tune of *cut-cut-ca-dah-cut*, leaving Harry all alone.

He began to feel drowsy. So he went to the shed, and took an old horse-blanket which was lying there, and made a bed for himself in the shady lilac corner, with his cap for a pillow. There he lay down, and soon fell asleep.

Meanwhile his father, who had been over to see a neighbor, came back, and told his wife to get ready for a drive, while he harnessed the mare. She dressed the baby; but as Harry was all dressed for Sunday, she did not think about him till the team was nearly ready. Then she looked for the boy, in order to brush his hair,—a process which he fairly hated. To her surprise Harry was not in his chamber, not in the sitting-room nor in the parlor,—not even in the kitchen or well-room. She went to the door and called him, but there was no answer.

"HARRY! Harry!! HARRY!!!" Still no answer. Then she remembered that she had told him to go into the orchard; she could not see him there, when she looked out of the window. Mr. Ambleton went round the house to look for him, but no Harry was to be found, either in the shed or in the barn or in the cow-

yard. No, Harry was far away, in the Land of Dreams, playing on the patent violin he talked so much about. His father passed very near the boy, and would have seen him, if only he had thought to pull the bushes aside; but he little knew how much Harry liked this retreat. So they concluded that Harry had gone away somewhere, with Aaron, as he often did, and drove away without him. They had not been gone long when Harry awoke, and went into the house, rubbing his eyes.

"Why Harry," said his grandaunt, "where have ye been? Why, yer folks could n't find ye nowhere, an' they 've been an' gone a' ridin' without ye."

"Where have they gone?"

"Oh, up to Sister Dorcas's, I guess. They gin'ally go there, when they drive out of a Sabba'day."

Was n't Harry sorry, and did n't he cry! He always lotted so much on this drive with Papa!

"There, hush deary!" said Aunty. "Don't take on so. They meant to take ye with 'em, but they could n't find ye nowhere, nor make ye hear."

Harry went out and looked down the road, but the carryall had been long out of sight. Aunt was glad not to hear him cry any more, and did not see that he walked slowly down the road, till he also was out of sight. He thought he would go after the carryall. It was late, for on Sundays they had their dinner at three o'clock, and these events had all happened afterwards. The dusky evening was setting in. Harry began to be afraid, but on he walked, trying to keep up a brave heart. As it grew darker and darker, he began to feel very sober; but he was a plucky child, and would not go back again, come what would. At last his courage gave way. He knew how foolish it was to expect to overtake old Jenny, and as he had passed a junction of roads, he was not quite sure that he knew his way back. Then he cried again, and walked slower and slower, fearing he knew not what.

Suddenly he heard the rattle of wheels and presently a carriage came in sight. Was it Jenny and the carryall? No, it was a chaise, and he did not know what chaise it was. Daylight was now so dim that he could not see plainly. Besides, Harry was near-sighted. Suddenly a voice sounded from the chaise. "Why, what little chap is that? I do believe it's Cousin Sarah's little Harry!"

Oh, how relieved Harry felt! It was the voice of Uncle

Foster. Harry always called him *uncle*, though really Dr. Foster was only Mrs. Ambleton's cousin. Although he felt better, Harry cried all the louder, and could hardly find breath to tell his sad little story; but they understood him without much telling, and Uncle Doctor helped him into the chaise, and let him sit on the small medicine-chest, which the Doctor always carried with him. Aunt Clara wrapped a little scarf about him, for it was growing cooler, and they jogged on to Aunt Ridley's, whither they were bound.

"I hear the Ambletons are gone out to drive," said Dr. Foster to Mrs. Ridley, "but here I bring you *one* of them back again. He was trying to overtake old Jenny, on foot; but I told him it was of no use, for he could n't do it."

In a few minutes more Mr. Ambleton drove up also. They had been talking about Harry, and Mrs. Ambleton felt so uneasy that her husband turned the horse, and drove back again. He *pook-pooed* at his wife, for worrying about their little chap; nevertheless he too was anxious, and right glad to see his boy again; and Baby fairly crowed with delight, when Harry helped him into the house.

So Harry lost himself, and then found himself. We always do well when we find ourselves in harmony and peace.

A PRAYER FOR THE NEW YEAR.

[Selected.]

WHAT awful gifts of rapture or despair
 Hold thy closed hands, oh thou New Year, for me?
 'Twixt thy far close and this thy January,
 What mysteries shall be of love and prayer?
 The heights of Life where I would walk are fair;
 But in the valley where the damp mists be,
 I may grope blindly on. Ah, let me see
 The longed-for heights! Let me respire that air,
 And know its healing, whatso'er await!
 I do not pray for any dear delights,
 Seeing my very days oft turn to nights;
 Only I ask, whatever me await,
 Thy days, New Year, may witness me, though late,
 If not upon, yet making for the heights.

Animal Magnetism.

THE land that Thou gavest unto our fathers, to eat the fruit thereof and the good thereof, behold we are servants in it; and it yieldeth much increase unto the kings whom Thou hast set over us, because of our sins. Also they have dominion over our bodies and over our cattle, at their pleasure, and we are in great distress.

NEHEMIAH.

WHEN they shall say to you :

“Inquire of their necromancers and wizards,

That peep and murmur;”

Then say ye : “Should not a people inquire of their God?

Should they inquire of the dead for the living?”

ISAIAH.

TESTS OF DISCIPLESHIP.

W. H. CHASE.

IN the Gospel record we read that at a certain time after the Resurrection, when Jesus was walking with two of his disciples, “their eyes were holden, that they should not know him.” Then the disciples, whose mortal vision had been glorified by seeing the Master raise the dead and walk the wave, lost, for the first time, their understanding that all was Mind, and were withheld, apparently by some power, from realizing that they were in the actual presence of their Master.

With vows of love and fealty yet warm upon their lips, with their hearts still thrilling with the memory and joy of his mighty demonstrations, Animal Magnetism nevertheless held them, for the hour, in such complete mastery, that every attempt to spiritualize their sense of Jesus was in vain. They were in his very presence, yet so many leagues away, talking with him, yet knowing him not! Oh the darkness and gloom of that hour! What an awful contrast to those peaceful and happy days in Galilee, when he was in their midst, healing and teaching!

Christian Scientists of today, seeking to bring out the same Truth as did those chosen ones, do you expect to be spared a like experience? The world, the flesh, and the devil, in all their arguments and claims, are to be overcome ere the race is finished, and only he who endures to the end will be saved. It is vain to plead

for more time in which to demonstrate your mastery over error,— idle to turn into conciliatory bypaths, instead of keeping on through the strait gate and narrow way of Truth.

It is worse than useless to make compromises with sin. When you add procrastination to inactivity, and indifference to stolidity, you have heaped remorse and retribution high upon your head, and hung new millstones about your neck. Animal Magnetism gains fresh power over you each time you palter with the demands of the flesh, and comes up armed against you with redoubled assurance of victory.

Do some of you argue that, had you witnessed such actual demonstration of the might of Mind to heal the sick and raise the dead, as Jesus gave his disciples, you would stand firmer in the ranks today, clinging more closely to the teachings of Christian Science? Do you maintain also that, had you been an eye-witness of his works, you would have been more faithful to Jesus than were those whom he chose, and who forsook him in his hour of need, hiding themselves from his enemies? How can you ask that credence will be given to your statement, when you are not faithful to the high sense of Truth you already possess?

Which one of you can deny that he has already seen and felt the fulness of the divine assurance of what the understanding that God is All has done and will do for him, or can deny that he has not also experienced the opposite void,— the moments, hours, days perhaps, when so heavily hung the clouds of Animal Magnetism over his thought, when, though in the ever-presence of God, he could realize nothing but evil? Though no voice but God's could speak, yet mortal mind alone seemed to talk!

Oh brothers and sisters, let us not deny that these times do come to each of us. Cyclones of error, whirlwinds of discord, seem for the hour to overcome and prostrate us, urging us backward into the old retreats of sin, tempting us to personalize ourselves in error, and humanize Deity,— or, what is far more fatal, deify ourselves, or those whom mortal sense bids us hold dear. Any attempt to do this shuts us out in an instant from communion with the impersonal Good, the Father's Love.

Then, like Peter and John, we shall seek the resurrected Christ through personal sense, and find him not. Our "eyes will be holden, and we shall not know him." Our limbs will be again fettered, just as we were beginning "to run and not be weary, walk and not faint."

Outside of all persons and personal sense we must find God. In the thoughts which compose the One Mind, which is God, we must find identity and consciousness. The three days' labor of Jesus in the tomb, during which time he completed his lifework, had taken his own sense of his body so far away from the disciples' sense of his and of their own, that there could be no communion between them until he broke bread with them, opened their understanding, and spiritualized their thought still higher. Then they saw, then they heard.

Self-evident then is the lesson for us. If we stand still, or go backwards, we shall lose what we have already gained (be it much or little), by which we are able to gather ourselves up as Mind's reflections, and deny matter's claims. Burying our risen Lord, we shall indeed lose him, as did the Eleven; but when, on the other hand, we catch a sense of the supremacy of Truth, we find ourselves in instant communication with all of Good we have yet comprehended, and (like the disciples) we shall no longer mourn a crucified Saviour, but realize the sweet presence of Redeeming Love.

HYPOCRITES.

TO OUR JOURNAL: What shall be said of men who profess but do not practice? That they are hypocrites? Not always. As has been wisely said, Hypocrisy is the tribute vice pays to virtue. A counterfeit is a circulating proof of the value of genuine money. Nobody forges the name of a bogus firm. Indeed it has, can have, no truthful signature. It is nothing, and comes of nothing.

People oft believe theoretically in what they practically reject. To *wish* is present with them, but not to *will*, because the determined will would find a way. Conscious hypocrisy is simply awful,—to profess what one deliberately disbelieves; but the weakness of will which believes well, but acts contrary to that belief,—such mental vacillation deserves our sympathy and aid to make the erring stand on firmer ground.

There are hypocrites. Woe betide them! But all are not hypocrites who are called by this name. Let us carefully distinguish between the wilfully and the weakly bad, though the latter often do the most harm,

JACQUES.

Agates.

AND I will make thy windows of Agates.

ISAIAH.

To be a Christian, means a great deal more than believing in certain doctrines, going to church, or even talking about religion. It means living it. It means having Christ in every deed. We can not leave him out of the most trivial thing.

BRING

A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and, in itself,
Can make a heaven of Hell, a hell of Heaven.

MILTON.

THE place of a man before the pure, all-witnessing Spirit of God, and in the estimation of those who are heavenly-minded, determines his place in the world. All true relations are eternal.

P. C. MOZOOMDAR.

THE ultimate symbol of Divinity,
How can we dream of? We possess no sense
Whereby to seize it.

KING.

It is a reproach to be in the bonds of sin; but to be in the bonds of prison, for the sake of Christ, is great glory.

EARL OF ARUNDEL, 1587.

THE fruit of Evil; yet what Evil means
None knoweth, though he spent his life to know.

KING.

No great characters are formed in this world without suffering and self-denial.

MATTHEW HENRY.

AND priests, with dead lies, for the living Truth.

KING.

Healing: Communications and Cases.

AND try Me now in this, saith Jehovah of Hosts,—
Whether I will not open to you the Windows of Heaven,
And pour out upon you a blessing.

MALACHI.

DEAFNESS.

DEAR JOURNAL: Please find room in your columns for these few lines; for mortals must know what happiness I have found in Christian Science. I have been quite deaf all my life, the infirmity being hereditary. I suffered when a child with my ears, for months together, so I could not attend school. About five years ago, some machinery exploded. A piece of the iron hit the side of my head; and the drum of my left ear was perforated with five holes, and my head was injured inwardly. For this I have been doctored most of the time. During five months my ear discharged blood and matter. There were times when I suffered greatly. Over one year ago the pain in my head became constant. I wished someone would shoot me, for life was a burden. I could not work, I could not read, and there was no hope of a cure.

I was told to go to Mrs. W. T. Carpenter, a Christian Scientist of our town. I said to her that if I could only be relieved in my head, it would be all I would ask, for I could not expect to recover my hearing. The doctors all said that was impossible. Mrs. Carpenter said to me that all things were possible, through God. The second day after my treatment I received my hearing. I am lifted out of the darkness into light. I am a new man, free from dyspepsia of nine years' standing, free from all pain. I have my hearing, and am able to do as hard a day's work as any man in the county. Last, but not least, I appreciate God as I never could before, and realize that all things are possible.

GUSTAV GERICKE.

Grand Junction, Colorado.

BUT Thou, oh mighty Christ, endurest still,
Quenchless thy fire, fed by immortal breath,—
Lord of the heart, Lord of the erring will,
And Lord of death.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

BED-RIDDEN FOUR YEARS.

DEAR JOURNAL: I read with interest your columns; and as I have been heretofore a great sufferer, I wish to show to the public what Christian Science has done for me. I had been sick for about five years, being confined to my bed about four years, and was a very great sufferer all the time, hardly one moment without the most intense pain. I had what the doctors termed spinal, kidney, and stomach trouble, and a number of other ailments. My spine was so sore that I could not turn myself in bed. My feet and limbs were numb. My stomach would not retain anything, not even a teaspoonful of gruel. The physician said there was an obstruction in my stomach, and I could not get well.

My parents sent for Mrs. Robinson, a Christian Scientist of Hallowell, Maine. She arrived on Tuesday evening. The second day after she arrived I retained my food, and ate anything I wanted. The fourth day I was up and dressed for an hour. In a little over a week I could walk about the house, and went to ride. I improved very rapidly, and have been gaining ever since. I was not only healed bodily, but spiritually. Mrs. Robinson is doing a great work.

L. M. EMERY.

North New Portland, Maine.

THANKSGIVING INDEED!

DEAR MRS. EDDY: I thought it might be gratifying to you to know that one great sufferer, at Tilton, N. H., had been healed through your great discovery, Christian Science; and as this is a day appointed for thankfulness, I think it right to send you a few lines of gratitude. I know not what words to use in describing the benefit your work has done, in relieving me of that trying disease asthma, which has been about me for more than forty years, and which I had supposed would last me through life. A niece, Mrs. A. M. Otis, came to my home, and assured me that she could help me. I also had hay-fever and severe sick-headache. I went with Mrs. Otis to her home in Michigan, and through her help I am cured. May you be blessed in your great and good work! is the wish of your friend,

HATTIE. S. COPP.

Marquette, Mich.

ASTHMA AND RUPTURE.

[Extract from a letter to REV. M. B. G. EDDY.]

DEAR TEACHER: I meet those who are tired with that which satisfieth not, and with joy listen to the good news which Christian Science brings to them. A gentleman came in one evening to inquire if a rupture could be healed. While talking with him, he felt that he was made whole. He left the room, removed his truss, and went to his boarding-place. In the morning he came and acknowledged the cure, and is doing very heavy work.

I called last Sunday at a house where a lady, over seventy, was coughing and experiencing great difficulty in breathing. She said she had coughed herself almost to death. I asked her if I might treat her. In a few minutes she ceased coughing and breathed naturally. Looking up with a smile she asked, "Why do n't I cough?" I answered: "Why do n't you?" With joy beaming from her countenance she replied: "Because I do n't want to."

R. J. ROBINSON.

Hallowell, Me., Box 406.

RISE AND WALK.

At the Beautiful Gate sat the lame one,
Bewailing a fate so forlorn,
Oft wishing, since all men forgot him,
He had never in this world been born.

Through the wide entrance crowded the Zealot,
The Pharisee, Sadducee, Scribe;
Of them all scarcely one gave a penny,
Or a thought to the poor of their tribe.

"Oh if I could walk stalwart as they do,
Not long would I beg at the door,
But work with the friends of Jehovah,
And gladden the weak with my store!"

That way came the Christian apostles;
Of silver and gold had they none;
To strength and to joy and to manhood,
Their word raised the sorrowing one.

You may sing of the Beautiful Portal,
All blazoned with silver and gold;
But more beautiful far the thought Christian,
Which leads us to health in Love's fold.

Church and Association.

THE Church of the Living God, the pillar and ground of Truth.

PAUL.

OUR FAIR.

THREE days and evenings, Dec. 19-21, was lower Horticultural Hall, corner of Bromfield and Tremont Streets, open for the Fair, held for the benefit of the Boston Church.

The apartment was beautifully adorned with fans, Japanese umbrellas, embroidered cloths. On the right side of the hall, behind a row of tables, a section was set off for a restaurant, under the charge of Mrs. Batchelder. The food was excellent in quality, and this department was well waited and well patronized. Much of the cake was gratuitously furnished by friends. The salad was prime. The turkeys were unusually well roasted, one of the members sitting up over night to accomplish this feat for the feast.

The Fair was officered as follows, according to a little sheet issued for its benefit, and called Good Tidings:

*President, Mrs. M. F. Eastaman. Secretary, Frank E. Mason.
Treasurer, Miss Carrie E. Stratton.*

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Chairman.

J. A. Evans.

Aids.

J. A. Linfield.

F. E. Mason.

Mrs. E. L. Clarke.

Miss J. S. Bartlett.

Miss C. E. Stratton.

TICKET AGENT.

J. Landy.

MUSIC COMMITTEE.

Chairman.

Mrs. M. A. Brown.

Aids.

J. Landy.

Miss Alice Carr.

LITERATURE TABLE.

Chairman.

Mrs. M. E. Landy.

Aids.

W. H. Bradley.

C. A. S. Troup.

W. H. Sherman.

Miss N. A. Lecte.

ART TABLE.

Chairman.

Mrs. A. F. Allen.

Aids.

Mrs. A. D. Torrey.

Mrs. Adele Semple.

Miss Annie Smith.

Miss Simpson.

NEEDLEWORK COMMITTEE.

Mrs. M. W. Munroe,

Miss J. S. Bartlett.

Mrs. J. T. Colman.
 Mrs. S. E. Avery.
 Mrs. E. L. Palmer.
 Miss S. E. Cowen.
 Mrs. S. E. Kirby.
 Miss S. R. Kenney.
 Miss M. E. Morgan.
 Miss M. E. Prince.
 Mrs. M. E. Fernald.
 Wm. L. Rugg.
 Mrs. S. J. Rugg.
 Mrs. A. R. Littlefield.
 Miss A. Gilllatt.
 Miss M. S. Benedict.
 Miss L. G. Worth.
 Mrs. G. Leighton.
 Mrs. B. Perry.
 Mrs. E. F. Bostwick.

CLASS TABLE.

Chairman.

Mrs. E. L. Clarke.

Aids.

Miss Emma F. Linfield.
 Miss E. H. Jones.
 Miss Mary E. Bryan.
 Miss Ida Burnham.
 Miss Etta L. Stratton.
 Miss Gwendoline Wood-
 bury.
 Miss Ida Cuthbertson.
 Miss N. Maude Gammon.
 Miss F. T. Patton.
 Miss Etta Willard.
 Miss Ella L. Troup.
 Miss M. E. Wheelock.
 Miss Josie Willard.

FLOWER TABLE.

Chairman.

Mrs. M. A. Brown.

Aids.

Mrs. E. S. Bangs.
 Mrs. M. A. Evans.
 Miss Gertrude Gifford.
 Miss Alice Carr.
 Miss Belle Brown.

CONFECTIONERY TABLE.

Chairman.

Mrs. A. T. Currier.

Aids.

Mrs. M. B. Snow.
 Mrs. H. E. Mason.
 Mrs. L. Annie Flemming.
 Miss Della Willard.

GROCERY TABLE.

Chairman.

C. S. Cutter.

Aids.

H. N. Poole.
 W. J. Lyons.
 Mrs. M. A. Poole.
 Miss S. N. Prince.

REFRESHMENT SECTION.

Chairman.

Mrs. Mary A. Batchelder.

Aids.

Mrs. J. Bryan.
 Mrs. J. E. Shaw.
 Mrs. J. A. Evans.
 Mr. and Mrs. Viall.
 Miss R. P. Osborne.
 Misses Annie and Mary
 Schlicht.

The Fair really originated with the girls in Mrs. Eastaman's class, who were earnestly in favor of the project. Their zeal inspired their elders, and so the Scripture was fulfilled, "Out of the mouths of babes, Thou hast perfected praise."

From Good Tidings we take this further statement:

The object of this Christmas Sale was twofold: to raise money for the Building-fund of our Church, and to bring the public together informally and socially.

As a matter of history it may here be stated, that this church was organized by Rev. M. B. G. Eddy, Founder of Christian Science, and her students, members of the Christian Scientists' Association, in the Spring of 1879. In June of that year the charter of the church was obtained, and the members, twenty-six in number, extended a call to Mrs. Eddy to become their pastor. She accepted the call, and has held the pastorate

ever since; though for the last two years she has been present but infrequently, on account of her multifarious duties. This is a good opportunity for a public reply to the oft-repeated inquiry if she was ever ordained,—that she was ordained, in 1881.

Two years ago our growth suggested to us the necessity of procuring a church of our own, and a committee was appointed to procure land in a desirable locality. A tract of land was soon secured on the Back Bay, situated on Falmouth Street, on the northerly side of West Chester Park. The land has already largely increased in value, and we are very desirous of soon erecting a building worthy of the Truth we represent.

The attendance was very large, especially in the evening; and not one of the fairs recently held in Boston has presented a more beautiful display. Paintings there were, on brass, porcelain, china, canvas, velvet, satin, silk. Lovely cushions, there were, hand-painted and embroidered, besides mantel-scarfs and bags, dressing-cases and table-cloths. Ink, blueing, crackers, ears of popcorn, preserves, were among the groceries. The candy was good, as a matter of course. The laborers were indefatigable. Frank E. Mason (who is at present preaching regularly at Chickering Hall) was ubiquitous,—in all parts of the Fair at all times; and other gentlemen were correspondingly helpful,—Messrs. Viall, Troup, Linfield, Landy, Colman, Johnson, Murphy, Bailey, Smith.

As usual on such occasions, the Fair was hardly in working-order before the first evening, but it was alive with work from the first instant. On Tuesday evening Mrs. Eddy was present. From the door to the platform she was escorted by Henry P. Bailey. When she was seated, the band struck up Mendelssohn's Wedding March, which a brother declared to be symbolical of Mrs. Eddy's indissoluble union with Truth. Her presence excited so much interest as to impede the wheels of gossip and barter; and before her retirement she made a brief speech, in allusion to the Cause itself, and the interest in it of the children.

On the last evening, Wednesday, the few remaining articles were disposed of at low prices. Indeed outsiders, well versed in such matters, declared that, from the beginning, prices were too low. The net profits for the building-fund were piles of dollars and heaps of happiness.

A visitor who naturally attracted some attention was the son of Mrs. Eddy, George W. Glover, who was in the army, has been a successful mining-engineer among the Rockies, and is passing the winter in Chelsea,—a small city which is almost part of Boston. Mr. Glover was accompanied by his wife and children,—one of whom, like her father, strongly resembles Mrs. Eddy.

FAIR MEMORIES.

To the dear friends of the Cause who were unable to be with us, but had contributed toward the Fair in aid of our Church-building Fund, a little report is due. In the first place the Fair was a success in every way, and one of the most artistic displays of the kind ever presented to the people of Boston. The needlework given to us was of the finest order, and, with the art and bric-a-brac, made a good show. The Literature and Flower tables were added beauties, and the Class-table, with its bevy of misses in white caps, attracted everybody. The café, the grocery and candy tables, were well patronized. The rugs and draperies, lent by different firms, for decorative purposes, enhanced the beauty of the goods and the appearance of the hall.

On the evening when our Leader was present, the hall was packed, and happiness and good-fellowship prevailed. Visitors commented on the perfect harmony existing between the Scientists, and one observed that it was a love-feast to look upon their happy faces.

To the absent ones who helped in this undertaking, we extend thanks; and we are especially grateful to the children who contributed their mites to the Boston Church. Dear little ones! May they grow up in the Truth, and never have so much (seemingly) to overcome as their older brothers and sisters have found. Our thanks are also due to many who are looking toward the Light, but can not yet say, "I see,"—to the merchants of this city, to the Shakers of Enfield, N. H., and to many others. Particular mention must be made of the donation from the Shaker friends, which was especially enjoyed by children of all growths,—and appreciated by the thoughtful, as proving this fact, that Love breaks down all barriers which separate the children of God from one another.

The Fair not only netted a goodly sum for the Church-building Fund, but brought out the Christianity of the people. s. n. c.

OH New Year, teach us faith!

The road of life is hard:

When our feet bleed, and scourging winds us scathe,

Point thou to him whose visage was more marred

Than any man's,—who saith,

"Make straight paths for your feet," and, to the opprest,

"Come ye to me, and I will give you rest."

CHANGE OF MATERIAL BASE.

At Christmastide Rev. Mary B. Glover Eddy began to occupy the new house, which she has recently purchased on Commonwealth Avenue, Number 385. The price is recorded in the real-estate transactions, published in the dailies, at forty-thousand dollars. It is a large house in the midst of a new block, and contains twenty rooms. In front it overlooks the recently dedicated statue of Leif Eriksson, the Norseman who discovered America (as many believe) five centuries before Columbus. Beyond this is the entrance to the beautiful Back Bay Park. From the rear windows there is a view of Charles River, which at this point makes a bend. The spot is very beautiful, and the house has been finished and furnished under the advice of a professional decorator.

The locality is excellent. For the information of friends not acquainted with Boston, it may be stated that Commonwealth Avenue is the most fashionable in the city. Through the centre of it runs a slim park, with a central promenade, leaving a driveway on each side of the main thoroughfare. Within a few yards of Mrs. Eddy's mansion is the massive residence of His Excellency, Oliver Ames, the present governor of Massachusetts.

To name the dwellers on this avenue would be to name scores of Boston's wealthy and influential men.

On Marlboro' Street, which is the next towards the river, are many more families of note; while everybody knows that Beacon Street, which comes next in line, and runs along the border of Charles River, claims the blue blood of Boston for its inheritance, especially on the waterside.

CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST ASSOCIATION.

THE regular monthly meeting of this Association was held in the chapel of Tremont Temple, on Dec. 7. A very large number of members were present, many of them coming from a distance, and meeting with this Association the first time for many months. The regular business was very quickly despatched, in a very satisfactory and harmonious manner. The Need of United Effort was very ably handled by one of our lady members, who, in well-chosen and earnest words, appealed to all to raise our standard higher, that we may be shining lights to those seeking the fold of Truth.

L.

CHRISTMAS JOYS.

MARY B. G. EDDY.

SAYS the Psalmist, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?"

To the right loyal Christian Scientists—working through the gloom, joyous in the night, looking for the day—I am the debtor. Words are weak to express either joy or sorrow. They fail to articulate my gratitude for your labors and love, which are advancing the hope of humanity all over the world. Accept my thanks for your beautiful holiday gifts, and my warm wishes for your happiness and prosperity. The Star that led the Wisemen of old is leading the wise of our time. It is the central ray in the firmament of Soul.

Letters and accompanying holiday gifts from my students give no uncertain sound. A Marine View, painted by Bradford Sherman, is grand. The givers thus describe it:

REV. M. B. G. EDDY—OUR DEAR TEACHER: We ship you this day, by express, a Christmas present, an ideal picture of the ship Christian Science nearing the port, leaving the rocks, shadows, and shoals of mortal belief behind. With best wishes for a happy Christmas,

We are faithfully yours,

MR. AND MRS. B. SHERMAN.

Mrs. H. A. Larmine, of Hyde Park, Ill., has forwarded an interesting gift, with this letter:

MY VERY DEAR TEACHER: May all joy and peace be yours, this Christmas time! The real Christmas is nearer to us today than ever before, and we can rejoice with you now, in a fuller understanding, trusting that ere long we may come into the full joy of the new birth in Christ. God is surely with us, and we have every reason to be glad.

Please accept, as a remembrance of the day, a copy of the old clock-tower in Lausanne, Switzerland,—made in Geneva. My dear husband and I were in the same old tower, while visiting Europe. It is a peculiar clock. It gives the "time, times, and half a time." I trust it will be a witness of the destruction of all times; so that we may enter into the joy of eternity.

With much love,

H. A. LARMINE.

Also received from Mrs. Webster, C.S.B., and Mrs. Adams, C.S.B., of Chicago, lovely scarfs and neckerchiefs.

From Mrs. Geo. H. Bradford, C.S.B., of Boston, comes that exquisite engraving, *The Repose in Egypt*, elegantly framed.

Received from Mrs. S. H. Crosse, C.S.D., of the *CHRISTIAN SCIENCE JOURNAL*, Boston, a pretty souvenir in embroidered satin.

Received from my son, Geo. W. Glover, of Lead City, Dak., an elegant design in flowers, framed elaborately.

A marble piece of statuary, called *Dawn*, representing an angel opening the gates of Paradise, was bought at the Fair, by the contributions of many friends, and presented, with an affectionate letter, to their Teacher.

In all, about fifty presents gladdened my Christmas; and those which I have not specified are hereby gratefully acknowledged.

WOMAN IN THE CHURCH.

In the *London Inquirer* is a timely word:

But it is in the religious sphere that the genius of woman finds its fittest development. The Church has never yet duly appreciated this fact, or utilized it with wisdom and intelligence. The Church has ever been dominated over by men, many of them of a hard, worldly, dogmatic type, utterly unfitted to set forth the gracious message of the Gospel; and never will its gentle and loving character be appreciated until a more devout and unselfish spirit possesses the ministry. The quiet, kindly bearing of an intelligent woman is much more in harmony with Christianity than all the learning or the logic of your dry theologian. Indeed, the notion is spreading, that one of the chief obstacles to the Gospel in our day is your elaborate theology; and that preaching of a sectarian or doctrinal sort is doing more evil than good. In all our congregations there are numbers of devout influential women repelled by it, and hungering for a truer exposition of the Kingdom of God. Amongst them, the minister who has tact and sympathy would find his most effective helpers.

TO BRADFORD SHERMAN, C.S.D.

M. B. G. EDDY.

WELL hast thou painted her, our Ship of State,—

A state of Mind,—amidst the breakers' roar,
The calm, grand equipoise of Faith, combined

With Understanding; and the pearly door

Of Heaven, our port, that nearer is, afar,

Whence gleams the morning of our Eastern Star.

Editorial Outlook.

THE eternal round of Truth.	ANONYMOUS.
THE power of an endless Life.	HEBREWS.
THE care of discipline is Love.	WISDOM.
THE Spirit is Life, because of righteousness.	ROMANS.
WITHOUT rebuke, holding forth the Word of Life.	PAUL.

EIGHTEEN-EIGHTY-EIGHT.

—

New Year again has come,
The glad New Year!
To many a heart and home
It brings good cheer.

New Life doth always come
Where God doth dwell;
Have Him within the home,
And all is well.

New Truth in thought must come,
Where He doth live;
For Truth in heart and home
True Life must give.

New Love to all shall come,
When all shall see,
That Love makes thought and home
As one to be.

THE GOOD OF A NEW YEAR.

—

OF itself the New Year will make us no better than did the Old Year. The benefit of 1888 depends upon ourselves,—the thoughts which lead to deeds. If we take ourselves well in hand, another January will find us wiser, truer, nobler human beings; yet not perfect, for slow is the progress, even at the best. If Newton could say, with his vast acquirements, that he felt like a child picking up a pebble, while the ocean of knowledge lay untraversed before him, and if Jesus could repel the epithet *good*, as not his by moral right, surely it becomes us to be modest in our hopes and claims.

COMFORT OF LOVE.

A BEAUTIFUL little volume is published by Crook, 30 Music Hall, Boston, with this name. The author is the Rev. Otis Olney Wright, an Episcopal preacher, from the Middle States. The cover is ornamented with Cross and Crown, somewhat in the style of the cut on the cover of this JOURNAL; and the pamphlet presents an appearance at once beautiful and unique.

The twenty sections treat the Comfort of Love in a large and liberal way, showing how sacred Love, in God and man,—as the abiding Principle,—rules and saves, elevates and purifies. Though not a Christian Scientist, Mr. Wright says many things which are in line with Scientific thought. Among many passages which might be cited, here are a few:

Out of the universal Principle which expresses man's vital relations to God, springs the divine law of our relations to our fellow-man, and to all that is true and good in society.

It is a glorious thought that God does everything in the infinite perfection of His holy Love. The universe is not a freak. It is, rather, a necessity.

Love is the divine cement and bond of perfectness, which unites all the living stones of the spiritual house of God, and thus completes the glorious temple.

The culture of the Holy Ghost sets all the chords of Life in their proper order, and tunes them all to the harmony of the heavenly music.

Every human interest . . . centres in the knowledge and love of the true and living God, and everywhere . . . the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ has proved to be most perfectly adapted to meet every human need, and has lifted men up into the purest and noblest life the world has ever seen.

It takes Love to understand Love. Nothing but the divine Love can explain the atonement.

It is wonderful how completely everything is rooted and grounded in Love. No wonder it is the one magic word of all the language of human life. God does everything for the sake of Love. Love is the vital power of Life. The more we love, the more we live. Not to love is to languish and die.

There is but one Spirit of God, and that is in Christ.

All the teachings of this author are not in harmony with Christian Science. In common with most Christians, he recognizes disease and death as disciplinary necessities. Nevertheless, he has aspirations and impulses toward the Light.

SONGS OF HISTORY.

THIS is the pertinent title of a volume of poems by Hexekiah Butterworth, issued by the New England Publishing Co.

The author prides himself on his Yankee birth and his good Puritan name, with its Bible ring. His poems bear out this thought. Some of them have been published before, in periodicals, but each is stamped with the American impress. The author's aim is to aid in doing a work for his own country, and the ideas for which she stands, similar to what has been done by the poets for other lands,—embalm great incidents in popular verse. He gives us nearly sixty poems, opening with one descriptive of the Thanksgiving for America, by Ferdinand and Isabella, offered at Barcelona, in 1493. The poems commemorate Lincoln and Alexander the Tsar, the great liberators. Then follow Cameos of American History, introducing Ponce de Leon, Roger Williams, Harry Vane, Jefferson, Bennington. Chocorua and Chickamauga are included in Pictures of Places. The book closes with poems about our Holidays and Festivals, such as Labor Day, Arbor Day, the Hayfield. Such a book is valuable in a growing family, valuable as a stirrer of patriotic blood.

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

"AND other stories of New England Life," is the second title of this handsome little volume, with a shore scene on the cover, printed by John Wilson & Son, Cambridge, and published by Little, Brown & Co. Only the initials C. H. W. appear on the titlepage; but C. H. W. writes seven admirable stories, all but two of which have before seen the light, in magazines. They are faithful pictures of seacoast life; and one may judge the author to be a lawyer, both from the incidents of the stories, and from the fact that his publishers are well known as the patron saints of law-books. As to the tales themselves, it would be difficult to say which one likes best, each is so graphic. Perhaps foremost is the one about Eli, the fellow who stood out, as the one man on a jury, for his friend's life; and next to it comes one about the parson who had to preach a funeral sermon about a man who had lived a century, but done nothing else worth mentioning. These sketches bear the earmarks of being drawn from life.

AUNT PEN'S AMERICAN NIECES.

THIS is the subtitle of *Bledisloe*, an International Story, published by Cupples & Hurd, and written by Ada M. Trotter. The materials are not new, but they are nicely woven.

Bledisloe is a humdrum country place, on the Severn. At first you think it is the daughter of the extravagant and aristocratic rector who is to be the heroine; and, indeed, with her escape from the clutches of an aged millionaire the story ends; but, in the interim, you become greatly interested in the American cousins, one of whom — Gladys, a Boston philanthropist — comes to inherit an estate. The other, wearing thin shoes, sets the county agog, and wins a baronet; while through her liveliness Aunt Pen spruces up, and is reunited to an old lover, whom she had foolishly set adrift thirty years before.

There are charming descriptions of the children of English families, so disagreeably unlike our own; and well sketched is the old servant, who does all the work in a big house, where there are four closets in a chamber, and yet finds time to go everywhere with "dear Miss Penelope." The pathetic and humorous elements are so skilfully combined, that you overlook considerable repetition.

ZORAH.

FROM Cupples & Hurd comes this novel, in covers ornamented with flowers and leaves of terra-cotta, on a background of Nile green.

It is written by Elisabeth Balch. As a story it has not much to commend it. There are several schemes begun, but not ended in any natural or artistic way. The intrusion of Mustapha into the council of religious conspirators against the Khedive is thrilling, but has no vital connection with the tale. There are poison, snake-charming, love-philters, rascals, and wrestling in the book; and the slight plot, the union of an Arab official with an English girl, is chiefly useful for the introduction of descriptions of Egyptian life — a marriage, a burial, Shepheard's Hotel, the Empress Eugenie's visit, a hareem. In this latter aspect, *Zorah* is very persuasive reading, and gives one a peep into the country of mud, sand, pyramids, and the Sphinx.

DIET, IN RELATION TO AGE AND ACTIVITY.

THIS little book, by Sir H. Thompson, is republished, from *The Nineteenth Century*, by Cupples & Hurd. Its design is to show that with increase of years there should be decrease of food, provided there be also a lessened expenditure of force. After all, is not Nature the best guide? In most dietary matters it is found so. If the human system really requires less nourishment, will not the appetite show this difference? It should not be forgotten that in old age a greater effort is demanded, and therefore greater reinforcement, for a similar result.

THE NEW YEAR.

[Selected.]

COME in New Year, with all thy youthful grace!
The light breeze fans thee with its frost-plumed wing;
The new day holds thee in its strong embrace;
So fair a Muse ne'er fondled infant king.

Bring to these hearts a thousand high resolves!
Bring love to sweeten all earth's wrong and ruth!
Bring faith in faith, as sphere in sphere revolves!
Bring in the bounteous harvest-time of Truth!

Bring us the light of free, unbiased thought!
Breathe thoughts of action into lifeless creeds!
With blessed wisdom let thy wings be fraught!
Oh, bring a swollen tide of saintly deeds!

REV. MRS. EDDY'S HYMN.

THE second edition of *Christ My Refuge* is published. It has been revised and re-arranged, and a piano accompaniment has been added. For sale as usual, at 192 Dartmouth Street, at Ditson & Co.'s, and at our College.

A FLOWER unblown, a book unread,
A Tree with fruit unharvested,
A Path untrod,—a House, whose rooms
Lack yet God's own divine perfumes!

Economic Hints.

IF anyone provideth not for his own, and especially for those of his Own House, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an unbeliever.

PAUL TO TIMOTHY.

UNITY OF GOOD.

THIS is the title of a new book, by the author of 'Science and Health. The whole title is The Unity of Good, and the Unreality of Evil. This is a thin volume of about eighty small pages, neatly and prettily bound. The excellent typography is from the office of George F. Crook, 30 Music Hall, and the work issues from the University Press, Cambridge,—John Wilson & Son.

Among the sections of the book are the following titles: Seed-time and Harvest, Deep Things of God, The Ego, Death, Saviour's Mission, Suffering from Others' Thoughts, Credo, Matter, Living Soul.

Though the plates are all cast, and it was hoped the new book would be ready for the holidays, this hope was disappointed; but it is certain to be on the market before January has spent its days.

Published at 385 Commonwealth Avenue.

REMOVAL.

REV. M. B. G. EDDY has removed to her elegant brownstone, swell-front house, at the head of Commonwealth Avenue, one of the most beautiful sites in Boston. Her address is 385 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston. She will continue to have her school and teach her classes, as heretofore, at the Massachusetts Metaphysical College, 571 Columbus Avenue.

OFFER TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

THE next year of our JOURNAL begins in April; but those who subscribe now will receive, in addition to the magazine for the year, from April 1888 to April 1889, the current numbers for December, January, February, March,—that is, four extra copies of the JOURNAL.

— THE —

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE JOURNAL.

For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God, to the pulling down of strongholds.—PAUL.

VOL. V.

FEBRUARY, 1888.

No. 11.

IN THE NAME OF JESUS.

—
THEODORE T. CHAVE.
—

IN a former article was considered the miracle of healing the lame man, wrought by Peter at the Gate of the Temple, called Beautiful, as related in the third chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. We may gladly consent unto the profession of our Science, that it heals by the same method that the Saviour used. If therefore we really heal by Christian Science, we may claim, with the apostles, to do wondrous things through the Son of God.

It is not to be understood that our Master's disciples, at least at first, healed because they understood the unreality of sickness and sin. In all likelihood Jesus called them together, and gave them (as if for the first time) authority over all the enemies of his Kingdom. He could do this because he was able, being a man, to talk with them; but nevertheless he talked as being also God. Jesus was the Christ; God was in Christ; therefore, what reason had the disciples to dispute whether evil was a reality, or whether it was an unfounded assertion of the Evil One? What difference did it make to those who had received such a command? The Lord from Heaven, with full power and authority,

said, "In my name, heal the sick;" and many cures were wrought in this way.

Mrs. Eddy seems perhaps to have made the best remark on this subject: "It is a question today, whether the ancient inspired healers understood the Science of Christian healing, or whether they caught its sweet tones, like the natural musician, without being able to explain them." (*SCIENCE AND HEALTH*, p. 99.)

The latter seems the most reasonable explanation. From their association with Jesus the disciples had such an idea of God's power and will, that whenever a sick man appealed to them for aid, they knew what Jesus would have done, and bade the sickness depart. This knowing what God wishes is proving one of the greatest stumbling-blocks to other Christians. Some, who profess to heal through faith, first pray to find out what the divine will is. If the answer is propitious, their faith often restores. Such is the power of even the smallest faith in a divine power. Thousands — yea, tens of thousands — might have done the deeds of the Saviour, had they supposed they had his permission, — deep, passionate natures, who received the demons of the pit in the name of God, simply because they supposed that sickness, pain, and death were messengers (Greek: *angels*) of Jehovah.

If we are not wanting in charity and goodwill towards such brethren, we may assure them, with all confidence, that our healing is done in the name of Christ. It is certainly done through the power of God. *All* good comes from Him. It was to God that Jesus gave thanks for the miracle at Lazarus' tomb. Nay, our text teaches that it was through God that the Master himself was raised from the dead. Now it has pleased the All-wise that the fulness of Divinity should dwell in him whom we call our Lord. The creative and preservative Principle is eternally and indissolubly identified with the personality of the Son of Man. Whatever is right or good or holy comes, of course, from God, but also from Christ.

On the principle that Jesus Christ is the heir of all things,

his name can be used for all that is good; but let us consider more closely this expression, "By the name."

What is a Name? Primarily, it suggests *reputation*. Very likely this was the chief idea with the early worshippers. In the New Testament the word translated *glory* is really *reputation*. In Bible language, however, *name* is more than this. Dominion among men, to be effectual, must be recognized; but the Kingdom of God is not so constituted that its power must receive human approbation for its existence. The Name of God is not the wavering, uncertain idea men have of Him.

God has given Jesus a name above all other names. If we give anyone a name, it is not the individual, but the community, which receives the new idea; but God's gifts are independent of human opinions. In spiritual things, *name* does not belong to the customs and institutions of men, but is used to express man's relations to God. Hear the words of the Beloved Disciple: "And I saw heavens opened, and behold a white horse; and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness he doth judge and make war. His eyes were as a flame of fire, and on his head were many crowns; and he had a name written that no man knew, but he himself." (REVELATION xix. 11, 12.)

What is this unutterable, indescribable name? The personality and character of Jesus Christ. This no man understood; but it was the secret of his mighty power. He, at least, understood his own nature. By that knowledge he could lay claim to all the attributes of its Source. Nothing changes save our conception of the Unchangeable. Nothing grows in power, but our idea of Omnipotence. If into our lives we weave the consciousness of God's excellence, we shall indeed be calling on the Name of the Lord.

It is written (1 CORINTHIANS xii. 3) that no man can call Jesus *Lord*, except by the Holy Ghost. Not only has he no right to do so, but he *can not* have Jesus for a teacher, unless the Holy Spirit shows him the way and doctrine of Jesus. The key is knowledge,—“that they may know Thee, the only

true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." This knowledge Divine Science aims to impart. It does not profess to teach anything unknown to the Saviour. It rejects, as most ungodly, that which is opposed to his teachings. It maintains that the divine power of our Lord lay not in a transitory exercise of kingly authority, but in the heavenly effulgence of an abiding Life.

Then are we not most truly working in the Master's name? Is not our labor most spiritually "in the Lord"? Surely, we invoke no other aid. By the answer we know that He has heard us call Him, and it is not more a sign of His grace than of our obligation; for we are to give an account of these things. May we say of every deed, "Not *I*, but Christ in me." We want to feel that the mighty energy of his Life is declaring in us the character of Jesus, that we truly bear the mark and impress of his name, and that it is ours to share in the joy and confidence of Peter, as he maintained, before his wondering brethren: "Upon faith in his name, this man, whom ye see and know, hath his name made strong; yea, the faith which is by him hath given him this perfect soundness in the presence of you all." (ACTS iii. 16,—the writer's own translation.)

Has the name of Jesus lost its power? He who sat down at the right hand of the Majesty on High, far above all heavens,—hath he left us, his followers, unequal to the struggle with the hostile forms and fearful manifestations of evil, over which he himself achieved complete victory? Does there hang over the world only the frightful expectation of the full working of death? God forbid! We do have a hope. It is given us, even on earth, to anticipate the fruits of immortality; to feel, even in material thought, the presence and power of Spirit; to see, in the unreality of error, our future redemption; to recognize, in the vanity of material distinctions, the unity of Christian faith. Such heavenly opportunities let us fully employ, declaring, unto our brethren in Christ, the power and glory and will of God, and subduing in ourselves the evil that we have cast off and renounced; for, as has been truly said, it is only as we overcome our sins and faults here, and day-by-day rise superior to the obstacles that bar our onward progress, that we shall attain at last unto the resurrection from the dead.

THE ONE GOOD.

M. R. S.

WE read in Luke's Gospel (xviii. 19) that Jesus replied to the young man who asked him what he should do to inherit Eternal Life: "Why callest thou me Good? None is Good save one,—that is, God."

Good Master was perhaps only an expression of outward respect, such as was common in Oriental address. Jesus, however, seizes upon it as an opportunity to awaken thought upon a higher plane than that on which the question of the Ruler was asked.

What a man must do to gain Eternal Life, is a question whose answer must be elaborate and unsatisfactory, at the best. To gain that which we have not, either as a reward or an acquisition, involves a series of efforts, where so much discernment and judgment are necessary as must always render the result doubtful. To be, rather than to do, is suggested by the Great Teacher. The good man *has* Eternal Life. To him it is a possession, and not a prize. If Jesus was a good man, immortality was his by right, for goodness can not die.

There is no higher word in any language than that for which the English word *good* is an equivalent. It is a pity that it is used with such a sliding scale of significance. Men and women are of all shades of goodness; but when we allude to *our* good men, we do not use the word *good* in the sense in which Jesus uses it, when he declares that there are no good men. The fixed, eternal, immutable Good is one. It has no shades, variety, or gradations. That there are no good men, therefore, is the negative statement of the higher Truth, and must be apprehended before we can reach even a glimpse of the positive reality of the one Good, which is God.

The philosophy of reflection teaches that men are imperfect, their constitutions defective; and that all fail, when

judged by a standard moderately high. This is not what Jesus meant.

Theology asserts that man is a fellow-being, a sinner, by nature depraved, and without any Principle of Good in his essential character. Nor is this the meaning of Jesus. For want of a standard, the judgment of the human mind is forever debarred from pronouncing on human character. Covertly Jesus would have led the inquirer, who came to him, to consider the phrase by which he addressed him; for inadvertently he had applied the word Good to the only one to whom it was applicable. For Jesus himself was the standard, and the Divine Good was rendered possible to the perception of the human mind, for the first and only time, through his understanding. Let it be our aim to trace, if possible, the ideal goodness, which Jesus presents to him who is willing to perceive it.

To human personality belong, according to the framers of the Declaration of Independence, among others, three inalienable rights, Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness. Let us call these, in the language of Science, *beliefs*. These three words, *Life*, *Liberty*, and *Happiness*, seem to all men, and all women, to represent great realities, if not the greatest of all realities; but, coupled with the belief of their reality, is another, which is of prime importance; and this is, that they are of uncertain tenure. Life may be diminished and finally lost. Liberty may be restricted and Happiness marred. The care of man is to retain Life, to enrich it and make it full; to enlarge the exercise of Liberty, and guard against its restrictions; to gratify his desires, and thus to secure the greatest amount of Happiness. With the belief of peril comes the belief of enemies — enemies in nature and enemies in our fellow-men. He that would take away Life is a murderer, and the worst man living. He that would rob us of our Liberty is a tyrant; and he that would interfere with our Happiness is a sinner in a greater or less degree. The popular Good Man is one who, in enriching his own Life, does not diminish the lives of others; in the exercise

of Liberty of thought, action, and feeling, does not interfere with the Liberty of others; and in securing the Happiness of himself, does not detract from that of his fellow-men. This is the world's Good Man; but he is evidently a negative character. He does no evil, is not necessarily a criminal or a sinner. He is not measured by what he does, but by what he does not. In this sense a stone man would be the best of men, and the dummy would be a saint.

Where is the man to be found, of whom it can be said that he never did wrong? With our beliefs of peril and the uncertain tenure of Happiness, how can the history of a man be free from charges of wrong-doing and of trespassing upon the rights of others? Human skill is not sufficient, and the judgment is incompetent, to render a man harmless who believes that all his activities must be spent in the preservation of his personality in its highest condition.

Could we conceive of a man who believes that his Life was in no peril by sea or land, in no danger from accident or design, that man could not take Life from him, and that he could not be enriched or impoverished, we should know at once that such a man would take no thought for his Life, what he should eat or drink, would have no care how he was clothed or housed; and if this same man had no fear that the freedom of thought or feeling or action could be impeded by nature or his fellows, it is likewise evident that he would not have to exercise that vigilance which is the price of safety to other men.

Again, if our hypothetical man was conscious of perfect content, which could not be disturbed, had no desires which were not gratified, and was rich in spirit, he could manifestly have no disposition to covet the things of others, or trespass upon what they deemed their rights. This ideal man, who would thus have no fear or care for self, would be a negatively good man. He would be harmless and undefiled, and none but such a one could be so. This is our perception of Jesus on the lowest plane,—a man whose beliefs left him nothing in self for which to take a thought.

This is the positive side of individual goodness, manifested in Jesus. He enriched and enlarged the lives of others, emancipated men from thralldom, and made them boundlessly free; their Happiness he deepened into an infinite joy. You can not see all this at a single glance; but you can see how Jesus delivered men from the perils which they believed threatened their lives, how he ministered to the wants, the supply of which they believed essential to their comfort, how he removed their evils, and destroyed in them the fear of their natural and human enemies. This positive side of Jesus' character has made an enduring impression. This might have had its influence in leading the Ruler to accost him as Good Master. We may be sure that whatever the standard set up by men, all will agree that Jesus was good in the highest, best, and truest sense; and after we have carefully reflected upon the facts of his history, we may perhaps also discern that he was, in this high sense, the only Good Man known to have lived among his fellows, of whom we have any record.

The recognition of Jesus, as the only Good Man among men, has been followed by a tacit acknowledgment that he could and did teach this goodness. His disciples have not, in popular estimation, been lifted to his level; yet the world has been pleased to call them Saints. They followed the Good Master, and if they did not reach his height, yet, as far as we can follow, they are seen to be hastening after him. Their goodness, though less manifest, was identical with his. They understood that their Life and Liberty and Happiness were possessions, and not objects of pursuit. I say they understood this, and this understanding turned the tide of activity away from self. Whether true or not, they knew that no real perils or evils threatened them in their environment. If you object, by saying that to believe in that which is not of itself true can never make it true, I can only answer, that perhaps it *is* of itself true, that your real Life is exposed to no danger, that your real Liberty can not be restricted, or your Happiness lost.

Negative goodness—that is, harmlessness—can be reached only as Jesus reached it. You must believe what he believed. If you can secure the perception that your Life is in no danger, your Liberty not liable to be restricted, and your Happiness already perfect and beyond the danger of loss—you can still retain ceaseless activity, and be declared, in the judgment of your fellows, a good man negatively. This would be in some sort a righteousness, not of the law, but of faith. But you will reply that you can not believe about yourself what Jesus knew concerning himself, because it is not true. You can see, however, Jesus knew that his Life, Liberty, and Happiness were safe and perfect, and required no care, and you can also indistinctly see that it was true, and that he knew it because it was true. But you can not perceive that what was true for him could be true for you. You have faith in Jesus, but no faith in yourself. You would be a Christian indeed, if you understood what he did. He knew that Good cared for him, and he called this Good the Heavenly Father. If the faith that was in him was also in us, then should we give up Life, Liberty, and Happiness into the hands of the Father. All care of self would disappear, and we should never lose anything.

It will now become clear how Jesus rose above physical law. He needed no standard by which to restrict a tendency to encroach upon the rights of others; nor did he need a guide by which to regulate his defence against the encroachments of others. He could take nothing from men; and what men took from him could not injure or impoverish him.

We must advance a step further. All human activities have the common direction which we have mentioned. However complicated the lives of men may seem, and whatsoever scenes of malevolence they may present, you will find, in the ultimate analysis, that they have one common direction, to maintain and enlarge Life, promote Liberty, and multiply Enjoyment; and if these are complete in self, all activity will have, and can have, no other direction than that of giving to others what we so richly possess ourselves.

The faith of Jesus in his own perfection of Life and Fullness of Being was not a belief in that which was not true. It was rather a perception of that which is true. And is it not your blindness and ignorance, after all, which declare that Life and Liberty and Happiness are evanescent things, soon to be lost, and, for the short time they remain, requiring that all our activities should centre in their preservation? Would it be believing in an unreality, if you could accept as a conviction that you are immortal, free, and possessed of all your desires that are good? This was the conviction of the Saints, and you can not deny that their saintship grew out of that conviction.

Allow us therefore to state it as a truth that, whether we believe it or not, man is possessed, by his divine origin, of a fulness, perfection, and eternity of Being, faith in which is the first and only condition of the manifestation of goodness, and that the belief of the contrary is the cause and condition of all badness, which led Jesus to declare that there was none *good*, save one. As has been intimated, the goodness of the man Jesus is perceptible to the multitude. His works declare that goodness. His history reflects little else; but there is a higher phase of the Truth that the human mind can not lay hold of, and that is the inference to which the words of Jesus lead, that he himself was not good: "There is but one Good, that is God."

Faintly we perceive that the manifested Good of Jesus did not flow from the man which mortal sense recognized. The flesh-and-blood being,—whom men supposed to be the Jesus who healed disease and cast out devils, who forgave sin and gave rest to the weary, who enlightened the ignorant and brought immortality to light—had no real connection with the goodness which had become perceptible. Mentally, morally, and physically, the Jesus of observation was no better than his fellows,—except, as we have seen, negatively. The source of his active goodness was concealed from sense.

With hands and head and heart, Jesus did nothing worthy to compare with the great deeds of the world's good

men. No learning, no genius, no talent, no stores of intellectual wealth, no agencies, means, or appliances, were visible, through which the master-thought of this man enriched and blessed others. We connect the Good with his physical personality, and yet detect that it neither flowed from it nor through it; but where was it, and what was it? It seemed to distil around what sense calls the Man,—but whence it came, who could tell?

Study Jesus as you generally study men, and you can not fathom the mystery. Intellectually Jesus was no better than others; morally, he was largely negative; in disposition, he was an average man, devoted to his friends and pronouncing woes upon enemies; physically, he resembled the thousands of Jews around him. The Good was manifest; and that is all we can say. When we find the source of it, and apprehend its power and the law of its activity, we shall have found out the secret of the universe; we shall have realized the Truth of Being.

Practically, we can now understand what Jesus taught his followers. He lifted them up to his height by stages, and showed them, by example as well as in doctrine, that what men called Life was not Life, but death; what they called Liberty was bondage; and what they thought to be Happiness, was really wretchedness. Their real living was from and in the Good, and not from and in the evil. They might with all safety throw away their care and thought of self. No harm could come to them when they feared none. They might turn the current of their activities in the direction of their fellows, as his flowed. Their belief in their immortality, freedom, and joy, would result in no disappointment. The sequel would prove that these were the facts, and not the illusions, of existence. His Father, the Good, was likewise their Father; and his eternal destiny was to be shared with all who understood, as he understood, the reality of Good and the unreality of evil.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST
Is more to us than all his miracles.

KING.

SCIENTIFIC HOUSEKEEPING.

MIRIAM DANIELS.

SURELY the Children of Israel have a home in Mind. To each of them belongs one of the many mansions in the Father's House. The Son of Man has not a place to lay his head. Where indeed would it be possible to find a permanent abiding-place in matter, or in mortal mind? Change, decay, and death mark ever its chaotic nature. Storm-driven sons and daughters of earth must sooner or later detach their sense of an identity or habitation in flesh, or in a knowledge of evil, and thereby gain a passport to the abode of Spirit.

Some portion of this work has already been achieved by those who, through the study and demonstration of Christian Healing, have gained an assurance that they have a place prepared for them in the stately chambers of Truth, made beautiful by Love. This abode is a mental condition, a capacity to realize the presence and power of Good in the midst of seeming evil. It is an at-one-ment with the Father, through the Redeemer, Jesus Christ.

Inborn in every right-minded man and woman is a longing for a home, some spot to call one's very own, in which dwell one's dearest and best, to which, when the day's work is ended, one may flee for rest and good-cheer, and from which one seeks to exclude all that is harsh or unpleasant. What endless years of toil and care have been spent in providing such homes for ourselves and our children! How often have wives and mothers been over-taxed and worn out in their labors to make these homes bright and attractive! How the husbands and fathers have broken down, in toiling to furnish the necessities and luxuries of earth! With what genial hospitality have the tables been spread, and the guests been bidden to the feast! Was this housekeeping ever done? Did not each day bring its new duties? Because the rooms were swept and garnished, and

the larder filled one day, did that answer for the next? Was it not often necessary to throw wide-open the doors and windows, to let in the pure fresh air and the pleasant sunshine?

Well, indeed, we all learned these lessons, for our fathers and mothers instilled them into our thoughts with our earliest memories; but did they teach us how to have clean, bright, attractive thoughts, how to be Scientific housekeepers and providers, how to locate, build and furnish a mental home, constructed only of good thoughts, how to "live and move and have our being" only in the One Mind, how to prevent all intrusion from a sense of evil and pain? I think we must all answer that they did what they could for us; but as they lacked Understanding themselves, they could not impart what they did not possess. They may have left us pedigrees and bank-accounts, or grounded us well in the knowledge of books; but of the wealth of Spirit they knew nothing, and so when sickness, sin, and affliction overtook us, or our dear ones, we saw the paucity of any and everything the world could give, and thus we were driven to seek the peace that Jesus gave—the Comforter, the healing power of Truth.

More than this we have learned, since we accepted the Cross, and consecrated ourselves to the Master's service. We know a most solemn obligation rests upon each of us to make our lives the ransom for others. The place we have reached in Mind, through victory over error, should be so radiantly lighted by Truth's lamps that it shall be seen afar off and be a beacon for the needy. When the lame, the halt, and the blind are drawn thitherward, and seek the food and shelter we can give, the bread should not be stale with yesterday's mistakes, the water should not be adulterated, nor the pillow changed into a stone. Rather should the crumbs of comfort be new every morning and fresh every evening. The one thought which the sick can digest must be untainted with self, or its potency is lost. The bed upon which the tired head may lie must be nothing less than the bosom of Divine Love,—the coverlid, the Everlasting Arms.

No dark chambers, haunted by dim spectres of a gloomy past or forebodings of a dismal future, must be found in our thought. Gentle Charity and white-winged Peace must ever wait on Truth, as it declares that the only reality, the only Heaven, is *now*. If these things are done, then, indeed, shall the miracle of the Passover be repeated. The sign upon our doors shall ensure us escape from all evil. Contagion and malaria of mortal mind shall defile us not, and the death-angel shall pass us over; for He has redeemed us, and accepted us, and marked us for His own.

GRACE ABOUNDING.

S. C. R.

MANIFOLD the graces.

On earth's bosom lying:

Multiform the faces.

In the heavens flying;—

Faces as of angels.

Bountiful and bright;

Graces of God's Spirit,

Leading man aright.

Deep and rich the treasures.

In man's bosom hidden:

Full and free the pleasures

To which he is bidden;—

Pleasures spread in Eden,

When the world was young,

Treasures laid in Heaven,

And by seraphs sung.

Firm and sure the pledges.

By God's Allness given;

High and safe the hedges.

Ne'er from manhood riven;—

Hedges green and lustrous,

Fading nevermore:

Pledges from a Father,

Out of boundless store.

SPIRITUALITY THE ONLY REALITY.

J. S. B.

MUCH has been said for and against Truth, as declared in Christian Science. Much is said for it; because no one can come to know its meaning, and the power it gives for good, without feeling that it is beyond all things else, — that in reality it embraces all, and there it naught beside it.

It is seen that in God's government there can be no discord. Harmony reigns throughout; for all is governed by divine law, — the law of Love, or spiritual law. This understanding is not gained through the human mind, for all that this mind is capable of reaching will come to naught, because it is not of God. It is the carnal mind spoken of by Paul, through which man can gain nothing eternal, or really good; for all good is eternal.

All that pertains to the human mind can never get beyond materiality. Whatever may be said of its capacity, the human mind can never be said to lead into the spiritual. There is a wide gulf between human thought and man's great capacities for good, attainable through his spiritual attainments; and he is truly great only as he is spiritual and good. The human mind, not being spiritual, must be material; and as all Truth is spiritual, for God is Truth and is All-in-all, then the human, or material mind, must be an error of belief. That which is not Truth has no real existence, and can only exist in belief; but as long as it is believed, it will be seen and accepted as Truth. We can not say that God is Truth and Infinity, and then believe that what is opposed to Him is also Truth. By the law of opposites, if one is Truth, the other is not. The one is the I AM. The other is that which seems to be; "but look not at the things that are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal. . . . For we know that if our earthly house of this

Letters.

A WORD spoken in due season, how good it is !

PROVERB.

RECEIVING AND GIVING.

SAYS Saint Paul : " Every man hath his proper gift of God, one after this manner, and another after that." It is generally conceded that Saint Paul was not partial to women,—that he considered the gifts of men of superior importance to those of women,—for we find, throughout his letters, a distinct classification of the sexes, with the tendency of partiality towards his own.

During the centuries since his day, events have proven (and there are no proofs like facts) that woman also hath her *proper gift*; and I, for one, put in my humble protest against her long silence of tongue and pen, against our protracted season of ladylike religion, that bids us robe ourselves like Solomon, and decorously sit through the Sunday service, against a law which bids us accept unhesitatingly the cut-and-dried dogmas of our fathers, husbands, and brothers,—that bids us find what comfort we may in the law and the letter, as expounded from the majority of pulpits, that bids us stifle with dead faith our earnest craving for light and understanding. Let women also use their talents, so long napkin-hid,—be they one, two, or twenty.

It is not my purpose to sermonize on that cluster of hackneyed subjects, Woman's Mission, Woman's Sphere, Women's Age. I only want to say a few words regarding the effects and impressions of Christian Science on one woman. Several reasons have prevented my writing a line for the JOURNAL since my little letter of testimony last May. The Martha-duties, which enter so largely into the lives of all of us, forced me temporarily to put aside my strong inclination for the Mary-work, caused me to remark more than once, with more levity than logic, that even Paul could not have worked so zealously for the Truth, had there been twin boys in the nursery, beside the innumerable social and household cares which are the outcome of our excessive civilization. One can carry Science even into the nursery. Even unruly babies can be taught that they are at perfect liberty to cut their teeth without pain, and grow up brave and manly men, without going through measles,

tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from Heaven."

As Truth appears, error disappears. "Old things are passed away; behold! all things are become new." This is putting off the old man, with all his deeds, and growing more and more into the understanding of man as the image and likeness of God. In the words of Paul, "We all, with open face, beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

This is a spiritualization of thought; and as the thought becomes more spiritual, it is becoming less material, until all error, as materiality, is overcome.

Man thus regains his God-given dominion, and the liberty of the sons of God; "for where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." We want not, nor can we have, any greater help than we can get from this Infinite Source of all good; and we should only seek to know more of the Divine Wisdom and Love, which is God,—whom to know aright is Life Eternal.

AH, he who is willing to work and wait,—
 Who faces the cloud or the sun, and strong
 With the strength that battles each adverse fate,
 And that throttles each growing wrong,
 Walks firm in the path, whether smooth or steep,
 Whether wide or close, till he reach the goal,—
 He, of all the world, is the one to keep,
 As a guide where the high waves roll.

And he who has struggled through want and cold,
 And has kept the road, till his feet have trod
 The summits that shine with the morning gold,
 Lo, he is the nearest to God.
 Yea, he who when the battle was stern and hard,
 And the blows were heavy, has kept the path,
 And has helped his comrades across the chard,
 He has conquered both toil and wrath.

T. S. COLLIER.

Leads

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

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mumps, and whooping-cough! So, mothers, possess your thoughts with a little patience, for the time will come when you will be emancipated, when you may sit at the Master's feet, learning the lesson that both lightens and brightens your petty every-day trials. I have found it so. You will find it so.

Then came a second reason for my failure to comply with my friend's request. Before being healed in Science, I had been so long famished, so covered with the dust of error, so parched and thirsty, that I drank eagerly, almost greedily, at the fountain of Truth, of the living water that springs up into everlasting Life,—at one time with the bubbling effervescence of the babbling brook, again with the deep, still flow of the mighty river. I could not cease drinking long enough to pass the cup to my neighbor. It has not been that I had nothing to say, but that I had so much. It was an embarrassment of riches. It was opulence of thoughts, but poverty of words. It dazzled, it confused me. Ah, if I could only tell them now—those contrasts seen in the mirror of Soul: the power of Truth, the nothingness of the lie; the radiance of Light, the absence of darkness; the glory of Spirit, the worries of the flesh; the sweetness of Love, the casting-out of fear; the greatness of Principle, the littleness of person; but I found it impossible to hold my precious messages—my mental children, born of the communion with Mind—long enough to clothe them with language, and lay them in the material manger of written words. My thought-birds tarried not long in the mother-nest, but flew from me full-fledged, on errands of peace and freedom. I can not woo them back and I would not if I could, for the Source is inexhaustible. He sends other thoughts to comfort me; but they also take wings, and wait not for my teaching, in order to fly. They were taught of the Father before they came! How could I sing my song to you, when the notes refused to be voiced?

A third feeling that took possession of me was a passive state of receptiveness. I have always insisted that I had my *proper gift*; but I always truthfully and modestly added that this gift was purely after the appreciative manner, and not the creative. I felt that the wise man was right,—that there was nothing really new under the sun. I felt that the old had been ably told, over and over again, by prophet, priest, and poet, under the direct inspiration of Spirit,—told to satisfy all, scholar, historian, and peasant; and so I continued to receive. I could not impart; for what better could I give than had been given?

This reasoning is all wrong. We can not all be larks, for even the birds have their *proper gifts*, to use for the honor of the Giver. Shall I be silent, even though my messages be less rhythmic, wise, and convincing than those which have gone before? Now, when I walk out in the sunshine, and feel my whole being tingle with exquisite joy, when I could cry aloud in the rapture that the Spirit gives, I do not wonder that it is no new sensation,—I do not wonder that I can only echo King David's selfsame emotion, can only repeat after him : "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters. My cup runneth over! Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life."

When treating a patient, whose beliefs have delivered him to the judge, and the judge is exacting payment to the uttermost farthing,—who is bound with the chains of sin, or deluded by the claims of sickness,—what if I have no new expression for the same pity that the Master felt, and can only say after him, with the emphasis of understanding, "You shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free?" When beset with the doubts and arguments of the self-righteous and worldly wise, there are always at hand the old answers of the first great body of Scientists,—of Saint James, who wrote, "Show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works;" and of Paul who wrote, "The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God."

Truly, there is nothing new under the sun; but, with our abundance of evidence, we need constantly to study. If Jesus' personal followers lived with him, saw him demonstrate, and heard him teach daily for three years, and yet understood so little at the end, how much must we, the disciples of a later day, need to study. Above all things we need ambitious Christians. My paramount desire is to be an accomplished Christian. One would not think of terming oneself a musician, merely because he enjoyed music, was an habitual opera-goer, or appreciated the melodies of Verdi and the sonatas of Beethoven; nor does one set himself up for a poet, because he likes reading poetry, sees the merit of Browning and the profound allegory of Milton, or appreciates the plays of the master poet; nor would one call himself a painter, merely because his money had purchased good specimens of modern art, and he had spent weeks in appreciating Italy's rarest treasures. Shall we then call ourselves Christians because we hunger and thirst after righteousness,—because we appreciate a clever or even a spiritual

sermon? Is there not something more for each to do, some *proper gift* to find and to use, after this manner or that?

The author of Science and Health is our Columbus, our discoverer of a vast and beautiful continent. I am only a common sailor, and can not create, can not discover. I can only study navigation, and strive to lead others to join our ship, to be loyal to the Captain, to be hopeful that we shall land safely. How I thank God for her! We saw before that God was Good, but we did not perceive the goodness; we heard that God was Love, but we did not understand the depth of the loving. We have not developed our faculties; for perception is but spiritual seeing, and understanding is but spiritual hearing. Let us cultivate our *proper gifts*.

MARGARET FORD MORAN.

AND STILL THEY COME.

DEAR JOURNAL: "And the Lord shall utter His voice before His army, for His camp is very great; for He is strong that executeth His word; for the day of the Lord is great and very terrible: who can abide it?" The Spirit of the Lord is being poured out in these last days, according to promise, through a large army of Truth-workers. These, in obedience to the "still small voice" of understanding, have lighted camp-fires north, south, east, and west. Wherever "~~His~~ sound has gone forth," truly "the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence and the violent take it by force."

As of old, Christ "came to his own" and they knew him not, nor received him; so the Truth of God, as All-in-all, had come to us, but not till the Christ-life was demonstrated through its healing power would we accept it.

Through the labor of Mrs. P. J. Leonard the seed of Truth has been scattered broadcast here in Gloucester. During the last year Mrs. Leonard has held meetings once in two or three weeks, in the parlors of C. H. Boynton, a well-known citizen. The people are interested. Many, of such as are saved, through healing, have been added daily to the company of believers, and the good work still goes on. The supply from the "broken cisterns" of error has failed to quench or to smother the fire kindled, but the little band of workers live in the enjoyment of its light and warmth.

C. H. S.

Sermonettes.

LET thy Speech be short, comprehending much.

ECCLESIASTICUS.

PERJURY AND PROFANITY.

A. M. CRANE.

AGAIN, ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths; but I say unto you, Swear not at all, neither by Heaven, for it is God's throne, nor by the earth, for it is His footstool; neither by Jerusalem, for it is the City of the Great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be Yea, yea, Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.

MATTHEW v. 33-37.

JESUS was talking to Jews. They recognized two offences: Profanity, or taking the name of God in vain; and Violation of Oaths, or what we should call, in the present day, Perjury. Taking an oath was to them no more of an offence than it is today in our courts of justice, where oath-taking is required; the offence was in Forswearing. Their distinction was very much like ours, and in the same line. They had a distinct formula of words for each offence.

Jesus had just discussed two commands of the Law. To the command, Thou shalt not Kill, he had given a deeper meaning than any of his auditors had ever connected with it. He had also gone to the very starting-point of Adultery, and shown how that command reached down into the mind of man. Now he addresses himself to a consideration of the command, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths. This language was applicable not to profanity, but to legal oaths and their violation, and there can be no doubt but it was so understood by Jesus' hearers. A person does not forswear himself in Profanity, but he takes the name of Deity in vain. Profanity contains no promise, and is recognized as having no binding power; it calls for no subsequent action; but an Oath includes either an express or implied promise of some future performance. The failure to make good a promise bound by an oath was considered by the Jews as among the most serious of offences.

It was to this law, concerning the non-fulfilment of oaths, that

Jesus now directed the attention of his hearers. He recognized this evil, just as he recognized the evil of murder and adultery, and he treats it in a similar way. He always lays the axe at the root of the tree. If a man avoids anger, he will not kill. If a man does not lust, he will not commit adultery; and if he takes no oath, he will not violate one. Hence we have the command, Swear not at all. Therein lies the rule of absolute safety, and it is Jesus' rule.

The danger inherent in oaths is nowhere better shown than in the case of Herod. He promised a giddy girl that he would give her whatever she asked for, and bound the promise by an oath. He probably, at the time of making the oath, thought she would ask only for an ornament, or an article of dress, or possibly a government-place for some of her friends. He was aghast when she asked for the head of a man he knew did not deserve death, and whom he did not intend to kill. Nevertheless, "for the oath's sake," he gave the girl what she asked; and so John the Baptist lost his life, because of a careless oath. The experience of Jephthah was of a similar character.

Jesus does not stop with the simple command, but he goes on to illustrate it. The Jews had their greater and lesser oaths, and the Law recognized varying shades of offence, in accordance with the sacredness or value of the thing sworn by. If an oath were by some trivial object, the offence of the violation was correspondingly trivial. Many who would hesitate to name the larger or more sacred object, would swear, without thought, by objects not considered important. A similar condition of belief is seen in the profanity of these days. Many a man will not take the name of God in vain, but will use the name of some person or some inanimate object instead. The restriction made by Jesus extends to all swearing. He enumerates a few of the objects used by the Jews in connection with their lesser oaths, and shows how they include also the greater, and that therefore the offence of violating an oath, by these objects, is as great as though based upon the greater objects, and, consequently, to be equally avoided. His ideas on this point are more fully brought out, and more strongly expressed, in his denunciation of the Scribes and Pharisees. They said that a man who swore by the Temple had committed no offence if he did not perform his oath, but that a person who swore by the gold of the Temple was bound by it. Jesus said to them:

Whoso shall swear by the Temple, sweareth by it, and by Him that dwelleth therein; and he that shall swear by Heaven, sweareth by the Throne of God, and Him that sitteth thereon. MATTHEW xxiii. 16-22.

This destroys all distinction of greater and lesser oaths, and makes them all great. Because dangerous, they should be avoided. Hence the entire reasonableness of the restriction, Swear not at all! Jesus does not stop here. He has told them what not to do, and now he goes on to prescribe what should be done. He intends to so elaborate the topic that there can not possibly be a mistake concerning his meaning. He says:

But let your communication be Yea, yea, Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these, cometh of evil.

Here is a clear declaration as to what the affirmation or denial should be. To this is added the emphatic statement: "Whatsoever is more than these, cometh of evil." In this last clause is the underlying doctrine on which Jesus' prohibition is based. No teacher has ever more strenuously insisted upon the law that Like produces like. His words are full of it. Men do not gather grapes of thorns nor figs of thistles. The product of evil must be evil, and what cometh of evil can not be good. Here he says that whatsoever is added to the simple affirmation or denial (and the oath is certainly such an addition) cometh of evil. Therefore it must necessarily be an evil in itself, and consequently it should be always avoided.

It may be well in passing to note that, though Jesus has said nothing about profanity, yet his last language is so comprehensive that, without meaning it, profanity is entirely excluded. Under the doctrine in this last clause there is no place left for profanity, or even an excuse for profanity. His commands were astonishingly comprehensive.

Not only has the Master said, "Swear not at all" but oaths are of no practical value. The vast preponderance of testimony from those who have the best opportunities for forming opinions is to the effect that oaths have no restraining power. Almost without exception, one who will lie will swear to it. An eminent British authority says: "All who practise in courts of justice declare that a large proportion of the evidence given under oath is knowingly false." This appears also in the Hebrew history. The Jews had law after law prescribing penalties for the violation of oaths; but whence the necessity of these laws, if oaths were not violated?

Like all the other commands of Jesus, this one is simple, comprehensive, and absolutely without exception; but modern Christianity writes into it such exceptions as destroy it entirely. Instead of the simple command of the Master, we now have the amended command, "Swear not at all, except when you are asked to do so; for when you are called upon to swear, especially in legal matters, it is eminently proper to do so." What a contrast between the teaching of Jesus Christ and the requirements of human law! But they say, he only intended to prohibit the taking of trivial oaths, those lesser oaths which he instanced, but not the weightier oaths. On this plan it would be an offence to steal a loaf of bread, but not an offence to steal a fortune; or on the same plea, it might be said that Jesus intended to prohibit anger, but not killing.

It is historical, that with the decadence of primitive Christianity oaths increased, until they attained at one time even greater frequency than they have at the present day. It is claimed that the tendency of modern legislation is towards fewer oaths; but with our Rebellion came a great increase of oaths in this country. The writings of the early Christian Fathers show an effort to resist the practice of taking oaths; but by the third or fourth century they became as prevalent in Christian as in other countries. It is also notable that at that time miracles had nearly ceased. The words of Chrysostom were good:

I lay it down as law, that there be no swearing at all. If any bid you swear, tell him: "Christ has spoken, and I do not swear."

NEARNESS OF TRUTH.

THE Lord is at hand. COLOSSIANS IV. 5.

God is at hand, near to every one of us; but Paul here alluded not to God, but to the Lord Jesus Christ as at hand,—that is, very near,—although he had been crucified. What is nearer to us than our hands? When we say "Morning is at hand," we mean that dawn is coming. When we say "Justice is at hand," we mean that Wrong will not be "forever on the throne."

In saying Christ was at hand, the apostle meant that the time was near when Truth would be better understood, and made the guide of human lives. He was right! Truth *was* at hand, though it was long in making its presence felt, and was for centuries buried under the rubbish of materiality. Even now the Lord, or Truth, is at hand,—nigh unto every one of us. Look up and see!

SCIENTIFIC OR SCHOLASTIC RELIGION: WHICH?

 JOHN F. LINSKOTT.

THE law was a schoolmaster, to bring us unto Christ, that we might be justified by faith; but after faith is come, we are no longer under a schoolmaster. GALATIANS III. 24, 25.

As society is organized today, we need law in the home and the state. The highest law and the loftiest jurisprudence the world has seen were enacted and enforced by Moses, over a race of slaves. Since his day the world has received more and more law, which has been rigidly enforced. We use law in the home for those who need it. We have law in the state for those who must be governed by it. It is needful for the church, as it exists today.

A moral code is needed by many. In the home and state, some live above the hearthstone and civil law, no longer needing law as a schoolmaster. They are saved from the outward law, by the law within. It was a happy day when we, as children, grew beyond the need of parental discipline. We are fortunate if gracefully living above the restraint of civil law.

There is a Law of the Spirit of Life. It is above the discipline and present teaching of Sunday-school. It is above creed and dogma. It is beyond any form of theology, beyond sermons which teach a philosophy concerning this Law of the Spirit of Life. It is taught only by the voice of God, which is never heard by human ears. It tells of a kingdom within ourselves, which is never seen by human eyes. Its schoolroom is the *closet*, behind the closed doors of sense. There all is secret between the individual and God. Man can never reveal with his lips the beautiful things God has revealed to him.

Paul had learned his lessons thus. His work proves it. He did not learn from the Master's speech. A few are learning Truth today by silent and secret communion with God. This heals the sick without argument. It is manifest in the outward life of the individual, without a profession of its existence within.

This power is Christian Science; it is the essence of our Master's teaching. His words were the letter of this Science. They will only be understood when we are filled with the same Spirit which gave them utterance. Then they will have fire and Spirit in them, and heal from sin, sorrow, and sickness.

Without the understanding of Spirit, we can not have the peace that brings power to heal. The letter, which leads the seeker to the place where he meets God, are the two books, Science and Health, and the Scriptures. When students spiritually discern, or see, the Kingdom of God, then they become Christian Scientists. That is Scientific Christianity,—Science that is religious, and religion that is scientifically true, because it can be demonstrated.

Thousands who have grown up in Sunday-school and church, always strict in the letter of the law or creed, are today without the evidence of salvation from sickness, which is always the result of sin. They trust their bodies to the Schoolmen of Medicine, and their peace to the Schoolmen of Theology. The ranks of the teachers and disciples who live by the letter, are largely filled with trembling invalids. We present the ranks of Christian Scientists, who respect the letter and the law, but live by the Spirit, to the inspection of the world, and ask which is most helpful to mankind, Science or Theory.

Science has a church whose preachers can heal the sick. Its members can heal the sick. Its purpose on the earth is for both pastor and people to live the Truth, preach the Truth, and prove by demonstration what we claim to know. Without these works following, we are a school of babbling philosophers, like all the rest.

TRUE REST.

GOETHE.

[Translated by J. S. DWIGHT.]

REST is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere.

'T is the brook's motion,
Clear without strife,
Fleeing to ocean,
After its life.

'T is loving and serving
The Highest and Best,
'T is onwards, unswerving;
And this is true rest.

Home.

WHATSOEVER things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report,—if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise,—think on these things,

PAUL.

THE FIRST DAY OF VACATION.

THE summer when Harry was nine years old he was to be in Gloucester, an old Massachusetts town. Mother had already gone thither, with Brother Herbert and Baby. This is the same Harry you have before read about in this JOURNAL, only he was now older. Baby Herbert had grown to be quite a boy, and the new baby was a girl, Lenny by name. Old Phebe remained in Boston to put things in order, and then shut up the house for the summer. Harry stayed in the city, for a fortnight more of schooling. Grandfather also remained in Boston, to attend to some business; and Harry was to go to Gloucester with him, because Mr. Ambleton could not find time to go there often, his store required so much of his attention.

Of course Harry was on tiptoes of expectation. He was to go in a steamboat, and he had never been on board a steamer in his life. Would it explode? What would happen to it? He could hardly wait for the day to come!

Now it *had* come! It was Saturday. In those days there was not a whole holiday on Saturday, as now, but the children had Wednesday and Saturday afternoons for their vacation. In summer, Boston schools formerly began at eight and let out at eleven; so he came home to dinner, hungry as a bear, an hour before noon. There was beefsteak for dinner. Harry liked beefsteak, and that was why his father had told the butcher to send some home; though Mr. Ambleton generally took his own dinner at an eatinghouse, near his countingroom.

Despite the boy's anxiety to start, he had a jolly appetite, and Phebe broiled the meat to a nicety, before the bright coals of the woodfire in the open fireplace.

Perhaps the Ambletons would have been willing to put in one of the new-fashioned ranges, for burning coal, which were coming into vogue; but old Phebe (Phebody, Herbert called her) did not like new-fangled notions, and stuck to her wood, her brick hearth, and her andirons.

"Ye better be careful, Master Harry," she said, "for ye may be sick afore night."

"Sick? What for?"

"Oh, folks is often sick ter sea,—*seasick*, they call it. I never was, for I never went ter sea; but I've hearn tell so."

Harry declared *he* should not be sick!

At one o'clock the hack came. There were no Boston horsecars or omnibuses or herdics in those days; so Harry, though only a little fellow, had a carriage, and he rode all alone to the wharf,—with a large trunk (containing not only his things, but others for the rest of the family) strapped on the rack behind. Grandfather met him at the pier, and they immediately went aboard the steamer.

There were not many passengers, and the steamer did not run every day. At first it was very pleasant. Harry looked over the rail at the blue water. He watched the huge arms of the engine go up and down, up and down. He also watched a lady with two children, who was going to Rockport to spend the summer. By-and-by he remembered what Phebe had said, for he began to feel sick. He became worse and worse,—partly because he had been told that it must be so,—till at last he was compelled to part with the beefsteak and potatoes he had so much enjoyed two hours before. Grandfather bade him cheer up, for he would soon be all right.

"When?" piped Harry.

"As soon as we go ashore."

"Will going ashore make me well?"

"Yes, my boy."

"Why?"

"Well, I do n't exactly know. Perhaps because the land does n't rock like the boat."

"Will I be all right just as soon as we get to Gloucester?"

"You're all right now, if you only think so; but you certainly will be when you reach the Gloucester wharf."

So he was. No sooner was the steamboat made fast by hawsers to the big posts on the wharf, than Grandfather took the sick boy

by the hand and helped him ashore. Sure enough! Not another bit of sickness did he feel.

This part of Gloucester was called the Harbor. The farm, where they were to board, was a mile or two farther off, away from the beach and the fisheries. Harry could see the fishermen, their schooners, and their boats, and the smell of the place was not very agreeable; but he had little time to think about these matters, for in a minute a buggy-wagon drove up, in which they were to ride to the Pearce place. This was Mr. Ambleton's team. His horse Billy had been sent down with the buggy in the same steamer a week before. Captain Pearce's hired man had driven the team up; but he was to walk back, and Grandfather and Harry and the trunk (which fitted in behind) were to ride.

"How far is it to the farm, Grandfather?" (Harry never said *Grandpa*, but always *Grandfather*.)

"About two miles."

"When shall we get there?"

"Oh, pretty soon."

Presently they overtook a pretty young lady, who was walking beside the road.

"Whoa Billy," said Grandfather. "Good-day, Miss Daisy! Do n't you want to ride?"

Daisy thought not, as they were not far from her home.

"That's Captain Pearce's daughter," said Grandfather, as they drove on; "and a nice girl she is."

"Where has she been?"

"To school."

"To school? I guess not," said Harry confidently.

"Why not?"

"Why Grandfather! It's Saturday afternoon!"

"Yes, my boy; but here the school keeps sometimes all day Saturdays. They only have a holiday once a fortnight. They study harder than you city boys do."

"And Wednesday afternoons too?"

"No! School always keeps here on Wednesday afternoons, when there is any school."

"Soon they arrived at the farmhouse. There was Mrs. Ambleton waiting at the door to see her little boy. In her arms was Baby Sally. In the little chair was Herbert. Herbert was a lame invalid, and the doctors had advised the Ambletons to spend the summer by the salt water, for his benefit. After Harry had

greeted his own folks, his mother told him to speak to Mrs. Pearce and her eight children, who were gathered in the dooryard. They were glad to see him; but the special friends, to whom he at once attached himself, were two boys about his own age. Franklin was ten and Tip was eight. "Tip! What a queer name!" thought Harry; but he was too well-bred to say what he thought; and later he learned that Tip's full name was William Henry Harrison Pearce, and that he was named for General Harrison, who had recently been President of the United States. As the General had fought Indian battles, and been called Tippecanoe after one of them, and as this long name had shortened into Tip, or Old Tip, Harrison Pearce was also called Tip. When the boys became better acquainted they used to sing together a song, which Harry had learned in the Presidential campaign, about General Harrison, and his Vice-president, John Tyler:

Tippecanoe and Tyler too.

It was soon suppertime, and then bedtime; for that night Harry was so tired and sleepy that he only had a few minutes in which to look into the orchard and see the cherry-trees.

The next day was Sunday; but they lived so far from church that nobody went. Tip and Frank showed Harry about the place. There was so much to see! A short walk brought the boys to an inlet of salt water from the ocean, where Captain Pearce had built a little bathhouse, so that Herbert could bathe without being in the open meadow. Harry took his first bath, for his mother told him he might have a good wash; though he felt that it would be more manly to go into water out-of-doors, as the Pearce boys said they had always done. There was a cask set on a shelf in the bathhouse. Grandfather used this for a shower-bath for his lame leg. When he had filled the barrel with water, he would take out the wooden plug at the bottom, and a steady stream would fall on his leg, just where he required it to strike.

There were the cherry-trees to see again. Though the fruit was not ripe, the birds were after it. To keep them away, a large fish-net was spread over one tree. Afterwards Harry saw the farmer put another large net over another large tree. It was difficult to get the net nicely over the tree, and the work occupied nearly a forenoon; but the trees were protected.

A barn was not new to Harry, for he had spent more than one summer on farms; yet this was a large barn, and there were more

cows than he had ever seen together in one yard,—thirteen; for Captain Pearce sent a wagonload of milk to the Harbor every morning.

Across the street was a rocky ledge called the Poles. The boys said there were a few berries to be gathered there in the season, though not many; but there were plenty of rocks to climb over. One high rock stood beside another rock, still higher and bigger, with just room enough between them for a boy to squeeze into and hide; but it was not a good hiding-place for a game of hide-and-seek, because the seekers always looked there first. Harry was a little afraid of the place, for he thought there might be snakes. Though he never saw any near the Crevice (so they called the opening) he did see small green snakes in other parts of the field, that very day. Then they took a long walk, as far as the bridge and the store.

The day was not to pass away without one novel experience for everybody. At supper one of the farmhands came in hurriedly to tell Captain Pearce that a cow had fallen through a trapdoor. This was the little opening through which the dirt of the barn was shoveled into the cellar below. Somebody had carelessly left this door half-shut, and it was partly covered with loose hay, so that Brindle had walked straight into the trap. Of course everybody rushed out to see the cow. How piteously she *mooed*!

There was no passageway out of the cellar high enough for Brindle to go through; so, after long consultation, Captain Pearce decided that she must be somehow lifted back through the small trapdoor. All hands went to work with a will. They fastened a pulley tight to a beam of the scaffold overhead. Over this a stout rope was passed. It was getting towards dusk, and the cellar was very dark; so the Captain sent Frank and Tip into the house for lanterns. He let himself down beside the still frightened and moaning cow, and a lantern was handed to him.

How to fasten the rope to the cow, was now the question. First they tied it around her body; but she made a great fuss about that. No wonder! How would *you* like to be lifted up by a rope tied about your stomach? Besides, when they hoisted her a little distance, they found her body was so long that it would not pass through the trapdoor, which was only three feet square. Then they tried to make Brindle walk up an inclined plank; but the ascent was very steep, and she was afraid.

At last they combined both methods, the plank and the rope.

The rope was tied tight about her horns. At first it slipped over upon her neck, and nearly choked the poor cow. Finally, however, they made it stay where they wished. Having been a sailor, the Captain knew how to tie a knot that would never give out, unless the hemp broke away. Next, the board was set up against the edge of the trapdoor, and Brindle was persuaded to put her forefeet on it. Then such a pulling and pushing and hauling! Two more men (for the neighbors had strolled over to see what had happened) jumped into the cellar with the Captain, and the three pushed the poor cow till she took a step or two forward. The rest of them—boys, women, and all—pulled at the other end of the rope. Would it break? No! The Captain knew good rope when he saw it, and had chosen a strong length of it.

Pull! Pull! Push! Push! Pull again! Push again!

"That's it boys! Now a leetle harder, will yer?" said the Captain, as he led off in singing, *Yo heave yo*.

After awhile they had to stop and rest, and Brindle sank back again, *mooing* worse than ever.

"Once more neow!" shouted the Captain; and this time he started up a nautical song they all knew:

There was a lady in our town,
Very well done Jim Crow!
Her name it was Susannah Brown,
Very well done Jim Crow-oh-oh!

Victoria, Victoria,
Very well done Jim Crow-oh-oh!
Victoria, Victoria,
Very well done Jim Crow!

After they had sung this verse a few times, one of the young men, who had a knack at rhymes, varied the song thus:

There was a cow lived in our barn,
Very well done Old Cow!
Who never yet had come to harm,
Very well done Old Cow-ow-ow!

George Washington, George Washington,
Very well done Old Cow-ow-ow!
George Washington, George Washington,
Very well done Old Cow!

By the time the youngster had invented the second verse,

There was a trapdoor in our barn,
Through which Old Brindle came to harm,

the Captain called out, "Steady boys, steady! Now she fetches!"

Sure enough, the disconsolate Brindle just then made a great struggle, and tried to clamber up the plank. How they did hoist, and how she did paw the plank, till suddenly her horns rose above the barn-floor. They had to make another pause, while Brindle gazed wildly about her; but she did not fall backward, and a few more vigorous pulls brought her up where she could get her fore feet upon the edge of the opening. After that it did not take many pulls — long, strong, and all together — to land Mrs. Brindle safe but trembling, on the floor. Ugh! but how dirty she was! And so was her owner, when he climbed up a moment later.

"Well, little boy," said Mrs. Ambleton, "is n't it about time for some folks to be abed?"

Harry obeyed her wish, and his mother saw him safe between the sheets; but he could not fall asleep for half-an-hour, his head was so full of things he had seen which were new to him.

What a long day! Was it only yesterday that he came from home? No longer than other days, from breakfast till bedtime; but it is thought that makes the day long or short, and the poet has well said:

The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.

"Well Father Pearce," said Mrs. Pearce to her husband, when Brindle was fairly rescued, "seems ter me this ain't no proper business for the Sabbath."

"Ye forgit the question our Master once asked," replied the Captain.

"What question?"

Her husband hunted up the place in the Testament, and read:

What man shall there be among you, that shall have one sheep, and if it fall into a pit on the Sabbath Day, will he not lay hold on it and lift it out?

Then the Captain chuckled, adding dryly: "Ef we did n't *lift* old Brindle *out*, jest as Scripture says, I'll give up beat; an' I guess as heow a keow's as good's a sheep any day, an' wuth a sight more. To be sure Jesus spoke of only *one* sheep, an' I've more'n a dozen hornéd critters; but I jest calc'late that had n't ought ter make no diff'rance. As for a *pit*,— well, ef that air cellar ain't one, why there ain't no pit on the place. I say, Marm Pearce, I do n't know when I've had such a chance afore to 'bey the Good Book."

POWER OF IMAGINATION.

A FAMILY doctor tells the following anecdote in an English magazine. Professor Blank, of E——, devoted a whole week of the session to lecturing to his students on the subject of heart-diseases. He had a private apartment opening off the classroom, to which he was wont to retire after he had finished his discourse, in order to take off his gown, and enjoy a little meditation by the fire. On the afternoon of the second day, a modest knock came at the door. "Enter," said Professor Blank; and, hat in hand, appeared one of his students, looking somewhat worried and pale.

"What can I do for you, Mr. M.?"

"Nothing, I fear," was the reply. "Nothing on earth can aid me. I have the very symptoms that you were today describing. Sound me and see, sir."

The sounding was soon performed. "You're in perfect health as regards your heart," was the verdict; and Mr. M. went away happy.

Hardly had the kind old professor resumed his seat before another knock resounded on the door. "Come in.—Well, what's the matter with you, Mr. C.?"

"I'm a dead man," gasped Mr. C., looking wildly around, as if he would like to clutch something. "I've got heart-disease, as sure as a gun."

"Not quite as bad as that, I trust. Take off your coat."

Auscultation and percussion were speedily performed.

Then the professor laughed in C.'s face. "Sound as a bell, man," he said. "Go home to your dinner, and don't be a fool."

The doctor did not sit down again, however. No, he was afraid there would be more of them; so he hurried along to his carriage. But he had two more visits at his residence on the same night, from frightened students; and every day during the remainder of that week he had a visit or two of the same kind.

On the following Monday he lectured on fevers, and the students completely recovered from their cardiac complaints. Now I do not mean for a single moment to dispute the fact that there is a good deal of heart-complaint about,—more in fact than there might have been in the early part of the century,—owing to the race for life, and the rate at which the world runs; but I do mean to say, that there are ten times more imaginary heart-ailments than there are real ones.

Animal Magnetism.

THE land that Thou gavest unto our fathers, to eat the fruit thereof and the good thereof, behold we are servants in it; and it yieldeth much increase unto the kings whom Thou hast set over us, because of our sins. Also they have dominion over our bodies and over our cattle, at their pleasure, and we are in great distress.

NEHEMIAH.

WHEN they shall say to you:

"Inquire of their necromancers and wizards,
That peep and murmur;"

Then say ye: "Should not a people inquire of their God?
Should they inquire of the dead for the living?"

ISAIAH.

MIND-CURE AND SCIENCE.

A TRACT of four pages is issued by Mrs. G. P. Noyes, a loyal student living now in Chicago, entitled *Vital Difference between Christian Science and Mind-cure*. This we take the liberty of republishing, with a few slight omissions and changes:

BELIEVING that Christian Science and mind-cure have now become subjects of general interest, a Christian Scientist, of wide practice and experience, feels that the people ought to know more of the two methods; for, the difference is radical, and of the most vital character.

All genuine Christian Scientists, as well as those who are such only in name, start with the same premises, and assume that disease is but a temporary belief, or illusion of mortal mind; that, being a belief only, it can not be the Truth of Being, and therefore can not be true. To this extent, the Christian Scientist and the higher class of mind-curers agree.

Let us now see wherein they disagree, and why, thus disagreeing, they can never come together and be legitimately classed as one and the same.

The Christian Scientist concedes that there is such a thing (in belief) as one person having power over another, through a stronger will-force, or a stronger mortal mind, and that such *supposed* power can be used to the disadvantage or harm of such other person. This baleful exercise of false power is what is denominated in Science and Health (the standard authority in Christian Science) *Malicious Animal Magnetism*. Real Christian Scientists hold that the superior strength of mind, exercised by one person over another, may be reversed, and then has the power of making the subject temporarily believe that he is well,—this operation constituting what is known as *mind-cure*.

The Christian Scientist, therefore, finds it necessary to first assume the existence of this false claim, in order to destroy the disease, and also the claim which one mortal mind makes of power to control another, either for good or evil.

As you would never treat a healthy person for disease, there must first be an admission of disease on the part of the patient; else, the claim of Christian Science to heal can not be demonstrated. In other words, there

must be a recognition of the claims of disease, in order that they may be handled and destroyed mentally.

Now as all are not sick, though all have the belief that the stronger mortal mind has an influence over the weaker, the greater is the importance of clearly understanding this false claim, and thus being able to counteract it.

In healing disease we are obliged to lift the patient above the influence of malicious thought and environment. As already stated, we can not undertake to destroy disease, unless it be first admitted that there is a false claim to be destroyed. Hence it necessarily follows that we can not rise to the greater demand made upon the Christian Scientist, to destroy the so-called influence of one mortal mind over another, except it be first admitted that there is such a false claim, both to do good and evil; and also that this false claim must be destroyed by the rule of Christian Science, as laid down in Science and Health.

Nor should it be forgotten that there is a higher rule in Christian Science than the rule of healing disease,—higher, because more important; and that is briefly this: that the false claim to power of one mortal mind over another must first be recognized, in all points, before we can see the necessity of destroying it, and thus lift the patient above all unfavorable surroundings. We thus acquire the mastery over an error which all Christian Scientists must sooner or later meet,—which true Christian Scientists are already meeting; and, just in proportion as they master it, may they rightly assert their ability to conquer all difficulties that beset their way.

Mind-curers and false Christian Scientists do not recognize this rule. They do not practise it, or teach it to their students, because they do not see the necessity of lifting the patient above the current of Animal Magnetism, or mortal mind, as the genuine Christian Scientists see it.

This distinguishing feature builds a wall of separation between the two systems, and puts false Christian Scientists on a plane with their congeners, the mind-curers; and not until they admit, handle, and destroy this false claim, can they ever leave the domain of mortal mind for the spiritual realm of Christian Science.

I have the authority of the Founder of Christian Science, and author of Science and Health, for the above statements. I have taken several courses of instruction of her, and have found that only by rigidly adhering to her instruction have I met with any lasting success.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND BODIES.

THE following item, from the dailies, certainly indicates the nothingness of matter:

A puzzle is now agitating the minds of photographers in Philadelphia. It lies in the fact that in a group of eighteen people, the objects behind the sitters appear in faint outlines, as if the bodies of the sitters were transparent. In some few cases the appearance of the outlines of the doors and panels, against which the people are standing, can be explained on the ground that there was a momentary movement in which the camera caught and reproduced the picture of the object. But the *poser* is the case of the lady sitting in the centre of the group, in a wicker-work arm-chair. The twisted outlines of the chair-back are distinctly visible through the neck and body of the sitter, with clear-cut distinctness. The photographer can not understand it, and the Amateur Photographers' Society has tried in vain to solve the mystery. The phenomenon is contrary to the recognized laws of optics, and is believed never to have occurred before.

Healing : Communications and Cases.

AND try Me now in this, saith Jehovah of Hosts,—
Whether I will not open to you the Windows of Heaven,
And pour out upon you a blessing. MALACHI.

BOWELS AND UTERUS.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: I take great pleasure in giving, to the suffering many, a testimonial to the great benefit experienced by my wife from a course of treatment given her by Mrs. W. T. Carpenter of this city, an earnest practitioner of Christian Science, having studied under G. B. Wickersham, of Denver, Col. For a period of seven years my wife had been terribly constipated. During the last three years the bowels refused to perform their functions without the aid of a daily enema or of physic. The uterus was in a diseased state, being displaced, much thickened, and enlarged from chronic inflammatory action. The nervous system became very sensitive, and nervous prostration almost resulted.

Hesitating to treat her myself, and no competent medical aid being available, I persuaded my wife to place herself under the professional care of Mrs. Carpenter,—more, I confess, to gratify curiosity, than with hope of relief. Four treatments relieved the constipation completely. Four months have now elapsed, and daily evacuations occur without effort. The displaced uterus is in its normal situation and free from inflammation. Her general health is as good as ever. I have no knowledge of the agent that produced these effects, but my curiosity has been surprisingly gratified.

L. T. INGERSOLL, M.D.

Grand Junction, Col.

HEADACHES BANISHED.

I TAKE great pleasure in telling of the great help I have gained through the teachings and treatment of Mrs. Tallman. I had suffered for many years with sick-headaches, but am now perfectly well.

MRS. B. F. L.

Corry, Penn.

TERRIBLE SCIATICA.

IN May last I was attacked with sciatica, in a severe form, and for weeks my sufferings were terrible. I had neither rest nor sleep, save at intervals, when completely exhausted. My appetite forsook me, and I loathed food in every form. Liniments, lotions, blisters, hot baths, hot bricks, were applied without relief. The galvanic battery was resorted to in vain. Day-by-day I grew weaker, until I could no longer walk about. A doctor was called in, who pronounced mine a case of extreme debility and prostration, occasioned by sciatica, and other troubles. He ordered morphine in the form of pills, and injections of both morphine and atropia. My remonstrances against the use of these drugs were met by the not very encouraging assurance that morphine could only kill, at the worst, while, without it, I could endure the fearful torture but little longer. Drugs were used freely, and frequent outward applications were made of iodine and croton oil. I suffered less and slept more. By the persistent use of quinine, iron, and whiskey I gained considerably in strength, and at the end of five weeks, by being lifted from the bed to my chair, I was able to sit up several hours each day. Still, I depended wholly on morphine to quiet the cruel pain.

While in this condition Mrs. R. J. Robinson, of Hallowell, a Christian Scientist, was sent for. She took my case, and in a few hours I sank into sound slumber. Mrs. Robinson gave me five present treatments. With her assistance I walked nearly across the room, with little inconvenience.

During the next two weeks I received absent treatments daily. The pain and soreness in my leg, back, and hip gradually subsided, and finally disappeared. My appetite and strength returned; and I can now work all day, and take long walks without feeling fatigued. In fact, I never enjoyed better health. Eleven years ago, at the birth of my youngest child, I began drinking tea, and in course of time became a most inveterate tea-bibber. Many a time I have made an entire meal of hot, strong tea, enjoying a cup of the delightful (?) beverage more than the most appetizing food. Since my recovery I drink no tea, and have no appetite for it. I have almost dispensed with the use of glasses, and seldom feel the need of them.

MRS. H. C. WILLIAMS.

North New Portland, Maine.

CATARRH AND DYSPEPSIA.

DEAR JOURNAL: A sincere feeling of gratitude to God, for the wonderful blessings with which I have been favored through Christian Science, compels me, as my duty to suffering fellow-men, to request space in your valuable columns for this testimonial, in the hope that other afflicted ones may seek in Christian Science the healing balm, which, like the Love of God, is never-failing.

I went to Colorado last August, as a final resort, to repair my shattered health, which was daily growing weaker. I had been a constant sufferer for six years with dyspepsia, in its most distressing forms, and had catarrh so badly that it finally affected the stomach.

Through mental overwork, cares, and these maladies, I was run down, both mentally and physically. I could take but little food on my distressed stomach, and that little was not relished. I slept hardly at all, and then only with disturbed dreams. Continual drug-ging made me sick at heart.

I first went to Manitou Springs, to try the reputed and health-giving benefits of that beautiful resort. Notwithstanding all the good results expected from the change of scene, rest of mind and body, pure mountain air, mineral water, and pleasant surroundings, aided by all human efforts, as advised by the best physicians,—such as medicine, carefulness in diet, adherence to hygienic law,—I continued to lose strength and health until, in my best judgment, death stared me in the face; as all human power had failed to help me.

At this time, September 27, I was induced to try a Christian Scientist, G. B. Wickersham, of Denver, whose reputation for wonderful cures were becoming far-famed. I felt myself growing stronger after the first treatment, and gained rapidly, till now I am perfectly well. In fact, I am a new man. Mr. Wickersham had to leave on a month's visit to Pittsburg, Pa., after giving me nine treatments; and from this time I was treated absently.

On November 6 I made the ascent to the top of Pike's Peak, without experiencing any fatigue. Words can not express the intense joy of myself and friends at this wonderful demonstration of God's divine Principle, and our appreciation of the same.

E. F. ARPIN.

Grand Rapids, Wisconsin.

INTERNAL DISEASES.

Mrs. M. B. G. Eddy: For years I had very poor health, and suffered from dyspepsia and constipation, which caused very severe headaches. Four years ago I had an attack of hemorrhage from the lungs, accompanied by a very severe bronchial trouble and cough, which did not entirely leave me. My stomach was so weak that many times I could not take food or medicine, though I had taken forty bottles of cod-liver oil. My diet was almost exclusively of beef-steak and hot water. My kidneys were badly affected. I had other troubles, which were very weakening, and I had worn a support for nine years. I was not able to leave my bed.

Last January I met Mrs. M. E. Tallman, and took treatments from her during the winter. I had never heard of Christian Science, but tried it as a last resort. I commenced to improve immediately. The day I took the first treatment I ate such food as was prepared for the family, and have done so ever since. I have gained eleven pounds in weight.

MRS. E. A. M.

Corry, Penn.

THREE CASES.

I HAVE had three remarkable cases lately. One lady, aged a hundred years and five months, was cured of dysentery in one treatment.

Another lady, sixty-nine, was relieved of lung-congestion in one treatment.

Still another woman, fifty-six years old, was healed of a burn, which came from laying her hand on a hot stove-cover. Both pain and scar disappeared with one treatment.

C. R. H. STICKNEY.

CONSTITUTIONAL DIFFICULTIES.

DEAR MRS. TALLMAN: When I first came to you I had been suffering for over eight years. The last six years I had not been able to walk without assistance. For eight months I had not walked at all. In one week from the time you commenced treating me, I could walk without help. You have done for me what eight physicians failed to do.

MRS. F. A. H.

Corry, Penn.

TYPHOID ABSCESS.

On Jan. 15, 1885, I called on a doctor who was attending my sister-in-law through the typhoid-fever, and talked with him concerning the sick one. Not feeling very well, I asked the doctor to note my temperature. He said, "Your temperature is $102\frac{1}{2}$. You *will* be a sick man tomorrow." Sure enough, I was.

I was sick with the typhoid-fever fifty-four days, being unconscious most of the time. For three-and-one-half months after the fever I had an abscess on my right side, which was lanced May 14. I suffered terribly until a friend of mine made me acquainted with M. E. Tallman, in February, 1887. She relieved me of my suffering in twenty-four hours. She gave me a treatment that night, and then went to Jamestown, twenty miles distant, saying, "If you need me you can telegraph me at once." I did not see her for a week, but was feeling so well that I came down stairs and went out-of-doors with my sister's help. I went out every day through March. I have continued to gain steadily, and am now doing the work about my greenhouse. W. RHODES.

MANY TROUBLES HEALED.

A GENTLEMAN who had rheumatism in his wrist, which was badly swollen, and carried in a sling for three months, was cured in two treatments.

A lady who had been in bed for two weeks with nervous prostration, heart-trouble, dyspepsia, and uterine difficulties, and was growing worse instead of better, concluded to try Science. She sat up after the first treatment, was out in the yard after the second, went to work after the third. She says: "You need not tell me that Science is worthless. I know what it has done for me."

A little child, in bed two days with symptoms of scarlet-fever,—with a perfectly inactive liver, and with a white, watery discharge from her bowels,—was cured in one treatment.

MRS. C. A. D. BROWN, C.S.B.

I HAVE some very interesting cases at present, and in good time the physicians of Detroit will hear of me and the good work of Christian Science.

DR. J. P. SAFFORD.

Agates.

AND I will make thy windows of Agates.

ISAIAH.

WHO reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior
(And what he brings, what need he elsewhere seek?),
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself,

MILTON.

MAN was created by Love and for Love. Divine Love and human love are in their nature one, mutual, and reciprocal. God craves the love of His children, and man craves the love of his Divine Parent.

WRIGHT.

THROUGH Love to Light! Oh, wonderful the way
That leads from darkness to the perfect day!
Through Love to Light! Through Light, oh God, to Thee,
Who art the Love of Love, the eternal Light of Light!

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

OUR best good is also best good to Him, our greatest happiness must likewise be His greatest pleasure, and whatever exalts us must be to His eternal glory.

God has His one unbroken note of praise,
In the full rush of cosmic harmony.

KING.

THERE are but three classes of men — the retrogressive, the stationary, and the progressive.

LAVATER.

SEEK not to snatch presumptuously the palm
By self-election.

KING.

In all Science, error precedes the Truth, and it is better it should go first than last.

WALPOLE.

THE loving heart makes a clear head and a steady hand.

Church and Association.

THE Church of the Living God, the pillar and ground of Truth.

PAUL.

JANUARY MEETING OF THE SCIENTIST ASSOCIATION.

THE regular monthly meeting of this Association was held on Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 4, being called to order at the usual hour, with a large number of members present. At about 2.30 our Teacher came in, all giving her a very cordial welcome. This being the annual meeting, the reports of the officers were made, showing that the Association is growing both in numerical and financial strength, and is now in a very satisfactory condition. The election took place, the officers of the past year being re-elected by the unanimous voice of those present, as follows:

REV. MARY B. G. EDDY, *President*.

JOHN A. LINFIELD, *Secretary*.

CHARLES A. S. TROUP, *Treasurer*.

When the Good of the Order was taken up, our dear Teacher was introduced as the speaker for the occasion. She opened the talk by asking several questions in relation to Christian Science, which were answered by the members. Then followed explanations and interpretations.

Several students cited cases of healing, of a very interesting character. At the closing hour our Teacher received the congratulations of the season from her friends.

Thus passed into history the auspicious opening of a New Year in our Cause.

L.

TARDY JUSTICE.

[REV. M. B. G. EDDY sent promptly to the January JOURNAL an acknowledgment of sundry Christmas Gifts. By a series of blunders, such as only printers and editors can fathom, several of these paragraphs, though safely put into type, dropped entirely out of sight in the makeup of the magazine. These omitted items are herewith given, with some additions.]

FROM Mrs. Charles Hall, of Denver, Colorado, came a lovely remembrance to Mrs. Eddy.

A beautiful Asiatic gift, with a bouquet, came from Mrs. J. H. Brown of Newbury Street, Boston.

From Mrs. E. D. Behan, C.S.B., of Kansas City, Mo., came a beautiful hand-wrought lace handkerchief and collar; and also the photograph of her namesake, a real live baby, in a waste-basket. Read Baby's letter:

DEAR FOUNDER OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE: No doubt you will be surprised to receive a letter from me; but first I must tell you who I am. My name is Behan Hoesick, for I was named for dear Mrs. Behan, Principal of the Missouri Christian Science Institute, at Kansas City. I was nine months old on Dec. 21. Mamma was attended by Mrs. Behan, during her confinement, and got along nicely,—thanks to Christian Science. Mamma says that Science and Health is a staff that every mother should lean on, for it teaches that the remedy for all the ills of us little folks is always at hand. Then, too, it is a guide to direct children's footsteps "in the way of His appointing," the Way which is the Truth, the Life.

I shall ever be grateful to you for teaching Mamma better than to dose me with nasty, old, bitter medicine; for I have taken only the sweet, pure, and healthful drops of Truth, and am as sweet, fat, and rosy a little baby as you could wish to see. I weigh twenty-two pounds, can stand alone, and walk by holding on to chairs. Mamma and Papa had my picture taken, so I will send you one, hoping it will please you. If I dared, I would ask you to favor me with one of your photos in exchange for it.

Tonight is Christmas Eve. Mamma says that I am too little to know much about old Santa Claus, and his tiny reindeers. I wish that "Peace on earth, good-will toward men," were the mottoes and life-motives of every human heart. Then it would not be long until we should all awake from this false dream of life, and come into the happy realization of Heaven, Harmony. May you have a bright, joyful Christmas; and may a halo of Love and Peace glow for you on each day of the Happy New Year.

Very lovingly your little friend,

BABY BEHAN HOESICK.

Carrolltown, Mo.

Received from Mrs. E. B. Fenn, C.S.B., of Omaha, Neb., and from Mrs. Grace A. Greene, C.S.B., of Providence, R. I., rich designs in lace.

There came from Geo. B. Wickersham, C.S.B., and Mrs. E. Patterson, C.S.B., of Denver, Col., an engraving of a scene in the Yosemite Valley (framed artistically in the native wood), together with other beautiful and useful articles.

I have received from Mrs. J. H. Bell, C.S.B., of Chicago, a beautiful scarf, with the sweetest words in any language, lettered in silver.

CHURCH-ADMISSION AND COMMUNION.

ON January 15, despite the slippery and wet streets, Chickering Hall was filled with people, as Rev. Mary B. G. Eddy was to be present for the first time in many weeks.

The printed program announced a sermon on the text John xxi. 5, "Children have ye any meat?" But at this point F. E. Mason preached a fourteen-minute discourse, on the exclamation of the disciples at the Passover Supper, "Lord, is it I?"

Mrs. Eddy led in her customary paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer, and Mr. Mason led in the usual silent prayer. After the hymn following the sermon, Mrs. Eddy announced the names of twenty persons, standing in the front rows, who were to join the church; and read several letters of dismission from other churches, Baptist and Methodist, granted to some of the candidates. The Pastor also read the tenets of our church, in which the candidates acknowledged their belief, and this ceremony concluded with a few words of welcome.

Mrs. Eddy then made a brief address, in which she spoke of the true significance of spiritual Baptism and spiritual Eucharist. The word *sacrament* comes from the similar Latin name, for the military oath which bound a Roman soldier to his commander. These Christian rites, spiritually discerned, unite the Christian to his Master. The Eucharistic Supper at Jerusalem, though commonly called the Last Supper, was not the last which Jesus ate with the disciples. He ate with them again in Galilee, after his resurrection from the dead.

The Pastor then knelt in silent prayer, thus leading her followers in their passive Communion Service, in which the bread and wine are not present.

During the collection she spoke of the coughing which, for the first time, she had heard in a Christian Science meeting. She urged her hearers to set aside the claims of matter, which lead to belief in inflammation of throat and lungs, and devote at least one day in the week to freedom from material delusions. In conclusion she referred to a singer whose voice was fully restored through the agency of the Discoverer of Christian Science, ending her spirited remarks with this very pithy sentence: "The best sermon is Truth demonstrated."

THE SACRED PRESENT.

 CHARLES H. BARLOW, of Leroy, Michigan.

Look hopefully forward, from life's shining plow,
 For the Spirit's sure prompter and guide ;
 And find, in Love's labor, the radiant brow
 Of the promised Messiah and bride.
 The Life-giving Power awakes us today,
 And we know the bright message is true ;
 For it works, as of old, in a marvellous way,
 Forever revealing the new.

Let the ghosts of the ages past bury their dead,
 With their grimly mysterious lore ;
 Their dark, lurid spectres, and shadows of dread,
 Shall trouble the Present no more.
 The light of the Mind shines as bright as of old,
 A type of the truly divine ;
 And its Word is the same sacred Truth that was told
 To the Seers of Israel's time.

The spheres swiftly roll on their frictionless way,
 In silence resistless they fly ;
 And earth's living spirits adoring obey,
 Held by an invisible tie.
 In silence He orders the glorious plan,—
 The atom, the planet, the flower ;
 All things and all creatures, from lowest to man,
 Are one in the grasp of His power.

And man? Must he aimlessly wander alone,
 In darkness without and within,
 Uncertain, an outcast bewildered, to roam,
 Left hopelessly cumbered with sin,—
 Gazing wistfully backward, the slave of his fears,
 For the sign of Truth's marvellous ways,
 Through the thick, ghastly shadows of long-buried years,
 To the ashes of far distant days?

Must he still seek for wonders through dead sages' eyes,
 Distrusting the light of his own,
 Ere his Saviour can come, in true fatherly guise,
 And take the lost Prodigal home?
 Then forward forever, from life's shining plow,
 Shall he look for the pure, living Word ;
 And find in Love's labor the radiant brow,
 Long-promised, of Bethlehem's Lord.

Editorial Outlook.

THE eternal round of Truth.	ANONYMOUS.
THE power of an endless Life.	HEBREWS.
THE care of discipline is Love.	WISDOM.
THE Spirit is Life, because of righteousness.	ROMANS.
WITHOUT rebuke, holding forth the Word of Life.	PAUL.

WASHINGTON.

THE Truth he told, the Truth he lived;
 Truth was his very self.
 Loyal to God, a nation's friend,
 He lived above all pelf.

So should *we* live, so *may* we live,
 Contending for Truth's part;
 For all of us in God are one,
 Create in Love's deep heart.

CHRIST MY REFUGE.

THE late Irving I. Harwood, inspired by the beauty of Mrs. Eddy's hymn, Christ my Refuge, gave it a beautiful musical setting. This he sent to Mrs. Eddy, who at once responded, thanking him, and expressing her gratification and appreciation. He afterwards arranged it for publication, as a quartet for mixed voices, desiring that the profits accruing from its sale should be devoted to the cause of Christian Science,—a cause which he had so warmly at heart, that no effort or sacrifice seemed too great, if thereby our Science could be advanced. There were some delays, on account of corrections in publisher's errors, and a revision of the hymn by its writer; but on Sunday, October 30, at the regular service of the Christian Scientists in Chickering Hall, the Pastor officiating, the quartet was sung, for the first time, by the choir, accompanied by Mr. Harwood. The music was sung the second time at the funeral services over Mr. Harwood, who passed into the Light on November 15.

S. E. H.

COAL AND JUSTICE.

COAL has gone up in price. Why? Because there is trouble in the mining-region.

Our civilization is horizontal rather than vertical. When country-people obtained wood from their own farms, and city people bought it of boatman or teamster, who brought to town a load of his own cutting, there was no trouble. Each man acted for himself. Now we spread out, and each acts for others. Coal goes far away. The owner consumes little for himself, and the miners still less. They work for a market and for wages, not for individual traffic and profit. For pay, railroads and ships transport the coal, though they have no direct interest in the ownership and digging. If, therefore, the miners are oppressed, and successfully demand higher wages for a day's work, or if the carriers raise their freight-tariff, it follows that either the consumer must pay more for his fuel, or the owner must furnish it at a loss.

It is not strange that workmen, seeing managers and stockholders living in luxury such as employees can not afford, should growl, and that their bark sometimes becomes a bite,—even though, by this process, the hydrophobia strikes not the rich owner and speculator, but men and women as poor as the coal-delivers themselves.

How so? Thus: Rich men, as a rule, lay in their coal for the year, when prices are low. They do not suffer, therefore, by an artificial coal-famine. Neither do the mine-owners suffer; for they put up their prices to correspond with the cost of production. Neither do the middlemen suffer; for they take advantage of the melee to raise prices and make a higher percentage of profit. The sufferers are the poor and improvident, who do not, or can not, purchase when prices are low, but live from hand to mouth, buying by the bushel or ton. Upon them falls the chief burden. The Pennsylvania miners, when they strike for better pay, mean to hit the rich men who fatten on underpaid labor; but the blow glides over these directors like the air, and lights on those afar off, whose load is already greater than they can bear.

Shall it then be said that the restless strikers cause the entire wrong? or shall we look farther back, and say that the grievance originates with the owners, whose greed denies adequate compensation? Partly so! Yet these owners can tell their own reasonable story. If prices fall, instead of rise, then theirs is the loss.

Without their investments and enterprise, the coal-mines would be unworked. Thousands would be thus left out of employment, and the country would suffer both in comfort and business.

Where then is the wrong? In no one class,—neither in owners nor in workmen alone. Where is the right? With no one class either,—not with employees or managers alone. The right is in all; the wrong is in all. There are conscientious men both at the top and bottom of the heap, men who mean to do right, and think they have it on their side; though this conviction is often the result of ignorance, of blindness to the facts of social economy.

Where then lies the wrong? In false convictions, lack of broad vision, want of wisdom, absence of harmony, a disposition unduly to magnify material possessions. "Thou shalt not covet," is written in the Decalogue. This sin, covetousness, is at the bottom of much mischief and crime.

How can the difficulty be avoided? By the cultivation of right Christian relations, by harmony, by enlightenment, by fairness, generosity, and unselfishness,—above all, by justice.

The ends sought can not be gained in a day. They must come slowly. Little by little men rise to see truth in its length and breadth. Many a struggle will intervene.

It used to be asked: What will become of religion when the Church is no longer a part of the State? The two are now divorced in America, yet religion, even in its Roman Catholic form, does not suffer by the separation.

"The world will be overrun with crime, if thieves are not hanged," said old-time and law-abiding timidity. The scaffold is now used only for the punishment of murder, and that rarely; yet theft—taking the world at large—was never less prevalent, though there may sometimes be a relative increase of crime in certain localities.

So with this labor-question. The problem will be solved, and solved in America. What can we do individually to promote this result? Cultivate intelligence, try to logically reason out the tangle, aid in the development of justice, mercy, and charity. When all *do* right, all will be right with rich and poor. There will be no strikes, because none will be needed. There will be no avarice, because it will be absent from human thought. There will be no oppression, because there will be no disposition to oppress. But remember, the Kingdom of Heaven is like a grain of mustard-seed.

IDOLATRY AND DUTY : TWO GREAT RULES.

Two commands are dwelt upon by Christian Scientists as all-important: "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me;" and "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." They are indeed vastly important; but in quoting them, mistakes should be avoided.

Sometimes these two commands are cited as if they were the two great commands of Jesus, "whereby," he said, "hang all the Law and the Prophets." This is partly erroneous. Of the two commands, thus referred to by the Master, one is truly the same. — the second: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself;" but the other, the first command, is different: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart."

On the other hand, the two commands, emphasized by Christian Science, are attributed, by some correspondents, to the Decalogue,—that is, the Ten Commandments; and in one letter it was stated that these were the two important commands among the Ten. This is an obvious error. "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me," is one of the Ten,—the first of what the Hebrews call the sacred Words; but the command about Loving the Neighbor is not one of the Ten. To be sure, it is found substantially in the Old Testament, in the writings of Moses (LEVITICUS xix. 18), but not as part of the Decalogue,

Jesus never called himself God; nor did he ever say, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." He taught, as he believed, that the commands against Idolatry, Sabbath-breaking, Profanity, (found among the Ten) were all summed up in one brief sentence, "Love your God!" All other commands, about Filial Obedience, Honesty, Greed, Life-purity, False witness, Jesus included in another three-word command, "Love your Neighbor!"

The first command, so often cited by Scientists, is from the Decalogue, where Jehovah declared that men should not worship other gods before Him,—or in preference to Him. The other selected command is one of those chosen by Jesus from out the Hebrew Scriptures, and given to the world with specially divine emphasis, as half of the support whereon depend not only the Jewish Law, but the Jewish Prophet-poets also; and it bids men "do as they would be done by,"—follow the Golden Rule.

"Worship no other gods," is a prohibition of Idolatry,—a negative order, telling us what we must *not* do. "Love your neighbor!" is a positive bidding, a summary of human duty.

COLOR-BLINDNESS.

THIS defect is thus defined by Dr. B. Joy Jeffries, who is an expert on the subject :

The defect exists in three main varieties, red-blindness, green-blindness, and violet-blindness,—the latter extremely rare. All colors containing the one in which the color-blind are deficient will be grayish, and this in proportion to their individual amount of defect. The red-blind sees all objects of this color of a darker hue than they are. The same is true to the green-blind, as to green. Both confound these colors with each other and with gray. A mixture of white and black, in proper proportions to represent the luminosity of any shade of red or green, will give the color-blind the same sensation as that shade.

Says another writer on this subject,—Dr. J. M. French, in the *Journal of Education* :

Very ludicrous mistakes are made by the color-blind. One gentleman says: "Yellow and blue are my only distinct colors. Red is the most indistinct." An architect's apprentice copied a brown house in bluish-green paint, making the sky rose-color, and the roses blue. A tradesman's boy offered pluk and pale-green paper as good matches. A weaver could not distinguish between red and green threads, but had to have them selected by another. Dr. Dalton, a color-blind English chemist,—whose careful study and accurate description of his own case have made the name Daltonism synonymous with red-blindness,—had an amusing experience when about to be presented at court. Being a Quaker, it was known that the scarlet robe of a Doctor would be objectionable to him on account of its color. Luckily it was recollected that as the cherries and the leaves of a cherry-tree were to him of the same color, the scarlet gown would present to him no extraordinary appearance. So perfect, indeed, was the color-blindness, that this most modest and simple of men, after having received the Doctor's gown at Oxford, actually wore it for several days, in happy unconsciousness of the effect he produced on the street.

So prevalent is this peculiarity, that an examination of two-hundred-thousand persons shows that one man in every twenty-five (but only one woman in four hundred) is color-blind.

Railway employees and sailors cause accidents through this misfortune, by mistaking the colors of flags, balls, and lights.

Does not this confirm what Christian Science says about the fallibility of the physical senses? Even with those who are not called color-blind, how is it possible to know that red and blue are the same to one as to another? I always call a certain color *purple*, and so do you; but how do you know that the impression on your retina is the same as on mine? Many classical scholars believe, and with reason, that the ancients did not see colors as we do, for they called the blue ocean black.

We do well to distrust the evidence of the senses, when even material philosophers find them so faulty.

IMPOTENCE OF EVIL.

THIS was a phrase used by George W. Cable, who is not only the popular novelist, and depicter of Louisiana life, but an Orthodox theologian. When Rev. Dr. Meredith removed from Boston to Brooklyn, Mr. Cable was placed in charge of the Bible Class, held in the Tremont Temple every Saturday afternoon. He handles his topic with a reverent spirit, and utters much common sense. The phrase which forms the caption of this article was spoken by Mr. Cable in discussing two subjects, the Death of John the Baptist, and the Miraculous Feeding of the Multitude. After emphasizing this thought he added: "Not only is evil impotent, but it will diminish."

A man in the audience asked: "Will all forms of evil be finally eliminated?"

"According to this book they will," replied Mr. Cable, laying his hand upon the Bible in front of him; and presently he added, "That reply satisfies you, does it not?"

If evil is impotent, diminishing, to be eliminated, then what becomes of the old doctrine of everlasting perdition, which necessarily involves everlasting evil; and what becomes of the common notion of the divine necessity for the existence of evil? If evil is to disappear, surely it can not be one of the eternal verities, for they can never disappear.

THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT THERE.

S. C. R.

EVIL must cease,—
 For that way tend
 All things that bend
 Its final end,
 With lessening trend,—
 And give us peace.

Falsehood no more
 In least degree
 Truth's face may see.
 'Tis God's decree
 Truth make us free,
 In love and lore.

PLEASE!

PLEASE what? Spell out your words, fill out your sentences, and write only on one side of the sheet. This humble petition is directed especially to friends who send the JOURNAL records of cases. Some writers would be mortified to see their pages printed just as they write them.

CULTIVATE GOODWILL.

[From the *Boston Traveller*.]

As a matter even of everyday convenience, as a means of mere success in affairs, cultivate goodwill. This is not to say that a selfish and material motive is a better reason than one which seeks the good of others; but even on this plane alone, goodwill is worth considerable care and attention. The goodwill or illwill of those around us creates an atmosphere stimulating or repressing, according as either quality is in force. An individual is as inevitably affected by the thought sent out about him, as a magnet is by its proximity to an electric current. It is one of the eternal laws, like gravitation or the tides of the sea. The goodwill we send out to others reacts upon ourselves. It makes possible hitherto undreamed-of things.

"If I wanted to punish an enemy," wisely said Sidney Smith, "I would fasten on him the continual trouble of hating somebody." There is a world of philosophy in that. It is really far more painful, and far more harmful to the individual, to actively dislike another, than it is to be disliked by another. It is far more pernicious to hate than to be hated. So close and so fine are all the relations of human life, that all goodwill is communicative, and forms a vital force, like the power of an electric battery. The welfare of all is the best safeguard for the welfare of each. On grounds of material success, as well as on those of higher and holier aspiration, cultivate goodwill.

FOR Love is the deepest power that God has to reveal, seeing that in that He makes known the Life of His own bosom; and Love is the deepest power in man to which there can be any appeal; therefore if the love of God in Christ will not cure sin, then nothing can.

WRIGHT.

Economic Hints.

If anyone provideth not for his own, and especially for those of his Own House, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an unbeliever.

PAUL TO TIMOTHY.

PAINLESS DENTISTRY.

DR. E. N. HARRIS, C.S.B., has removed his Dental Office to 366 Columbus Avenue, near Dartmouth Street, where he will be glad to see his patients and friends. Through his knowledge of Christian Science the Doctor is able to operate on the teeth with little or no pain. This a boon indeed!

A GOOD HUSBAND.

A MAN in Maine had let his wife bring water from the well for ten years; but when he needed a little water daily for his business, he at once had a pipe laid and a pump put in, "to save so much extra labor." The local Reporter says: "A little personal experience is sometimes worth more than a large number of object-lessons."

EXTRACT.

PRIVATE SCHOOL.

PARENTS desiring for their boys and girls the **personal attention** of private schools, and the **discipline** and **varied associates** of public schools will find both combined at Chauncy Hall, 359 Boylston St., Boston.

Preparation for the **Mass. Institute of Technology** has long been a specialty; and for its thoroughness, **reference is made to the Institute Faculty**. Thorough preparation is made also for **College**, and for **Business**. All classes are open to **Special Students**.

Particular attention is invited to the **Primary and Grammar School** departments, and to the **Kindergarten**. Visitors are always welcome.

OFFER TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

THE next year of our JOURNAL begins in April; but those who subscribe now will receive, in addition to the magazine for the year, from April 1888 to April 1889, the current numbers for January, February, March,—that is, three extra copies of the JOURNAL.

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CHRISTIAN SCIENCE JOURNAL.

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FOR the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God, to the pulling down of strongholds.—PAUL.

VOL. V.

MARCH, 1888.

No. 12.

THINGS TO BE THOUGHT OF.

MARY BAKER G. EDDY.

THE need felt by students of their Teacher's counsel,—especially by those at a distance, working assiduously for our common cause,—and their constant petitions for the same, should be met in the most effectual way.

To be responsible for supplying this want, and poise the wavering balance on the right side, is impracticable, without a full knowledge of the environments. The educational system of Christian Science lacks the aid and protection of State laws. The Science is hampered by immature demonstrations, by the infancy of its discovery, by incorrect teaching, and especially by some unprincipled claimants, whose mad ambition drives them to appropriate my ideas and discovery, without credit, appreciation, or a single original conception, while they quote from other authors every random thought in line with mine.

This dishonesty—yea, fraud—is conspicuous in the verbose lectures of Mrs. Emma Hopkins. She adopts my ethics, or talks them freely, while departing from them. Her injustice to her Teacher and benefactor, to one who tenderly rescued her from unnamable conditions, and then,

to spare vanity a blow, receipted in full the bill for her tuition, without ever receiving a cent,—this ingratitude is startling to those who know it all.

My noble students, who are loyal to their Teacher, loyal to Christ and human obligations, will not be disheartened in the midst of this seething sea of sin. They build for time and eternity. The others stumble-over misdeeds, and their own unsubstantiality, without the groundwork of right. They will melt into darkness, like camera shadows thrown upon the mists of time.

Unity is the essential nature of Christian Science. Its Principle is One, and the demonstration of that One demands oneness of thought and action.

Many students enter the Normal Class of my college whom I have not fitted for it by the Primary Course. They are taught their first lessons by my students, and their aptness to assimilate pure and abstract Science is somewhat untested.

“As the twig is bent, the tree’s inclined.” As the mind is directed, it acts for a season. Some students leave my instructions before they are quite free from the bias of first impressions, whether those be correct or incorrect. Such students are more or less subject to the future mental influence of their former teacher. Their knowledge of Mind-healing may be right theoretically; but the moral and spiritual status of thought must be right also. The tone of the teacher’s mind must be pure, grand, true, to aid the mental development of the student; for the tint of the instructor’s mind is transmitted. A single mistake in metaphysics, or in ethics, is more fatal than a mistake in physics.

If a teacher, unwittingly or intentionally, offers his own thought, and gives me as authority for it; if he diverges from Science, and knows it not; or, knowing it, makes the venture from vanity, in order to be thought original, or wiser than somebody else,—this divergence widens. He grows dark, and can not regain, at will, an upright understanding. This error in the teacher also predisposes his students to make mistakes and lose their way. Diverse

opinions in Science are stultifying. All must have one opinion and the same rule; and all *who follow the rule* have but one opinion of it.

Whosoever understands a single rule in Science, and demonstrates its Principle according to rule, is master of the situation. Nobody can gainsay this. The egotistical theorist or shallow moralist may presume to make innovations upon simple proof; but his mistake is visited upon himself and his students, whose minds are, must be, disturbed by this discord, which extends along the whole line of reciprocal thought. An error in premise can never bring forth the real fruits of Truth. After thoroughly explaining spiritual Truth and its ethics to a student, I am not morally responsible for the misstatements or misconduct of this student. My teachings are uniform. Those who abide by them do well. If others, who receive the same instruction, do ill, the fault is not in the culture, but the soil.

I am constantly called to settle questions and disaffections toward Christian Science, growing out of the departures from Science of self-satisfied students. If impatient of the Discoverer's loving rebuke, the student must stop at the foot of the grand ascent, and there remain until suffering compels the downfall of his self-conceit. Then that student may struggle up, with bleeding footprints, to the God-crowned summit of unselfish and pure aims and affections.

To be two-sided, when these sides are moral opposites, is neither politic nor Scientific; and to abridge a single human right or privilege is an error. Whoever does this may represent me as doing it; but he mistakes the subjective state of his own mind for mine.

The true leader of a true cause is the unacknowledged servant of mankind. Stationary in the background, this individual is doing the work nobody else can or will do. An erratic career is like the comet's course, dashing through space, headlong and alone. A clear-headed and honest Christian Scientist will demonstrate the Principle of Christian Science, and hold organization as inseparable from the unity of Good.

Duplicity is naturally prone to break the Hebrew Decalogue. It "steals the livery of Heaven to serve" sin in, and tickles vanity with the straw of conceit. It never counsels with experience, but rushes blindly on and is punished.

The following is my earnest advice to all whom it may concern. Let loyal Normal Class graduates from the Massachusetts Metaphysical College organize a body to be called the Christian Science Union, and hold regular meetings at intervals of not over two weeks. The object of this Union should be mutual aid and improvement. This organization may elect the usual officers; but it should be understood that no member is the leader of this body, though every member should strive to be the servant of God, and led by His Spirit. The history of a seed is its harvest. Fruitage shows the character of seed and soil. The only proof that we are right is the good we do. False claim to true Principle neither honors the Principle nor benefits mankind.

The advertised chartered colleges, institutions which have no State grants, are a disgrace to humanity, and bring reproach upon the title assumed for them. The Massachusetts Metaphysical College, whose charter was obtained January 31, 1881, is the only *chartered college* of Metaphysics, or Christian Science Mind-healing, known. The bill granting this charter, with the rights and privileges pertaining thereunto, was repealed in Massachusetts about the year 1882; and I know of no other State in the Union whose legislature has enacted a similar law to the one made, and afterward unmade, in Massachusetts.

Because of the growing need of thoroughly qualified teachers, I am compelled to say that hereafter I shall receive only those students into the Normal Class whom I have prepared by a Primary Course.

The object of my college is to benefit the race hygienically, ethically, spiritually. My aim is to qualify students to heal the sick and uplift the standard of humanity,—to honor themselves, their Leader, the State which conferred this right, the Cause they espouse, the God they worship.

A LIFE SEARCH.

As a child she had scarcely any religious impressions. Of course she said her prayers; they all did, at the mother's knee, before Sleepy Time came; but that is not saying that she prayed, or even dimly understood the meaning of the word.

At the top of the backstairs, in a dim old corridor, over the wooden bin for the fuel used in that part of the house, a piece of plaster had fallen from the whitewashed wall, about the size, and something in the shape of, a man's head, seen in profile. This the children endowed with awful and supernatural qualities, and entitled it the Boody Man; though I have never been able to discover what the name signified, or how it originated. They crept on tiptoe, and with bated breath, to gaze upon this profile. Then, seized with sudden and unreasoning panic, they would flee trembling from its presence.

Even yet our heroine can recall the chill at her heart, as her trembling little body was carried swiftly away on the flying feet of terror. No pause would they make until, a timid little band, the children stood shaking against the wall, at the extreme end of the corridor,—remaining there, however, only long enough to screw their courage up sufficiently to repeat the same experiment, always with the same result.

I have often wondered what they were afraid of. Had they some dim latent notion that the Boody Man was the Evil One himself, come down in person, on a crumbling whitewashed wall, to punish them for their many childish sins of omission and commission? I can not tell; I have never solved the problem; but this I know, that when, as a woman grown, our heroine revisited her childhood's home, it needed a considerable pinch of moral courage to induce her to mount those dim backstairs alone; and that quite a creepy, uncomfortable feeling came over her, as she gazed

upon the time-enlarged features of the memorable Boody Man. Also did it require all her dignity to enable her to turn her back, and retire gracefully from his once fearful presence, and not beat a retreat as hasty and ignominious as those of her baby days.

What is, what can be, a child's religion, after all? It knows very little of the finite and material world around. How, then, can it grasp or understand aught of the spiritual and infinite? I believe it is mostly fear, not love, that governs little children in their regard for God and Truth. The mother simply says, when the child errs: "God does not love a naughty child;" or "God will punish you;" or "God hates a child who tells a lie;" till the child is confused, creates for itself the image of a great, powerful, punishing personality, calls this God, and trembles in its little heart; but does not, can not love this image, for Love casts out fear.

As she grew up she was a naughty child. Looking back now, to those far-off days, I believe she must have been an unusually naughty child,—self-willed, obstinate, possessed of a violent and sulky temper. Of real religion, or love to God, she had none. Her prayers, said nightly beside her bed, were used more as a charm, than anything else; as if mere lip-petitions, of so many set words, could ensure her safety from the phantom dangers of the night. She learned the Catechism, the Collects, the Commandments,—by rote, of course; and though I believe the spirit, as well as the letter, were conscientiously expounded to her, yet were they so many blank pages in her heart.

The family home was in the West of Ireland. The Church had been disestablished, and they lived in the midst of bigoted Roman Catholic peasantry. The Protestant population was small and widely scattered. Some well-meaning and earnest clergyman would conduct morning service at one parish church, drive many miles to have Sunday-school and prayer-meeting in another, and perhaps hold evening services at a third. His day was made up of preaching, exhortation,

and bodily discomfort,—as anyone who has ever driven over wild Western Irish bogs, in an Atlantic rainstorm, can testify. Such men, however, were the exception. The rule was, for the rector of the parish to drive on Sunday morning, from his lodgings in the nearest town,—or from the rectory, if the place afforded one,—arriving at church somewhere between the hours of eleven and twelve. If the congregation had arrived, he entered and commenced the service. If not, he waited.

As there was generally an interval, our heroine remembers the long chats, held with cousins and distant neighbors, as they sat on the ancient moss-green wall, under the great beech-trees, or on the crumbling gravestones of her ancestors, who no doubt, in ages long since past, had sauntered and gossiped just as their descendants were doing. Then they would go into the dear old church, where the small gallery was her family's exclusive property,—carpeted, cushioned, with an open grate in one corner.

She always looked forward with eager longing to one part of the Litany,—the middle, I suppose,—and impatiently thought the minister would never reach it. At that point the mother evidently considered the children had knelt long enough, so she allowed them to sit on the hassocks, and gave them biscuits to keep them quiet. The service was rattled over as fast as the minister could talk. Then came hand-shakings, more local gossip, and various arrangements for the week. The rector drove off for luncheon, with some hospitably-minded squire, and worship was over till the next Sunday.

As our heroine grew older, theology occupied more of her thoughts. There must be something in religion, or so many people would never conform to its regulations. She was told she must have faith, that she must trust and believe. Have faith, trust, and belief in what or whom? The story of the Bible she knew, and believed it as she did any other history. It appealed to her imagination, but never touched her heart. She accepted it all, was interested in it, and

thought the wars of the Israelites as entertaining as those of Greece and Rome. She enjoyed the poetry of the Psalms, the tales of the escapes and adventures of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, and the imaginative genius of Saint John's Revelation; but the Testament was to her a book merely, and not much above many other books, after all.

She was sent to school,—first in Wales, where she attended the Episcopal Church, but received little religious instruction of any kind, her whole attention, every service, being concentrated upon the very active flirtation carried on between the pretty English teacher and a dark-haired young man who sat opposite. She trembled, turned hot and cold by turns, and blushed continually crimson, in her agony lest they should be found out; but fortunately, or unfortunately, the Principal seemed blind and deaf to all around her.

After the first term our heroine was removed to another school, in the North of England. Here the Principal was anxious for her pupils' moral welfare, and spared neither time nor strength to make such girls what they ought to be,—true-hearted and pure-thinking English women. Her genuine goodness, without cant or sentimentality, laid, I believe, the foundation of many a happy fireside.

Here the school was divided in its worship, some members attending the Established Church, and others the Dissenting Chapel. As our girl belonged to the Low-Church Irish party, she was allowed her choice. Thinking she had had enough of Episcopal worship, she joined the Congregationalists. After some time she regularly became a church-member, and for the first time partook of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. She had hoped great things of this bread and wine,—that they would bring her peace, and forever still the vague and unsatisfied longing for something higher, better, grander than herself; for even in her school-days she experienced this unrest. She was disappointed, and again fell back on self as the supply of all her needs. She would acknowledge no need of God; she would utter

no cry for help. *Moi-même me suffira*, should be her motto for the future,—Myself must suffice for myself.

Since her earliest babyhood she had felt a consciousness of the need of something to love,—something beside and beyond her brothers and sisters, something that would be hers, her very own, to care for and cherish forever. First, she tried to inspire herself with a genuine affection for her dolls. Senseless things! They never satisfied her for an hour. Then if she only had a dog, a real live dog, that could love her in return,—this surely would make her happy! She had the dog; she lavished upon him all the strength of love in her, and still she was not satisfied.

Then at school ambition seized her. She would work hard, stand first in all her classes, and win fame in her own small world. She succeeded, only to gain the well-merited rebuke from her Principal, that she made this success a god unto herself; and again she was not satisfied. She entered for one of the great public examinations, now held for women, by the Universities. Surely such work as this must entail would fill her life so full that it could need nothing else. For a time, hard study did suffice. Up early and late, taking no rest, was the order of her days; and when the trial-period came, she felt confident of reaping the fruits of her labors. Yet when she gained what she sought, she was still unsatisfied.

One day, in a vacant interval between her examination-studies, she wandered alone into the streets of the great city. Finding herself at the door of a church, she half-unconsciously entered. The building was vast and dim. It was cool and quiet there. The girl dropped on her knees, placed her tired head between her hands, and for a space was calm and quiet. Presently there came a sense of something else besides her own personality in that great empty space. She felt a vague, dim consciousness of wonder at the nothingness of things, at her recent eager anxiety about her marks and her possible failure. She felt like questioning the Great Unknown for the cause of Life, and wondered

whether this existence were Life after all, and what was beyond and after it. At last she arose,—quieted, if still unsatisfied; but as she went out, she dipped her hand in the font of holy water by the door, and paused to ask the verger the name of the building, as he drew aside to let her pass into the street. “The Church of the Holy Name,” he said; and the girl made a resolve, which she afterwards fulfilled, of revisiting that church as often as she had opportunity. I am not sure but sitting quietly at the end of the long aisle, gazing at the distant altar, with its ever-burning tapers and its slowly ascending incense,—I am not sure but thus sitting still with folded hands, and realizing, half-unconsciously, the emptiness of all her life,—the girl did not come somewhat nearer Truth as it is, than she had ever done before.

Her English schooldays over, she was sent to finish her education at a German pension, where the whole atmosphere was totally different from any she had before breathed. It was a large establishment, conducted by two women, assisted by some half-dozen other teachers, as unalterably *wise women* as themselves. Coming straight from a life in which—whatever her faults, and they were many—she had been both loved and trusted,—and plunged into what seemed to her a narrow, Puritanical way of life, the girl rebelled hard against authority, and made herself altogether as thoroughly miserable as she could well do under any circumstances. Knowing the old ladies to be suspicious, and feeling herself watched, instead of gradually allaying their fears by her conduct, and proving herself trustworthy, she took the opposite course, and purposely destroyed any good impressions of her they might have formed. I never could discover exactly what were their religious views. The girl cared naught for these things, and understood little of the German language.

She says her teachers were Lutherans of the Old School; but some of their forms and ceremonies seemed little in accordance with the great Reformer's sweeping views. In church, in the dusty gallery where they sat, the girl dreamed

of home, or else imagined long tales, which she fondly hoped would one day see the light in print. The monotonous, seemingly endless hymns (sung sitting down), with the preacher's equally long and monotonous sermon, sometimes soothed her into a half-belief that her wild and restless heart was, after all, not so very stormy and unquiet; while at other times she felt driven almost frantic. Oh for an earthquake, a flood, a second Vesuvius, a destruction of Pompeii! Anything, anything, to break the stagnant composure of the placid German teachers, and the plump complacency of the pupils! Nothing ever did happen, and the girl took refuge in books. They at least were friends, companions! So for a time she lived in fiction; and she, who could read the story of the Cross of Calvary unmoved, shed tears over imaginary wrongs and woes, or in mental vision saw herself by the side of Joan of Arc, and heard the battle-cry and deliverance-song of rescued France. She mourned over the hapless Stuarts as warmly, as personally, as though their race had been her own. She watched with Napoleon on the lonely isle, with its surf-worn shore. In short, she became a hero-worshipper, and for a time succeeded in losing her identity in that of past ages; but reading palled, as all else had done, and she was still unsatisfied.

All her life she had been subject to what her school-friends called *manias*,—violent attention to and interest in one subject, for the time being, to the exclusion of all others. Fancy-work, painting, gardening, even sock-knitting, each in its turn was cast aside, till she began to feel as if there were really nothing left in which she could become interested.

Finally she said to herself: "I will be good and devote myself to others, and thus at last find happiness." So she returned to England, and there gave two years of her life, working for the education of a girl who deceived and disappointed her. She awoke from that dream also, a little older, more sorrowful, and less hopeful than before. Circumstances next took her to the southern coast of England, into a hotbed of High Churchism and Ritualism; and the

girl trusted that here she might obtain what she had vainly sought, but could not find. She fasted, she prayed, she read innumerable devout books, she attended early celebrations of the Eucharist. She even humbled herself at the Protestant confessional, though this was strongly opposed to both her own feeling and her early traditions, in the hope of thus ridding herself of the burden that oppressed her. She was here confirmed as a member of the Established Church; but even as she knelt, with the Bishop's hand upon her head, and heard his words of blessing, she knew that there was yet something beyond and behind it all, which she could not grasp. Even with the priest's absolution sounding in her ears, her heart was still empty and unsatisfied. Low Church Protestantism taught her Faith without Works. Ritualism showed her Works indeed, but where was the tangible Faith? So this dream also passed, as the others had done, and still our heroine was not happy.

A great domestic change obliged her to leave England for America. There, bereft of home and friends, she stretched out empty and yearning hands to a dead and empty Heaven. I believe, taking all things together, this must have been her worst experience. Utterly cast down, hopeless, despairing, devoured by a homesickness that was as acute as physical pain, with no beacon for the future and only useless regrets for a dead past, she felt herself "without hope and without God in the world." At last she roused herself once more. Money was, without doubt, the great and ruling power of the universe. She would labor late and early, amass wealth, and make a home and a place for herself among men. So she ate the bread of carefulness, and her leisure hours were few, until sickness came, and instead of having a bank account, she ended that portion of her life in debt.

Then love came into her life, human love; and she thought at last her happiness had come. She wondered at herself, that it did not fill her heart, and satisfy her.

When that dream, too, passed unfulfilled, and this woman found the earth as iron beneath, and the heavens as brass

above ; when she was completely emptied of all her earthly hopes and longings ; when she was alone and desolate, without home or love or ambition ; when existence was as dust and ashes within her grasp,—then came Truth. Christian Science called upon her, and awoke her as one awaketh from a deep sleep. Now she knows that all her hopes and fears and failures were blind gropings in the dark ; that God is not to be ignorantly believed and feared, but intelligently understood and demonstrated,—that everywhere His blessed Truth (He is Truth !) is brightly shining, and that already she now and then catches a faint glimmer of its purity and radiance, and can look forward to the perfect day. Although she sometimes seems again to lose her way, she does not grow discouraged ; for after such long stumbling it is hard to walk at once firm and erect. She knows that in God alone is Life, and that with His Truth, some day, perhaps in the not far distant future, she will at last be satisfied !

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

[Selected.]

THE Spirit grieves
 Over a wasted life,—
 Sins committed while conscience slept,
 Promises made but never kept,
 Hatred, anger, and strife,—
 Nothing but leaves !

Nothing but leaves !
 No garnered sheaves
 Of Life's fair, ripened grain :
 We sow our seeds ! Lo, tares and weeds
 We reap, in toil and pain,—
 Nothing but leaves.

And shall we greet the Master so,
 Bearing our withered leaves ?
 The Saviour looks for perfect fruit,
 We stand before him humbled, mute,
 Waiting the words he breathes,—
 " Nothing but leaves ! "

DELINEATIONS OF EVIL IN ART.

H. P. S.

ART is the work of the mind of man. If that mind is mean, his art is poor. The virtues he possesses are reproduced in his picture. They elevate or debase, according to the depth and greatness of the mind. If there is too much ornament, man is given to pleasure. If not enough, he is stupid and rude. If man is licentious, this habit gives rise to a weak, loose expression. The faults in the work are the faults in the man. A man's work is the Book of Life, by which he is judged. His traits are stamped therein. The history of an age can be read in its monuments and paintings. Honor, liberty, valor, cleverness,—the passions and ideals of an age,—are all in its works of art. This history may be read as so many legends, or as we read the characters of individuals,—in their works, in their faces, in their manners, she reads the story of the world. What one dwells on the most, that he becomes. We are good or evil, sick or well, in proportion as these concepts occupy our thoughts.

If we contemplate man in purity of conduct, in habit, in moral goodness and discipline, in elevated thought, if we cherish spontaneous tenderness and a sweet disposition, thinking no evil, then we delineate these in life and character.

This mental purity enabled Fra Angelico to depict such ethereal beings. As his whole life was lived in the universe he created, he could not conceive of foulness, meanness, or coarseness as belonging to man. His pictures were full of love, joy, and reverence, which drove away misery, envy, and baseness. What a power is man, when he adheres to right! It is goodness which makes him great.

Some say that sin and misery must enter into the round of complete life; but they are the deformities, the caricatures, and not the realities of life. The object of Art is to elevate others. The suffering and misfortunes of others should go

unwitnessed, and thus we may help to destroy them. In Art and Christian Science we should never perpetuate anything we do not approve. On the body it has a power to cover forgetfulness of evil. Talking or consoling distress can never heal it. It is a morbid state of mind. In Art, as in Science, the pure and beautiful must be kept in the ascendant.

We should never regard evil as being as important as good. There is nothing interesting in vice. To contrast it with virtue, is ever the resort of the novelist. Men and women should be described with the impressive brushes of Titian, not with the cynic word-delineation of Thackeray's pages. For humanity's development the ideal in Art is the only proper method.

Realism perpetuates the erring thought, till it becomes hereditary on the body. To be lifelike, the realist reproduces the commonplace, or the non-essentials of life, which degrade art. Realists argue that the ideal does not exist, that they must take the natural world as we find it, with all its evil. This is a poor excuse. We see only what we have in the mind. Every man can find what he is looking for. Such a seeker will have a false, immoral, and unhealthy sense of what life is. The life we lived in previous days was ideal. That which is ideal today is really our normal life. We should not study with patience the pictures of carnal man.

If fiction is to properly instruct, one must be fed on what one wishes to be. Says Dr. Phillips Brooks: "All things which really live are feeding themselves out of a great atmosphere which surrounds them." There are times when vice must be exposed, and then we can lightly state the evil. It should not be described as really existent. It should be taken of plainly, but not so as to allure or amuse the senses; in that case exposure could not suppress the evil. At so far as sickness and sin are left out of our reckoning, will they disappear from the lives of men. They can have no real formation. Evil is one form of decay, and can be destroyed. One can not call it *Life*, for that is indestructible; and *indestructible life* is a contradictory phrase.

We can not mend what is wrong by considering it a reality. The feeling that men are not so bad as they appear, that one's children are refined, truthful, and unselfish, tends to make them what we wish. Iniquity is lessened by the protest that it is not real. The habit of ignoring lustful possession — because society, for modesty's sake, chooses not to talk of such matters — has a tendency to check the social evil, or at least to hold it within bounds.

We know the danger of picturing crime in the illustrated press; but the fashionable novel is more dangerous, because it dresses sin in a fascinating garb. The guardians of society and the arts have long maintained what Christian Science finds to be correct, systematizing philosophy and mental effects. Great minds lay hold of Truth unconsciously. Homer uses a simile which physicists have found correct. Great minds, perverted, imagine vices which never existed.

The woof and warp of what we read is woven into our creeds and characters. The novelist becomes what he himself first created, and what his art perpetuates. The effects of their descriptions on the author may be seen in Dante's renewed strength, after writing his great poem, and contemplating Paradise therein. The expectation of successful attainment often saps the lifeblood from all our work, and leaves a cold result, a slow consumption of spiritual worth.

This is the key to both failures and achievements in Art and Christian Science. When we are roused to strenuous enthusiasm we can throw off the sluggish mood, and forget to ask, What is the gain? Rightful desires will permeate us spontaneously, if we become vitalized with a love for the work. Active, strong, and vigorous, what inexhaustible, ever-flowing sources we find in the minds which seemed before so barren. How possible everything becomes! Selfishness is more wearisome than a generous desire for work.

We should be conscious of worth in others, but write their iniquities upon the wave. Heavenly desires are strengthened by keen appreciation of the good and true, by reverence for justice and right. To the pure comes increase of purity, to

the thoughtful comes added Mind; though sensualist and realist comprehend them not.

The height and majesty of Truth only dawns as we walk unrestrained towards its horizon. There must be years of conflict, terror, and aspiration, before men come to an understanding of themselves and God. Let us turn to Him in our hearts, breaking the bonds of perplexity; for if we see not all things in Him, this is the token of their non-existence.

THE DREAM-STAR.

BY F. E. WEATHERLY.

Ye must become as a little child, to enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

It was the eve of Christmas, the snow lay deep and white;
I sat beside my window, and looked into the night;
I heard the church-bells ringing, and saw the bright stars shine;
And childhood came again to me, with all its dreams divine.

Then, as I listened to the bells, and watched the skies afar,
Out of the east majestic, there rose one radiant Star;
And every other star grew pale, before that heavenly glow,
It seemed to bid me follow, and I could not choose but go.

From street to street it led me, by many a mansion fair,
It shone through dingy casements, on many a garret bare;
From highway on to highway, through alley dark and cold,
And where it shone, the darkness was flooded all with gold.

Sad hearts forgot their sorrow, rough hearts grew soft and mild,
And weary little children turned in their sleep and smiled;
And many a homeless wanderer uplifted patient eyes,
Seeming to see a home at last, beyond those starry skies.

And then methought earth faded. I rose, as borne on wings,
Beyond the waste of ruined lives, the press of human things,—
Beyond the toil and shadow, above the want and woe,
My old self, and its darkness, seemed left on earth below.

And upward, onward shone the Star, until, it seemed to me,
It flashed upon the Golden Gates, and o'er the Crystal Sea;
And then the gates rolled backward, I stood where angels trod!
It was the Star of Bethlehem, that led me up to God.

Agates.

AND I will make thy windows of Agates.

ISAIAH.

AND every star has its own name and place
Distinguished, and some special word is given
For each to utter in the mystic song,
Which is not found in speech of humankind,
Which is not understood by human heart.

KING.

BUT love to God is the master-passion of the heart, which alone
can gather up all the powers of life, and setting each in its proper
place, attune them all in sweet accord with the Spirit of Heaven.

WRIGHT.

BE like the bird that, halting in her flight
Awhile, on boughs too slight,
Feels them give way beneath her, and yet sings,
Knowing that she hath wings.

WE may preach ethics; but ethics without a present Christ, as
our strength and inspiration, will be powerless to save from sin.

JOHN HALL.

KING of the world, thou livest to the end,
Ruling the nations as no other can,—
Best Comrade, Healer, Teacher, Guide, best Friend
And Help of man.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

THE realization of God's presence is the one sovereign remedy
against temptation.

FENELON.

THE loneliness, the weariness, the strife,
The base return, the Passion and the Cross,
And the withdrawal of his Father's face.

EVERYTHING may be mimicked by hypocrisy, except humility
and love united.

LAVATER.

Letters.

A WORD spoken in due season, how good it is! . PROVERB.

SEEMING EVIL.

DEAR JOURNAL: "Why are things thus?" is one of the questions jocosely put to one another by people every day. Well, can you tell? No? Then let me try.

Things are *thus*, because such is the eternal will of what Matthew Arnold calls "the Power above that makes for righteousness." There can be no satisfaction with the world or the Universe, no comfort in the outcomings of each day, no belief that "Whatsoever is, is right," unless there is also belief in the power of the Infinite God, belief that He is All, and that without Him—His will, His affection, His ordering—nothing can take place, but that "all things work together for good to them who love God." But remember, this promise is not to the unloving, not to those who fail to appreciate the divine power and presence.

Because God so wills, things are as they are. This means that they are so ordained in love, in freedom, in good-will, in mercy, in a divine desire for the greatest good of the greatest number,—that is, of all mankind. It follows that "from seeming evil, still educating good," is the heavenly employ, that what is called darkness is only so in name. "Evil is good a' making," says an old proverb. "Hell (what men *call* Hell) is Heaven a' making," adds a modern preacher.

Looking at the world from this standpoint of Good, it can be seen plainly that there is really no evil, no error, no wrong, no hell, no sin, no darkness, no disease, no death, because the things so called are but different facets of a diamond in which there is no darkness, but endless light.

An accomplished scholar has defined *dirt* as "matter out of place." What we sweep from our houses is not accounted unclean out-of-doors. Ill-smelling waste is made over into dainty perfumes. So matter is never in its right place till it vanishes, leaving only the sweet odors of Spirit. Man is sinful when out of place. In place,—in Divine Soul, wherein he was created,—man is truly at home.

JACQUES.

GRATEFUL WORDS.

DEAR MRS. EDDY: I have felt for a long time like writing you, to tell you what the Truth has done for me and mine. I believe it is very sweet and grateful for you to know the fruits of your loving labor.

I feel especially moved to write you tonight, as I have been reading, for the first time, your pamphlet, No and Yes. I can not tell you how touching it is. It seems as if your dear heart had been wrung with anguish in belief, and that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." I could feel all I know you have passed through, in giving this Truth to the world.

Your advice to us, as to our intercourse with those who are not true Christian Scientists, only proves that the same Spirit which has always animated you still reigns supreme. Love is the supreme gift! I want to tell you how much good this little book has done me. I can almost cry with joy for this added testimony to the "fulfilling of the law."

I date my Life from my first understanding of Christian Science. After two years of Life as a "new creature," I can truly say this has been a happy and blessed time. Christian Science has opened my understanding spiritually. It has helped me to find and bring the Kingdom of Heaven first in myself, and then in all the members of my family, so that Harmony reigns supreme. Now I am extending my borders, and it is my privilege to see others finding the way,—to see them transformed by Truth. Is not Life worth living? Christian Science has been to me a "perfect tower of strength."

My standards are so changed that it is a complete alteration, regeneration. The Present Help is *always* at hand. In no other way can we lose our sense of self. There can be no self-righteousness with this understanding of Truth. I can now understand how Jesus, who was "on the heights," could measure the people so justly, so lovingly. "Blessed are the eyes and ears who see and believe." We also can say this.

No longer can I be among those who return not to give thanks, like the ungrateful lepers of old. Rather let me be found among the few who forget not this duty.

MRS. ALICE BARSTOW.

Stamford, Conn.

A REMINISCENCE.

It was in the summer of 1878, if I remember aright, that I saw Mrs. Mary B. G. Eddy for the first time. Christian Science was comparatively new, and it was very difficult for her to obtain a place to preach in, large enough to accommodate an ordinary audience. It was announced at length that Mrs. Eddy would speak in one of the churches of Boston; and I was, among others, a delighted listener to her (to me) new theory. Many, I am sure, went out of curiosity, to see the lady about whom there had begun to be quite a stir in some circles; but I am sure that nearly all went away, after listening to her, with the conviction that she was at least sincere.

Mrs. Eddy was then introducing to the public her strange theory of curing disease through Mind, without medicine, or other material appliance.

I well recollect her rapt and devout countenance,—as she announced her text, after lifting her eyes to Heaven for guidance,—as well as her clear and sweet voice, as she proceeded with her discourse. Her husband, Dr. Asa G. Eddy, sat beside her while she spoke, and his attitude was that of a learner or student at her feet.

The subject-matter of her discourse is gone from me now; but I shall never forget the saintly expression of her face, as she stood there, proclaiming this new yet old gospel of Goodwill to Man.

Those were the days when she was obliged to face comparative poverty, obloquy, and ridicule. She bore it all bravely, for the sake of Truth, and in the sure hope and prophetic intuition that the seed sown would take root in soil prepared for it by Spirit, and become the Tree of Life, whose leaves should be “for the healing of the nations.” She persevered, in spite of opposition that would have completely appalled and discouraged an ordinary woman. She established her college. She has instructed hundreds of students, who, in their turn, instruct other hundreds, and thus the little leaven is spreading, until the whole mass of society shall be permeated with this glorious Truth.

I had read cursorily Mrs. Eddy's first edition of *Science and Health*, and was convinced of its truth. Indeed I had resolved to plant myself on a Metaphysical basis, and take no more drugs in any form; but being obliged to leave Boston, I left the sphere

of Christian Science. After a few months, during which I tried hard to maintain my foothold in Science, I became the victim of former beliefs of disease. I went with the current, I regret to say, employed homœopathic doctors, and finally became a wretched invalid.

At length the Daystar dawned for me. A Christian Scientist came to our city, one of Mrs. Eddy's students. After receiving about twenty treatments, I pronounced myself well, and was ushered into a new world, as it seemed to me, of health, joy, and harmony; and now I remember, with gratitude, the blessed woman who first introduced this subject to me.

If I could envy anyone, I should envy those whose privilege it is to listen to her instructions, thereby fitting themselves more perfectly for the glorious work of healing and teaching. Having taken one course of instruction of a student, I consider myself just above the bottom round of the ladder, and long more than ever for draughts from the living spring. This is indeed the new wine which the Master has promised to drink with us in his Father's Kingdom. As for the noble woman who has been chosen of God to usher in this new dispensation, may Heaven bless and guard her, that she may enjoy the full fruition of all her toil and self-denial.

A. P. W.

FRIENDSHIP: TO MAMIE.

ANNIE B. SPEARING.

Now that I have thee, thou art ever near;
A gift from the All-love, I hold thee dear.
Our ways may lie apart, earth may divide,
But Heaven, my friend, will find us side by side.

I joy that what from many lies concealed,
Has been to me, by my Love's light, revealed;
That I've no need to speak with studied word,
Since thou canst understand my heart, unheard.

If I go upward in the scale of thought,
I know that thou in higher keys hast wrought;
If I go down, I thankful feel for thee,—
That thou, dear heart, needst not descend with me.

Sermonettes.

LET thy Speech be short, comprehending much.

ECCLESIASTICUS.

CHARITY'S HIGHEST DEFINITION.

LYDIA G. WORTH.

CHARITY suffereth long and is kind; charity envleth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil.

I CORINTHIANS xiii. 4, 5.

Thinketh no evil. It seems to me that those three words, taken together, mean more than all others in this definition of Charity (which is only another name for Love) and, indeed, include all the others. I have often wondered why Paul did not begin and end his delineation with them.

When I first came to know something of Christian Science, and was asked what my highest conception of it was, the answer came to me, "Thinketh no evil;" and I have been unable to reach a higher conception or desire a better gift; but I do desire this condition, and feel that to attain to it will be to reach the acme of human possibilities.

In Science and Health we read that thought precedes action. Then it follows, if we *think* no evil, that we shall *do* no evil; and since Mind never ceases to act, we must of necessity think and do good always. These little glimpses that we get, of the glories of Christian Science, keep us from fainting by the way, as we toil upward toward that high goal where God alone is realized.

ENLIGHTENED Radicalism is not tearing things up by the roots, as the word is sometimes interpreted. It is getting down to the roots of things, and planting institutions anew on just principles. An enlightened Radicalism has regard for righteousness and good government, and will resist all enslavement to old forms and traditions. It will set them aside; unless it shall plainly appear that any of these have a radically just and defensive reason for their existence and continuance.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

EVERYTHING FOR HEALTH.

S. C. R.

THIS is for your health.—ACTS xxvii. 34.

PAUL was sailing to Rome under military guard. The ship was wrecked. Though Paul's advice had not been followed, he continued to encourage his fellow-voyagers with hope of safety. He advised them to be of good cheer, and have their meals again; for in the stress of weather they had laid aside the usual regular habits of life.

Once, on this same Mediterranean Sea, an excellent dinner was served as the steamer left port; but in the night a storm arose, and in the morning no breakfast was to be had. The steward at last prepared a noon meal for the few passengers who could eat, but he was evidently disgusted at such untimely appetites.

The text is part of Paul's exhortation. He bids them eat for health's sake, even though fear has driven away appetite. They follow his advice, and are strengthened for the work before them.

The words are susceptible of higher meaning. Everything that a man hath will he give for his health; not only because he desires ease and comfort, but because health stands for life; and when health is gone, mortal life is on the wane. No matter what remedy is set before the public, there are always disciples enough. Patients flock to a new sign; and the more mysterious its name or apparent nature, the more numerous the sheep. Humanity hates to suffer, and wants to be well. The drowning man catches at a straw,—often to find it only a straw.

All the more needful is it that we know, so far as this is possible, what is for our health. The apostle meant that health would depend, not merely on physical food,—it was not literally true that for fourteen days his comrades had eaten nothing,—but that they should have courage. He blessed bread, and ate it. Borrowing cheer from his example, the other 275 seafarers also satisfied their hunger. The result was strength of mind. Eventually, and partly as a result of renewed courage, all came out as Paul predicted, nobody being seriously harmed.

The true Food of Life is Bread from Heaven. This is for our spiritual health; and there is no sickness in the perfect man,—perfect as God designs him to be. Feed the thoughts, and you feed the whole being of man.

Home.

WHATSOEVER things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report,—if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise,—think on these things,

PAUL.

PAUL'S THORN.

—
M. W. M.
—

PAUL WENDELL was an only child. He could boast of loyal English blood, since his mother was reared under the strict rule of the Mother Country, and his father was British-born, though bred in America.

Mrs. Wendell was an estimable lady, but extremely conservative. Hence Paul's early training was under a governess, Mina by name, who had been thoroughly instructed in the family ancestral rule as invariable authority, known throughout the vicinity as Grandpa's Way. Mina was very dutiful, and strictly observant of this rule; but after a time the dull exactness began to grow tedious and irksome to Paul's active nature. His individuality more than once had displayed itself, and at times was strongly asserted.

"I hate this *old way*, so I do. I'll ask Ma if I can't. You won't let me do nothing, but what it must be drill, drill, for fear it won't be done right,—in *Grandpa's Way*, as you call it."

Presently there was a great screaming and tumult of voices in the nursery, which called Mrs. Wendell into the hall.

"What is all this uproar about, I want to know?" said she sharply, as Paul came rushing down the stairs, cap in hand, screaming at the top of his voice: "Ma, can't I?"—as Mina clutched him by the jacket to pull him back.

"Come with me into the library, Paul; and Mina, go straight back to your duties."

Paul was full of trouble, and began at once to pour out his grievances. "I do wish I could go to school, and go on errands, and do things like other boys; but Mina says, 'No, no, you can't; that ain't Grandpa's Way, and Mamma won't let you,' every time; and I just hate it, so I do."

"Careful, my child! Please tell me your request, and what all this tumult was about just now. I want to know all."

"Well, I'll tell you, Mamma. I have another errand to do down to the Squire's for Papa, you know; and Mina began at once to say, 'You promise me you will go by Grandpa's road; you must, you must;' and I would n't. I told her I wanted to go another way, and she was bound I should n't, and it made me mad."

"But you must remember that Mina was carrying out my orders. I wish you to go that way. I know it to be safe and sure."

"So is the other, too, and ever so much nearer," argued Paul. "That last time I went down there I met Tim Totman, and he said, 'What an old foggy notion, to spend so much time going round that old stage-road! Why do n't your folks let you brace up a little, and make use of modern improvements, like the rest of us?' He started ten minutes later than I did; yet had been to the Squire's, and was at the fork of the road, on his way home, when I met him. I had run part way, and he had n't run a step."

"Where is this other road, Paul?" said his mother, thinking it no harm to make inquiry, since it was quite improbable that she should change her opinion in the least.

"It's that new road Mr. Morrison had to fight so hard for at town-meeting, last spring. Do n't you remember how Edgar Pingree's father came here for Papa to sign the petition to have it accepted; and he refused, because Grandpa had laid out the old stage-road, and that served for travel now just as well as ever; and besides, Papa said it seemed like desecrating Grandpa's memory, he was such a good man. Mr. Pingree told Father he called that singular reasoning. He thought it was rather narrow-minded to hold out so stoutly against such public benefits."

"Hush Paul," said his mother; "no more of this. I will not allow it. Your father knows what is right. Go to your room at once, and remain until I call for you."

Mr. Wendell meanwhile had come home unexpectedly. As he entered the sitting-room he heard his wife and son engaged in this spirited altercation, and he said nothing, but quietly seated himself to read the news of the day. After Paul had gone, Mr. Wendell entered the library. His wife looking up, he said pleasantly, "What is the trouble, Mother? I heard somewhat of this conversation, and I think it would be well to talk over matters generally, which may have led to this unpleasant result. I

am thoroughly convinced a change is needful for Paul's advancement in his studies. I can see already that we mistake in not giving him the benefit of public instruction. In view of this fact I have even decided to send him to Mr. Pingree's school next term."

"Oh, you surely do not mean it, Mr. Wendell! I can not think it possible that you will consent to so grave a departure from what we have been taught is right in the training of our child. Grandpa's precaution comes to me now: Take heed how you give an inch, lest they take an ell."

"I see no reason to make us fear, Wife; but, on the other hand, I see great good to be obtained by this means."

"I have n't a doubt," she replied, "if Paul does go there, but we shall soon hear him criticizing our religion. He has already told me that a pupil of Mr. Pingree's said he believed the time was at hand when people would bestir themselves to think and act from the basis of principle, according to their moral convictions, independent of the formulated doctrines of their forefathers. To me that is decidedly ominous."

"But, my dear, you certainly would not advise seclusion for a boy like our Paul. A mind of his stamp, it would be wicked folly to dwarf. He is thirsting now for knowledge, and keen to observe all that indicates progress."

"Yes, you are right on the progress question; but he really annoys me. Yesterday he came rushing in, asking me to get some kind of a *fixing* straight off for Nora. He thought she needed some new thing he had seen,—one of Uncle Ned's inventions. I do n't know what it is, for I was not interested. He is too full of projects," she replied impatiently.

"A wringing-machine, was it not? I have it in the laundry, all set up."

"Well, I do not know what will come next. My mother never saw the like in her day, and what she had is good enough for any of her children. *Hands* were all she required for servants to wash or wring with, and the clothes were as white as snow."

Mr. Wendell listened with calmness, making no reply. He understood well enough that, upon cool reflection, his wife would not oppose the measures he had proposed, even though she did not fully agree with him in every particular.

Monday morning came. Nora had risen early, purposely to give Paul a chance to see the machine work.

"Hark! what's that?" and Paul stopped washing his hands to listen, Mina having gone for a moment into the adjoining room. "Ah, that's Ned's machine, sure. I know that old creak, would know it anywhere. I remember Jimmie Scott with it, and the pinch he gave my finger. That's nothing, though." Away he ran down the stairs, two steps at a leap, until he reached the laundry. "Now for an exhibit," said Nora. "I'll warrant ye, Master Paul will wring out your spunk, if ye've got any."

"You're right, Nora," said Paul, with enthusiasm. "You just feed the rollers! Mind your fingers, though, and I'll show you."

Even the staid Mrs. Wendell came in to see the sport. Taking up some of the pieces, she wrung them with her hands, to see if they were dry.

"Pretty good, ain't it, Mamma?" said Paul. But just then off flew a button, which struck Mrs. Wendell's foot. "There, that decides it, in my opinion. In Grandma's laundry that would *never* have occurred." Had Mrs. Wendell remained with them longer, this machine might not have found house-room another day.

Paul worked with a will; but a sudden shriek, "Hold on! Turn back!" cooled his ardor.

"You're not hurt, Nora, you only got a little more than you bargained for, that's all. That's nothing, see if 't is. That's what Jimmie Scott said. Be spry, and I'll be more careful."

Once Nora would have alarmed the household with her cries, but now; sure enough, the pinch proved to be nothing.

Time has sped on, and we now find Paul under Mr. Pingree's instruction, just ready to graduate with the highest honors; and the summer vacation is at hand. His ambition had been to visit Aunt Elsie, his mother's sister, of whom he was exceedingly fond; but, for some unknown reason, he had not of late been allowed to do so. This season, however, his parents gave their consent.

These two sisters were very unlike. Aunt Elsie had been for years a confirmed invalid. The discipline had turned her thoughts Godward; the graces of Spirit, combined with cheerfulness and kind liberality of thought, made her presence like sunshine.

Two years previous to this time Mr. Derby had purchased a lovely residence among the mountains, where the scenery excelled in beauty and grandeur. Their two sons, Rudolph and Frank, were both in college, and were expected home about the same time that Paul would arrive.

On the Monday following the close of school, Paul started on his journey.

"I hope we shall not regret this decision," said Mrs. Wendell to her husband, rather distrustfully. "Sister is exceptionally good, but too liberal in her thought, to suit me."

"Open rather more to progress perhaps," he rejoined. "That won't harm Paul an atom. Radical change of thought and scene, if good, is advisable in his case. Let us both hold this thought about it."

Paul received a glad welcome. His first letter home was filled with descriptions of the beauty and loveliness on every hand, both within doors and out. Grandest of all was the change which he saw in his dear Aunt Elsie, who was tripping around, rosy and bright, while he remembered her only as an invalid, in need of great care. He watched her with interest through the first week, every day gaining assurance that something wonderful must have come to her thought. Waiting for a favorable moment, he ventured an inquiry: "Please Auntie, tell me, if you can, what has wrought so great a change in your condition."

"I can tell you. My recovery has somewhat of a history; and after supper is over, you shall hear the facts."

Evening came, and Mrs. Derby asked her son Rudolph to explain a little of what seemed to Paul so great a marvel."

"Indeed I am glad to do so," he replied. "The next day after we arrived here, I took a stroll into the woodlot, where all is wild and romantic. Seeing the marks of what might be a foot-path, I followed its lead up to a little clearing, in the midst of which stood a few gigantic boulders. Glancing around, I saw some paper down among the leaves, which evidently had not been there long. Picking it up I read the name, Science and Health. 'That must be something new,' thought I; 'I'll take it home to Mother, she is always so fond of everything that will set one to thinking.'"

"How do you suppose it came there?" asked Paul.

"I thought it very probable that some tourist had found this lovely spot, had sat down there to read, and had dropped these few leaves from his book. Now, Mother, you go on with the rest."

With gratitude to God, Mrs. Derby bore testimony to the fact of health restored while reading those blessed pages, which

she recognized at once as the messengers of healing and saving Truth revealed in the Bible. She longed to get hold of the whole book, in order to more thoroughly look into the subject. At length she said, a dear friend came on a visit, bringing with her this very book. "Not knowing of my happy release, and having just previously prepared herself to teach Christian Science, she stayed long enough to impart to me the rudiments of this Science, which led me into the understanding of the Truth which had healed my infirmities thus unconsciously."

"Oh how I wish my own dear mother was with us now," thought Paul. "I must have this volume to carry home to her;" but then, he paused: "I know it is n't Grandpa's Way. 'May-be, though, she won't oppose it utterly."

"May n't I read it tomorrow, Auntie, myself?"

"Certainly, Paul."

"Yes, yes," chimed his uncle and the boys. "It has wrought wonders for us all," continued Mr. Derby. "Moreover, it gives a Principle to support its statements, proves its Truth by demonstration, and is clearly logical in its reasoning."

"Ah! that's the point," said Paul. "I know it is what I want to get hold of. Thinking and acting from the basis of principle harmonizes with Mr. Pingree's teaching relative to all progressive movements. I see no reason why this should not apply to religious belief as well. If this new thought gives clearer views of God, and brings out more of the harmonies of Life, which is God, making people good as well as healthy, it must be a moral duty to investigate it and test its merit. Your experience, Auntie, is practical proof; that is very sure."

Paul returned home, bearing with him the priceless treasure. His auntie's sweet life, and her teachings of the Truth which liberates from all bondage to sin and sickness, through Spiritual Understanding, were indelibly stamped in his thought. His father at once accepted it as the whole Truth, while the conservative thought of his mother clung to her antiquated hobbies, refusing to accept the new thought, though not altogether hostile to it, until an experience of suffering forced her to this Christ-refuge, where she saw, as never before, the Truth embodied in this Scripture: "He healeth all our diseases and forgiveth all our iniquities." Forever after she gave evidence to our young hero that his thorn had been removed.

Animal Magnetism.

THE land that Thou gavest unto our fathers, to eat the fruit thereof and the good thereof, behold we are servants in it; and it yieldeth much increase unto the kings whom Thou hast set over us, because of our sins. Also they have dominion over our bodies and over our cattle, at their pleasure, and we are in great distress.

NEHEMIAH.

WHEN they shall say to you:

"Inquire of their necromancers and wizards,

That peep and murmur;"

Then say ye: "Should not a people inquire of their God?

Should they inquire of the dead for the living?"

ISAIAH.

WHAT I HAVE LEARNED IN CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

—
LYDIA G. WORTH.
—

THE higher we rise in the understanding of Truth, the greater our demonstration, and the more subtle the error we have to meet. I learn from my own experience, and by observing that of others, that this correspondence is kept up, and there is nothing for us to do but work constantly on the side of Truth, and be instant in season and out of season, never stopping in our upward march. The enemy is not only on both hands, but round about us. We can easily realize this when we remember that Truth, Life, and Love are symbolized by the circle. As faithful sentinels of God (Good) we must never halt, but keep up our march, with the strong right arm (which is power) outward, between us and the foe. So marching we shall ever face the Light, and in our left hand hold "riches and honor," which are ever *within* the circle of our Father's love.

This also I have observed, that God's sentinels require the *whole armor*, and this armor must be composed of that which is impenetrable to all the shafts of Satan's evil force. We need moral courage, fidelity to right, steadfastness, vigilance.

THE Spirit of God must charge the affections with the power and authority of the Divine Truth.

WRIGHT.

STEAM AND INTELLIGENCE.

M. F. B.

WHAT a Babel of tongues, what a confusion of sound is heard, if one stops a moment to listen ! Who, without the keynote, can distinguish the true tone from the false ? What wonder that the beginner soon loses his *pûch*, drops to the bottom of the scale, and is finally lost sight of ? There is but one way to steer clear of the many pitfalls, and that is to clasp tightly the little truth we have, and close our ears to the babbling of the crowd.

Many are so anxious to ventilate their ideas, that they do not wait to know the Truth, but send out their erroneous thoughts, labelled Christian Science. Who is to stand by and say to the earnest seeker, "That is *not* Christian Science." No wonder people are disgusted and say, "If that is what your people believe, I don't want any more of it."

One, claiming to preach, teach, and practise Christian Science, is trying to prove that all is Spirit, by the evaporation of water. Because water can be made invisible to certain mortal senses, he assumes that this must prove the reality of Spirit. Now if invisible water has more intelligence than visible, the illustration may prove something ; but who will say that it has ? This same person has failed to draw the line between infinite Intelligence and finite non-intelligence ; and this I believe to be the general stumbling-block. To be sure, water has more power than ice, and steam has more force than water ; but neither can ever become Spirit. If steam is Spirit, then, when it is condensed to water and frozen to ice, steam will still remain Spirit ; but who can handle Spirit ?

Another zealous worker, writer, and talker, under the title of Christian Science, claims that God, or Intelligence, is in all material things, asserting that even rocks know enough to climb up the slope of Being, and will eventually become brains. According to Christian Science, rocks have as much intelligence now as brains ; and I can see no advantage to the rocks, supposing they succeed in becoming brains. This theory is simply Pantheism.

Beware, lest your little light be smothered by all this rubbish, and leave you in darkness. We all know, by experience, how much darker the night seems after we have been awhile in the light. So will it be with us, if we lose the little light we now have. Remember that everything we perceive with the material senses is material. Only by hard work, patient climbing, pure and unselfish lives, shall we ever reach the point where we can perceive real things spiritually ; only with the true Mind, the spiritual sense, can we discern Truth, and the things which Truth contains.

Healing: Communications and Cases.

AND try Me now in this, saith Jehovah of Hosts,—
Whether I will not open to you the Windows of Heaven,
And pour out upon you a blessing. MALACHI.

CRUTCHES DISCARDED.

DEAR MRS. EDDY: My heart is so full of joy and thankfulness toward you, the Founder of Christian Science, that I can refrain no longer from publishing my gratitude to the world, through your ever-welcome JOURNAL. Words can not express my heart-felt indebtedness. I hope that some of my old friends in Ohio, who knew me when a great sufferer from many afflictions and complicated diseases, for many years, may chance to scan these few lines, and embrace the great truths taught by Christian Science.

I was a sufferer for years with what the doctors called chronic bronchitis, liver and stomach trouble, nervous headache, and many other ailments. For almost twenty years I was treated by physicians, and swallowed medicine of all descriptions, without avail. I was gradually getting worse. About two years ago I fell, and dislocated my knee. A physician was called, who put it into a splint for one month; but I continued to grow worse, and suffered almost unendurable pain. Finally, at the end of one year, they told me that they had done all that could be done, and that these knee-troubles were so critical that it would probably take several years to get me well. About this time, my husband procured the address of Mrs. Thompson of our city, No. 314 Sixth Street, and took me there at once. After the first treatment she took away my crutches, and commanded me to walk. I improved very rapidly, and in two weeks I was able to walk seven blocks. I have been doing my own housework ever since May, and have often walked from five to six miles during the summer and fall, without feeling weary or tired. I consider myself entirely cured, not only physically but spiritually.

May God bless my dear healer. She is a great worker, and too much can not be said in her behalf. To her credit be it said, that she treats those who are poor, and unable to recompense her, as well as the rich.

LISSETTA GETZ.

3725 Stevens Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

FALL AND BRUISES.

DEAR JOURNAL: I would like to tell you what Christian Science is doing for us here in Bath. Last Tuesday, as another man and myself were going up a ladder, and carrying some two-hundred-and-thirty pounds of chain, he let his load slip from his shoulder. The whole weight of the chain came upon me so suddenly as to throw me from the ladder. I fell ten feet, and struck the wharf, and then fell about eighteen feet into the river, the chain falling on me. With some difficulty—as I had on heavy clothes and rubber boots—I was pulled out, cold and wet. I went home and sent for my sister, Mrs. Elizabeth McTeer, who is practising Christian Science here. The next morning I astonished my fellow-workmen by going to work. When I showed them the bruises all over my body, and one on my side, half the size of a man's hand, they looked at me in astonishment, and said I ought to be in bed. When I replied that I felt as well as ever, they wanted to know what had cured me. Then I told them that Christian Science had done the work, and explained it to them as best I could. "Well," said one, "man never could have done it, for it was a miracle;" and as such I consider it myself. The accident was witnessed by some ten or twelve men. I know, had it not been for Christian Science, that I should have been laid up for a week at least.

CHARLES S. COLBY.

Bath, Maine.

LIFELONG SUFFERING.

I TAKE great pleasure in telling of the great help I have gained through the treatment of Miss Edith J. Gerry, Christian Scientist, of South Robbinston, Me. I have been a sufferer all my life, and never knew a well day until I commenced taking her advice; but I am happy to say that now, after twelve treatments, I have been entirely cured. I was afflicted with a complication of diseases, which none of the doctors could help, and I was rather growing worse than better, under their treatment. For me, it is Christian Science forever.

G. W. C.

Logansport, Ind.

Church and Association.

THE Church of the Living God; the pillar and ground of Truth.

PAUL.

CHRISTENING SERVICE.

CHICKERING HALL was crowded Feb. 26, for a service which has long been desired by many of the members of the church. After a hymn, Scripture-reading, Lord's Prayer, and another hymn,—“I think when I read that sweet story of old,” twenty-nine children, including a few babes, were led to the platform, and placed in semicircles. Rev. Mrs. Eddy then moved about slowly among them. From each she received a card on which was written the child's name. Raising her hands over each in turn, she then repeated the name, and very slowly and emphatically pronounced this blessing: “May the baptism of Christ with the Holy Spirit cleanse you from sin, sickness, and death.” No water was used in the rite, but it was nevertheless impressive, and resembled a union of the ordinary service of Infant Baptism with the Confirmation service of the Episcopal Church.

The Christening took place thus early in the service, to the end that the children might not be weary. They did indeed “run and not faint,” for the service attuned them to quiet sympathy with the remainder of the exercises. The short address which followed, by Mrs. Eddy, was on Names and Baptism. In the Bible we read that names were changed: Abram to Abraham, Jacob to Israel, Saul to Paul, Simon Barjona to Simon Peter; but these indicated changes of character and career, not of name only. The baptism of the Christian should be a baptism into Spirit, and should represent “the answer of a good conscience toward God,” as says Peter in his First Epistle, and not merely “the putting away the filth of the flesh.”

After this address Mrs. E. Humphrey-Allen sang one of Mrs. Eddy's hymns (music by Lyman Brackett), addressed to the Good Shepherd. The collection was then taken, as usual, and (also as usual) the congregation very slowly dispersed.

This was the first Christening held among Scientists, and indicates the natural desire that children should share the parental blessings.

ADMONITION.

 REV. MARY BAKER G. EDDY.

LETTERS from loyal Christian Scientists, in the West, bring complaints of Brother Joseph Adams, the substance of which is that his course tends to disorganize our churches and schools, and to interfere with the rights of individuals.

The Christian Scientist Association, of the Massachusetts Metaphysical College, Boston, of which he is a member, enjoined by myself to exercise towards this brother the charity that "seeketh not her own," but another's good, hitherto has taken no decided action on these complaints; but a recent letter from Mr. Adams to the clerk of my church—breathing less of the spirit of brotherly love than Christian Science demands,—has awakened a purpose among many to decide this question.

If a member of any medical society departs from established usages, and deviates from the usual charges for service, or takes the patient of a fellow-member without first consulting him, it is deemed not only dishonorable, but is sometimes a cause for expulsion. According to the Apostle, all things must "be done decently and in order." To affiliate with the reign of righteousness, we must love one another. It is axiomatic that Order is Heaven's first law, and *unity* is the chief corner-stone of Christian Science.

The Constitution of the oldest Association of Christian Scientists reads, on The Duty of Members: "It shall be the privilege of all members to act independently, and exert an influence to restrain error and promote truth. . . . Members hereby pledge themselves to do unto others as they would that others should do unto them. . . . If a member violates the Constitution, or departs from strict rectitude of character, thus forsaking the foundations of Christian Science, that member shall be expelled from this Association." All who join this Association are, according to its Constitution, made life-members, and nothing can sever their membership except violation of the Constitution.

"If thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone." This Scriptural step has been taken already with this dear brother. Each one of us must abide by the Golden Rule, and he who "spake as never man spake," said, "He that gathereth not with me, scattereth abroad."

UNCHRISTIAN RUMOR.

M. B. G. EDDY.

THE assertion that I have said hard things about my loyal students in Chicago, New York, or any other place, is utterly false and groundless. I speak of them as I feel, and I can not find it in my heart not to love them. They are essentially dear to me, who are toiling and achieving success, in unison with my own endeavors and prayers. If I correct mistakes which may be made in teaching or lecturing on Christian Science, this is in accordance with my students' desires, and thus we mutually aid each other, and obey the Golden Rule.

The spirit of lies is abroad. Because Truth has spoken aloud, error, running to and fro in the earth, is screaming, to make herself heard above Truth's voice. The audible and inaudible wail of evil never harms Scientists, steadfast in their consciousness of the nothingness of wrong and the supremacy of right.

Our worst enemies are the best friends to our growth. Charity students, for whom I have sacrificed the most time,—those whose chief aim is to injure me,—have caused me to exercise most patience. When they report me as "*hating* those whom I do not love," let them remember that there never was a time when I saw an opportunity to really help them and failed to improve it; and this, too, when I knew they were secretly striving to injure me.

NEXT TO THE BIBLE.

[Extract from a letter to REV. M. B. G. EDDY.]

THE world is flooded with false teachers and their literature; but dear Science and Health is a whole library in itself,—pure and beautiful. Its pages stand above the waves of error.

That book and the Bible have been my daily study for four years. One must be on an "exceeding high mountain," where Jesus led his students, to see all there is of Christ in this most wonderful book. Never a day passes but I wish the author could hear, as I do, the words of joy and hope its pages inspire in the mind of hopeless and sorrow-laden invalids. Human language can never tell the half, my dear Teacher. The drunkard, the tobacco-slave, the consumptive, the blind, lame, and deaf, the epileptic, all bless and love Science and Health and its author.

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.

ONE of the most impressive occasions ever witnessed in our church's history took place on Sunday, February 26, when many of our little people were christened with the baptism of Christ, by their beloved Pastor. The little ones were gathered about her on the platform in sweet silence, as she named for each one the fruitage of "Christ's baptism of the Holy Spirit," exemption from "sin, sickness, and death." Even the very small children understood her, and followed her through her explanation of baptism by water and by fire and the Holy Ghost, realizing, probably, as little children never did before, more of the Truth of Being, and what God requires of us. The presence of our Pastor's grandchildren among the others, was an added solemnity to her people who love her.

Thus the children have been brought early into the fold, and they will take up the work, and carry it on to perfection, not being handicapped by tradition and false doctrines. They are equipped right at the start. Our Pastor's heart is vested in them to carry on the great work which she has founded.

S. H. C.

CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST ASSOCIATION.

THE regular monthly meeting of this Association was held on Wednesday afternoon, February first, with a very large representation of members present.

The regular business was quickly disposed of, and all were eager for the introduction of the subject for the afternoon's discussion, which was "The Beauties and Benefits of Christian Science, with a few thoughts as to how we can aid its progress." The speaker presented the topic in a scholarly and painstaking manner, showing thorough preparation, and an earnest desire to present to his hearers, and to the world at large, a thought of greater interest than all appreciate. He occupied a half-hour in the delivery of his essay, and was followed by several members, who continued the consideration of the subject, to the advantage and profit of all present.

The meeting closed at the usual hour.

L.

Editorial Outlook.

THE eternal round of Truth.	ANONYMOUS.
THE power of an endless Life.	HEBREWS
THE care of discipline is Love.	WISDOM.
THE Spirit is Life, because of righteousness.	ROMANS.
WITHOUT rebuke, holding forth the Word of Life.	PAUL.

MARCH !

—

MARCH on, ye Child of Progress,
In the fight ne'er falter ;
Through the eternal ages,
God's law doth not alter.

He is a guide unflinching,
Full of grace and pity ;
His is a path unerring,
Leading to Truth's city.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE LITERATURE.

—

M. B. G. EDDY.

—

HOMŒOPATHY is the last link in material medicine. The next step is medicine in Mind. One of the foremost virtues of homœopathy is the exclusion of compounds from its pharmacy.

I wish the students of Christian Science (and many who are not students understand enough of this matter to heed the advice) to keep out of their heads the notion that compounded metaphysics (so called) is, or can be, Christian Science.

They should take our magazine, work for it, and read it. They should eschew all magazines and books which are less than the best.

"Choose this day whom ye will serve." My students should get the cobwebs out of their minds, which spurious compounds engender.

"Trust her not, she's fooling thee," says Longfellow in his poem ; and he is right.

REPLY TO CRITICISM.

MUCH comment having been made on the brief article, entitled *Change of Material Base*, in the January number of the JOURNAL, and many letters being received in complaint of that article, it seems necessary to answer, through the columns of our magazine, those protests and inquiries.

Our Teacher wished a notice of her removal inserted in the magazine, that her many students and followers might know about it, and a literary friend (not a Christian Scientist) wrote an account of the matter, from his plane of thought, simply giving the facts. As Mrs. Eddy had made no change whatever in her views, he thought it proper to indicate this by the title, *Change of Material Base*.

Every student of Christian Science, however, knows that the Cause is dearer to the Founder than it can be to anybody else; and in every move made, its interests are considered before her own. Again and again have her students witnessed her self-abnegation.

The talk over the obtrusion of her personality into these columns is a vain attempt to keep her out of them; but our readers have something to say on this point. There are magazines issued, professedly Christian Scientist, in which the editors make far more of their personalities, by their very *negations*, than is ever made of Mrs. Eddy's personality, directly or indirectly. It is very natural that hearts overflowing with gratitude to her who has been instrumental in prolonging their lives here — and who has so prepared them, out of her great love, that they can demonstrate their control over sickness and all forms of evil — should once in awhile express themselves in a human way. Very little of this praise, however, goes into the magazine. Our Teacher has *never* deified herself, or allowed others to do so. The charge that she allows no one to express personality but herself, is utterly false. She expects each individual to express himself, and often beholds good in others which nobody else can see.

Science and Health reflects Truth, and it reflects also our Teacher. In regard to this magazine, its publishers have never assumed it to be perfect. It brings out thoughts of different students, and the numerous letters received show what a great help it is to many. The writers frequently plagiarize from Science and

Health, in a way that is not quite honest; but perhaps this is not intentional, and goes to show the plagiarist's constant perusal of the loved textbook.

Ours is the *only* magazine published in the interest of impersonal Christian Science, and *not* of personal believers. Names are conspicuously absent, save in the business-cards. No one so denies in it his personality, as to become prominent in the thoughts of others by the very act of denial. If our Teacher's individuality sometimes shines as a beacon star, we trust it may kindle a spark which will burn with heavenly radiance, and not with lurid inequality, caught from the poisonous gases of mortal mind. Dear friends who comprise our constituency, and who love the Cause, remember this,—that our Teacher loves you all, and is working for you all, in more ways than you know, to bring out the good you possess. Do not hold her responsible for every JOURNAL error. Express yourselves freely to the Publishing Society, and everything will be done that is possible, to make the magazine worthy of our sacred Cause.

S. H. C.

MRS. EDDY'S NEW BOOK.

At last this little volume, *Unity of Good*, is before the public, and on sale at 385 Commonwealth Avenue. Within less than a hundred pages Rev. Mary B. G. Eddy discusses some of the questions oftenest asked among Christian Scientists.

The secondary title of this unique little book, the *Unreality of Evil*, indicates its underlying purpose. No doctrine of Mrs. Eddy's seems so absurd to outsiders as this, that matter, sin, and sickness are so absolutely non-existent, that God can not even behold them.

In this book the authoress shows how she views the subject. If God is All and One, and that One All is Spirit, then there is no place left for matter, which is certainly not Spirit. Again: if sin and sickness are negatives and not positives, then where are they? Surely, shadow is not substance, not real; and sin and sickness are but shadows, which are as unreal as darkness. Light is the One Good! But for Mrs. Eddy's arguments, the reader is referred to the book itself.

The style of the book is attractive, and the soft, sober binding befits the contents.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MIND-HEALING
versus
 MEDICAL MISSIONS.

IN January *The Watchman* (Baptist) published an article on Medical Missions. In reply, H. P. Bailey, C.S.D., sent some paragraphs to *The Watchman*, which that paper declined to publish, but which Mr. Bailey has published in tract form, and we here reprint. The original article was by Samuel W. Abbot, M.D., and urged the need of medical skill in missionaries,—not only for the commendation of the Gospel, but because of heathen inattention to health-laws, and the consequent high rate of mortality in pagan lands. One of his arguments was that Jesus was a healer, and that most of the New Testament miracles relate to healing. Hence the pertinency of Mr. Bailey's reply.

It is not the object of the writer to enter into any controversy with the able gentleman who wrote the article in *The Watchman*, but simply to call to his mind a few facts which he will find recorded in the New Testament.

Soon after Jesus commenced his public ministry, we find it stated (MATTHEW x. 1.) that he gave his disciples power against unclean spirits, to cast them out, and to heal all manner of sickness. I fail to find any mention of medical methods, or any instruction to administer drugs.

My good brother says: "I have no desire to introduce any new departure in missionary work, nor is a substitute for missions intended;" but goes on to say: "If, however, we expect the greatest results in mission work, the most powerful auxiliaries must be employed for their attainment; and such an auxiliary as I shall present is ordained and commanded by Christ, as well as enforced by his divine example." In all candor and honest inquiry I ask my brother to give us one instance where Jesus ever, by word or deed, intimated or recommended the use of drugs. On the contrary, he taught and demonstrated that the power of healing belongs to God. The writer also states: "The four Gospels, and also the Acts, bear testimony to the facts that his ministry, as well as that of his apostles, was pre-eminently that of Medical Missions." Jesus says, in the same chapter I have quoted from: "As ye go preach, saying: The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils." In Luke x., we find that "Jesus appointed other seventy also; and sent them two and two before his face, into every city and place; saying: Into whatsoever city ye enter, heal the sick that are therein; and say to them, The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand."

And a little farther on we read that they returned with joy, saying: "Lord, even the devils are subject to thy name." In the words of Jesus, which the writer in *The Watchman* quotes, he "went about all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness, and all manner of disease among the people. And his fame went throughout all Syria; and they brought unto him all sick people that were taken with divers diseases and torments, and those that were lunatic, and those that had the palsy, and he healed them all." How? Surely not by medical methods; but, as our

writer says, "by the exercise of his healing power;" and that power gathered about him a great congregation, with hearts overflowing with gratitude, so that the searching truths of the Sermon on the Mount fell like living seed upon well-prepared ground.

I can most heartily agree with the writer when he says: "If there is any one feature more prominent than another in the ministry of Christ, it is this exercise of healing power, which he displayed on all occasions and in all places. These miracles are indeed to be regarded as proofs of the divinity of Christ; but are sometimes more than that, for they were living manifestations of the Spirit of his own religion. They spoke a language intelligible to every human conscience. He gave his disciples a commission: "Into whatsoever city ye enter, heal the sick that are therein, and say unto them, The Kingdom of God is come nigh unto you." Truly, my brother, but not by medical methods,—not by drugs or medication. To "heal, in Christ's name and by Christ's power," is to "base our practice on Immortal Mind, the Divine Principle of man's being;" and this requires a "preparation of the heart and an answer of the lips from the Lord." Jesus said, on one occasion: "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do, because I go to my Father." I think my brother will have some difficulty in finding here any reference to what he terms Medical Missions.

He also refers to Luke, the companion of Paul. Think, for a moment, of Paul's selecting Luke for a companion because Luke had been a physician,—a medical man,—when Paul had, by Divine power, not only healed the sick, but raised the dead to life! I find no reference in the Apostle's writings to Medical Missions; but, on the contrary, such glorious words as these: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

The writer says: "There is no evidence to show that this miraculous power which was exercised by the Apostles was manifested beyond the first century." Be that as it may, yet there is good evidence to show that it did continue even as late as the second century. Dr. Mahan quotes Clement, Justin Martyr, Tertullian, Martin Luther, Kirk, Knox, Wishart, Bruce, and Richard Baxter, showing that the gift of healing by divine power (and not by Medical Missions) was never taken from the Church; but that the promise, "According to your faith be it unto you," has always been *proved true* to the Church, or the individual Christian, in the healing of the sick, as well as in the saving of the sinner.

Right here let me quote Joseph Cook on this subject. He says, in regard to the miracles of the Bible: "The evidences from Scripture in favor of the perpetuity of such events is perfectly conclusive. If the fact that Christ bore our sins in his own body on the tree is a valid reason why we should trust him now to pardon our sins, the fact that he bore our sicknesses is an equally valid reason why we should now trust him to heal our diseases. We have the same revealed basis for trust in the one case that we have in the other." I can see no evidence of medical methods here, but, on the contrary, a simple faith in God's divine power to heal.

The writer further on states: "If healing was accompanied in those days by miraculous power, and that miraculous power has been lost for centuries, are we therefore to neglect the duty which is imposed upon us, and to disobey the divine command, by withholding the means which we do have within our grasp?" I believe, with The Watchman writer, that the Scriptural injunction, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," applies to every age,—the present, as well as the past; and I also believe it is just as plainly commanded to "heal the sick;" but there is no mention of Medical Missions, to which my brother clings so tenaciously. Oh for a simple childlike faith in the Word of God! Let us go forth in the name of our Master, and preach the Gospel, "the Lord working with us."

On this tract of Mr. Bailey's, a subsequent editorial in *The Watchman* comments in the following complimentary way, though not agreeing with Mr. Bailey about modern cures :

This tract very justly denies that the healing of the sick, which Christ and the Apostles did, was an example of a Medical Mission, since it was not medical, but miraculous healing. In publishing that article we did not mean to indicate approval of the author's arguments, but took for granted that readers generally would distinguish between the value of the object advocated and some of the grounds upon which it was advocated. But when the critic goes on to argue that miracles are to be looked for at the present day, we are obliged to demur. When the lame man was healed at the gate of the Temple, the rulers said among themselves, "That a great and notable miracle hath been done is manifest and we can not deny it." The undeniable manifestation of miraculous power is something to be waited for. When our Lord said, "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick," he sanctioned the office of the physician. The fact that *he* healed miraculously is not to be used as a denial of the propriety of medical attendance on the sick; and if it could be proved that miracles are now wrought, it would not be a reason against the use of appropriate means, where such are to be had, or an argument against Medical Missions.

How difficult it is for the world to understand that Christian Science does not believe in miracles, as such. Therefore (in part) is it called Science. We believe the events recorded in the Bible took place, but we insist that they were not miraculous,—that is, outside the lawful, divine order of events,—but that they were in full accord with spiritual law,—the law which not only Jesus himself fulfilled, but which he expected his followers to fulfil *always*, to the end of time, in salvation from both sin and sickness.

ENTERTAINMENT IN CHICKERING HALL.

Mrs. JESSIE GRISWOLD testified her gratitude for the healing which has blessed her, by giving a reading on March first, assisted by Mrs. Mamie E. Hitch, vocalist, and Lyman Brackett, pianist. The affair passed off very pleasantly. The proceeds were for our church's benefit.

GENEROSITY.

AMONG Mrs. Eddy's holiday gifts should be named one from Mrs. E. A. Thompson, C.S.B., of Minneapolis,—a cheque for a thousand dollars.

THE FAUST LEGEND.

THE recent superb production in our cities of an English version of Goethe's tragedy, by Henry Irving, the London actor, sets people to looking up the great German poem,—if not in the original, then in the metrical translations, by Rev. Charles T. Brooks and Bayard Taylor, or the prose translation by Hayward.

How that story enters into the heart of mankind,—because it symbolizes human experience.

Faust has spent a life in study; but worldly wisdom satisfies him not. His age is only in thought; so when the tempting idea comes, symbolized by the red-clad Mephistopheles, Faust straightway becomes young, and seeks youthful pleasures. His intense selfishness leads to the ruin of Margaret, and involves the murder of her mother, brother, and babe. There are compunctions in his heart; but when at last he bids Satan get behind him, Satan declines to do so. He has his prey, and is bound to hold him. Why? Because Faust holds to evil thought.

Margaret cries to God, clings to the Cross, lifts herself into the eternal thought of divine daughterhood and motherhood, and the power of evil is loosed. For her, it is as if there had been no evil; only she has been chastened and humiliated by her belief therein.

And Faust! Is he satisfied with his own worldly way? Far from it! He sees the Kingdoms of Passion yield to his inroads, but they become mist to his vision. He bites the fruit, but finds it ashes.

What means all this? That man's Life is not in the things he possesseth; that punishment and reward are within; that (in the language of Prophetic Scripture) when the unrighteous forsakes his *thoughts* of evil, God will abundantly pardon,—nay, that there will no longer be need of pardon, for the pardon, the forgiveness, the freeing, are in release from sin, not merely blessings to come *after* that release. Mephistopheles is unreal, a figment of fiction. So is all evil. The Angels are Margaret's good thoughts. Faust, the man material, can not be saved until he forgets the flesh, and becomes the man spiritual. As a mirror, warped and dull, failing to reflect the divine image, he falls into Hell. Only by so adjusting himself as to focus and reflect once more the heavenly rays, can he be the true man,—the man of God, because he is the man from God.

Economic Hints.

IF anyone provideth not for his own, and especially for those of his Own House, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an unbeliever.

PAUL TO TIMOTHY.

REMOVAL AND NOTICE.

REV. MARY B. G. EDDY, has removed to her new home, 385 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, near corner of West Chester Park. She will continue to have her school and teach her classes, as heretofore, at the Massachusetts Metaphysical College, 571 Columbus Avenue.

After the next class she will receive no Normal students who have not been previously prepared by herself in the Primary Course. She very much regrets this necessity, but finds it her duty to do this, so great is the demand for *thoroughly qualified teachers*.

She will, however, teach one more Normal Class under her former rules, to accommodate pupils who have expected to enter this class.

CALVIN A. FRYE.

OUR INDEX.

WHEN you look over it you begin to realize how much the CHRISTIAN SCIENCE JOURNAL has furnished you in the last twelve months, within its 640 solid pages of reading matter, not counting the ten pages of advertisements contained in each number. The insertion of this Index requires space, and shortens our March departments somewhat; but it is indispensable, and its preparation has required great care. Just glance over its columns! Did you ever write an Index? Try it, and see how much work it is!

OFFER TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

THE next year of our JOURNAL begins in April; but those who subscribe now will receive, in addition to the magazine for the year, from April 1888 to April 1889, the current numbers for January, February, March,—that is, three extra copies of the JOURNAL.

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